★April 14, 1951

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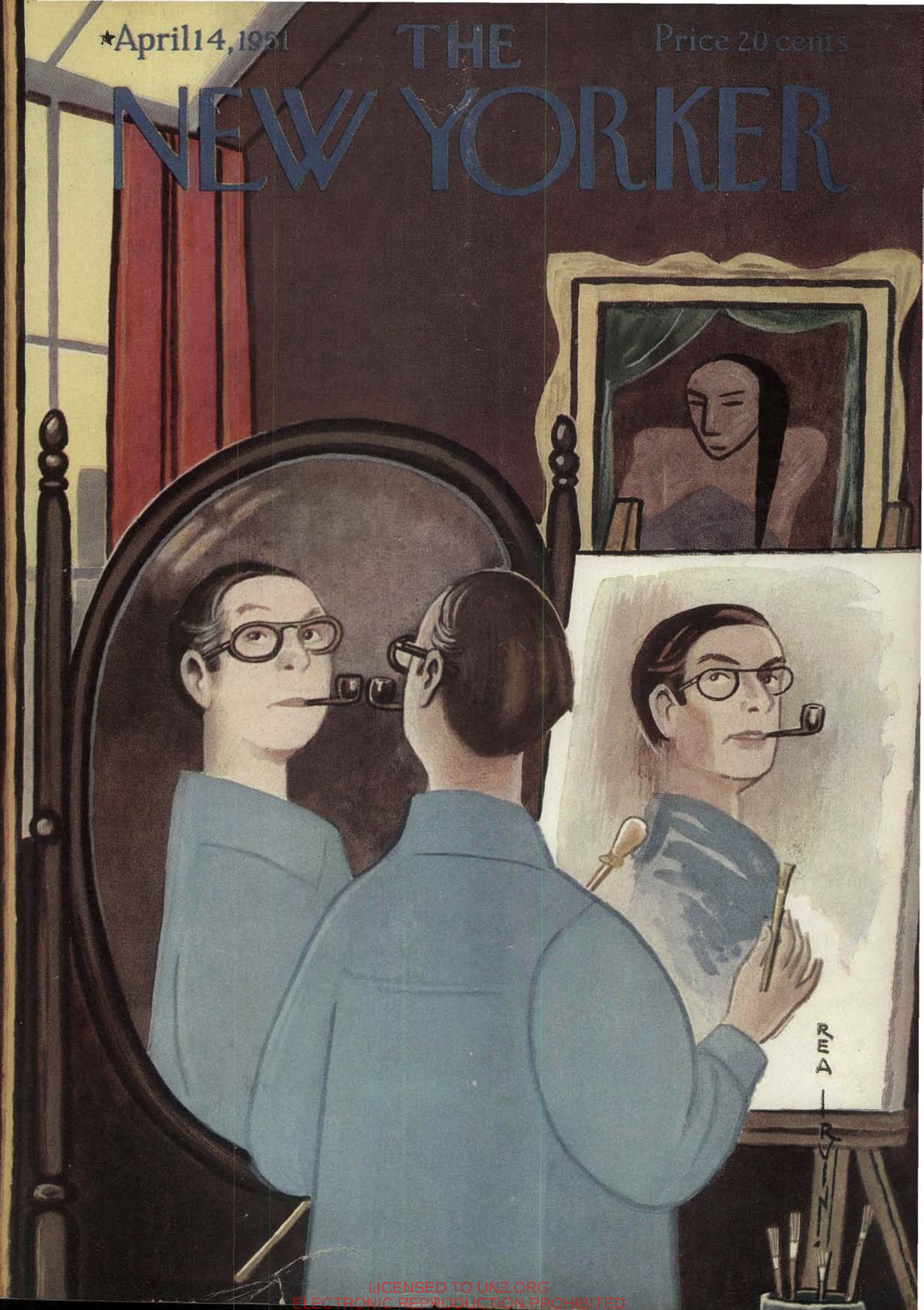
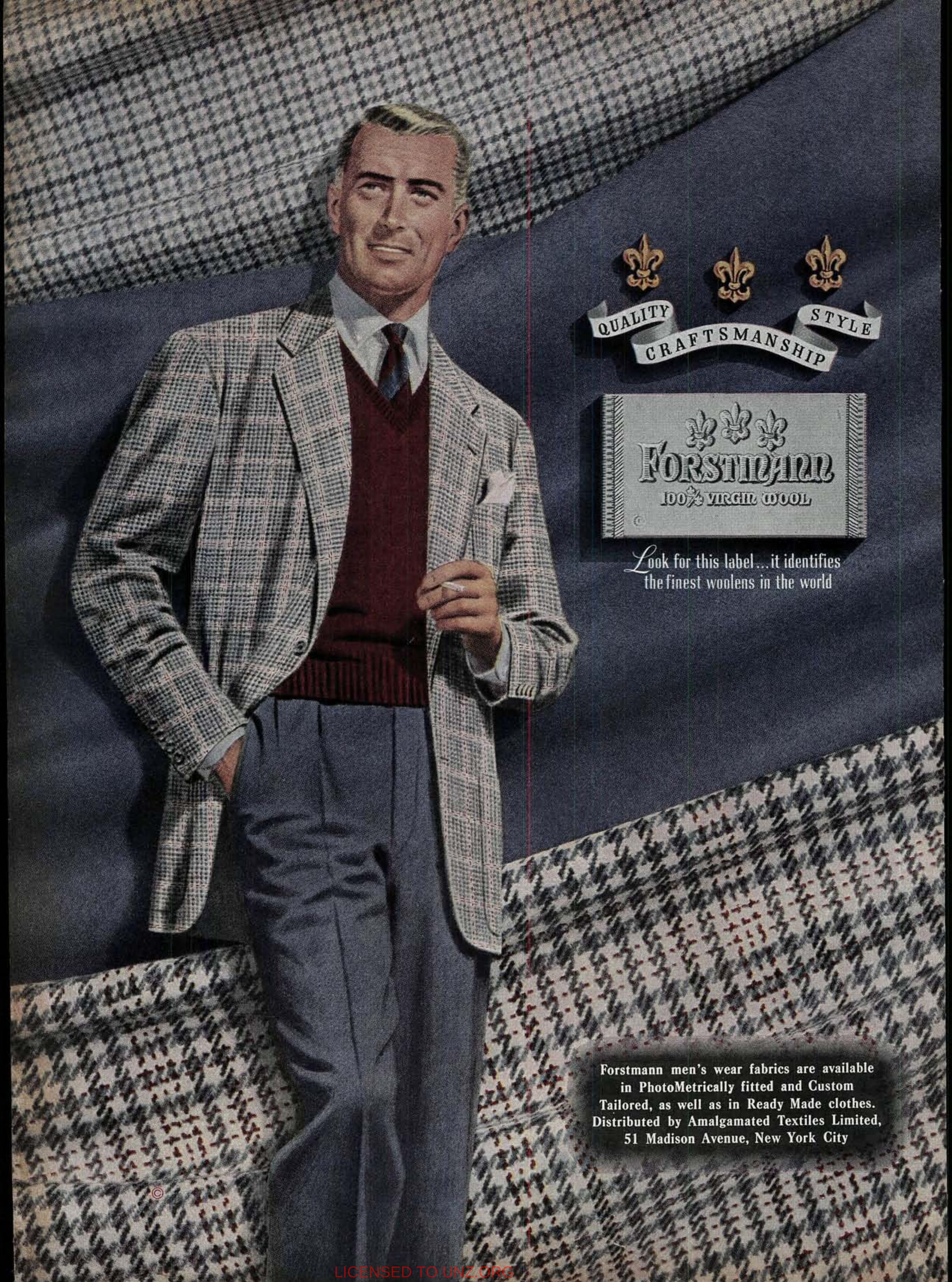
THE NEW YORKER

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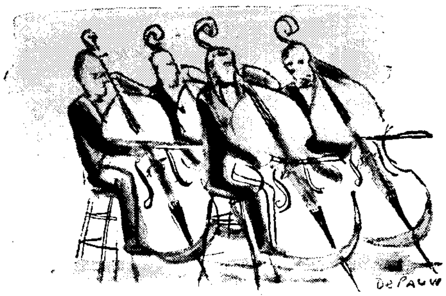
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				12	13	14
15	16	17	18	19	20	21

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Affairs of State—Celeste Holm in a comedy dealing with Washington love and politics, neat and unsurprising, that is Louis Verneuil's first job of playwriting in English. With Reginald Owen, Barbara O'Neil, and Shepperd Strudwick. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Autumn Garden—Lillian Hellman's reflections on the follies of mankind. As intelligently and trenchantly written as anything you will find around. The fine cast is headed by Fredric March and Florence Eldridge. (Coronet, 49th St., W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Bell, Book and Candle—Although John van Druten's comedy about witchcraft in modern Manhattan lags a bit toward the end, it is a remarkably entertaining play. Lilli Palmer makes a captivating sorceress, Rex Harrison is excellent as her bewitched admirer, and the rest of the cast, including a Siamese cat, is very capable, too. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30. Special performance for the Actors' Fund, Sunday evening, April 15.)

Billy Budd—A mystical melodrama, based on the Herman Melville novelette, that moves slowly and performs no wonders. Among those assembled to act out the seagoing allegory are Dennis King, Torin Thatcher, and Charles Nolte, who handle their roles expertly. (Biltmore, 47th St. W. CI 6-9353. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Country Girl—A play by Clifford Odets about an alcoholic actor and his understanding wife. It is likely to remind you of several things you've seen before, but it has its touching moments, and Uta Hagen and Paul Kelly are most persuasive as the troubled pair. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. LU 2-3897. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Darkness at Noon—An outstanding performance by Claude Rains, an impressive setting by Frederick Fox, and perceptive direction by Sidney Kingsley all make this adaptation of Arthur Koestler's novel describing the grim career and final agonies of a revolutionist a work of distinction. Mr. Kingsley is also responsible for the dramatization, which Walter J. Palance, Kim Hunter, and Alexander Scourby, in supporting roles, help bring to life. Voted the best American play of the year by the Drama Critics Circle. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Green Pastures—Just about as good as ever, thanks partly to a talented new cast and a sumptuous production. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-2887. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40. Closing tentatively set for Saturday, April 14.)

The Moon Is Blue—Barbara Bel Geddes, Donald Cook, and Barry Nelson in a comedy that is as smooth, and about as startling, as satin. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Romeo and Juliet—Undistinguished Shakespeare. With Olivia de Havilland. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Rose Tattoo—Unlike the doomed and addled ladies who have concerned Tennessee Williams in the past, his heroine this time is a fiery Sicilian, who comes out all right in the end. On the whole, a very engaging play, and the performances, especially those of Maureen Stapleton and Eli Wallach, are extremely persuasive. Boris Aronson has designed a fine, imaginative set. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Season in the Sun—Wolcott Gibbs has revamped his series of Fire Island stories into one of the funniest plays to come along in some time. With Richard Whorf, Nancy Kelly, Paula Laurence, Anthony Ross, and King Calder. (Cort, 48th St., E. CI 5-4289. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Second Threshold—Clive Brook is admirable as a man who sees no further reason for living, but otherwise this posthumous play by Philip Barry, which Robert E. Sherwood has more or less revised, is slightly disappointing. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sunday, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesday and Saturdays at 2:40. Closes Saturday, April 21.)

Springtime for Henry—Edward Everett Horton mugs in his own special way through a comedy that has been revived only for him to mug through in his own special way. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Twentieth Century—This 1932 Hecht-MacArthur comedy about some very strange and comic carryings on aboard the Limited has been brilliantly revived, with a company headed by José Ferrer and Gloria Swanson. (Fulton, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:45. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:45.)

Long Run—the happy time: A high-spirited French-Canadian family and the effect of its uninhibited behavior on an adolescent boy. Roger Dann now has the lead. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:35. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:35.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

Night Music—A revival of the Clifford Odets play, with Bette Grayson and Leonard Barry. The eighth of a series of subscription productions offered by A.N.T.A. (ANTA Playhouse, 52nd St., W. Nightly at 8:40. Matinées Thursday and Saturday at 2:40. Closes Monday, April 16. For information about tickets, call JU 2-2660.)

MUSICALS

Call Me Madam—Ethel Merman plays a lady ambassador just about the way she played Annie Oakley, which is, of course, practically perfectly. The occasionally uneven book is the work of Howard Lindsay and Russel Crouse; Irving Berlin wrote the generally excellent songs; and the cast includes Paul Lukas, Alan Hewitt, Russell Nype, and Pat Harrington. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Guys and Dolls—This triumphant comedy was adapted from one of Damon Runyon's stories. The book is the work of Abe Burrows and Jo Swerling, Frank Loesser wrote the music and lyrics, and the dashing cast is headed by Isabel Bigley, Sam Levene, Robert Alda, and Vivian Blaine. Winner of the Drama Critics' Award for best musical of the year. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The King and I—Rodgers and Hammerstein in notable form again, along "South Pacific" lines. Gertrude Lawrence and Yul Brynner play the leading parts in this adaptation of a novel about Siam. (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:25. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:25.)

Out of This World—Cole Porter did the music and lyrics for this variation of the Amphitryon legend, but somehow it isn't as funny or as tuneful as it ought to be. Other participants include Lemuel Ayers, who designed the sets and costumes; Hanya Holm, who arranged the dances; and Charlotte Greenwood and David Burns, who provide most of whatever comedy there is. (Century, Seventh Ave. at 59th St. CI 7-3121. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—gentlemen prefer blondes: Lorelei Lee and her trip abroad. Carol Channing, Yvonne Adair, and Jack McCauley populate the Anita Loos story. (Ziegfeld, Sixth Ave. at 54th St. CI 5-5200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **kiss me, kate:** "The Taming of the Shrew" as Shakespeare might have written it if he had had a hand from Cole Porter. Currently with Anne Jeffreys and Ted Scott. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **south pacific:** Anybody here doesn't know about "South Pacific"? Ray Middleton is now playing opposite Mary Martin. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:25. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:25.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes in dates and curtain times, so it is a good idea to verify them before starting out.)

Angels Kiss Me—A play by Scott Michel, produced by Trudi Michel. The cast, directed by Ramsey Burch, includes Alan Manson. Opens Tuesday, April 17. (National, 41st St., W. PE 6-8220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 8:15. Matinées

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Page
THE ART GALLERIES 54
BOOKS 115
THE CURRENT CINEMA 111
MUSICAL EVENTS 103
POPULAR RECORDS 104
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE:
MARKETS AND MENUS 68
THE RACE TRACK 87
A REPORTER AT LARGE 74
TELEVISION 88

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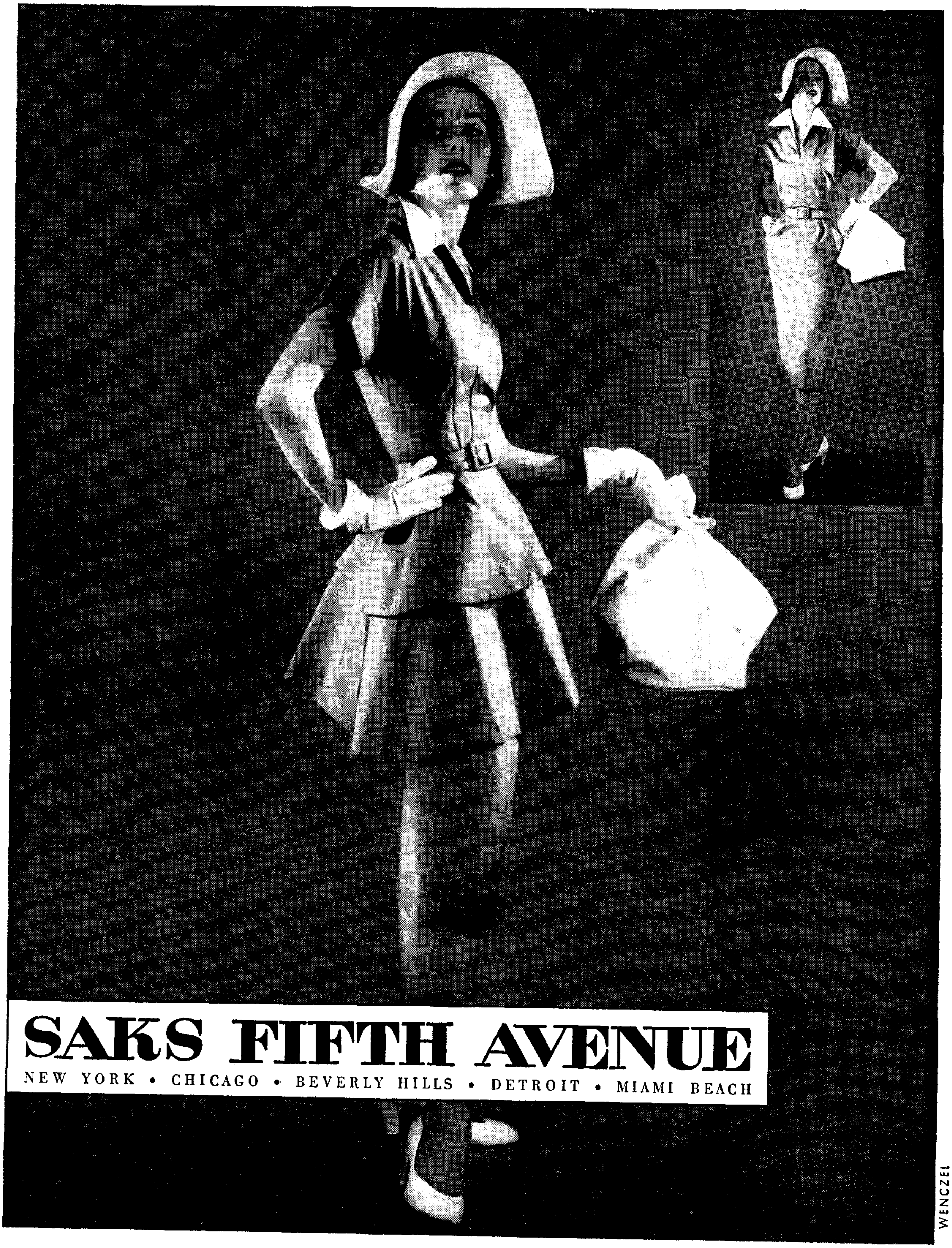

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				12	13	14
15	16	17	18	19	20	21

Saturday the first week, and Wednesdays and Saturdays thereafter, at 2:30.)

Make a Wish—A musical, based on "The Good Fairy," by Ferenc Molnar, with Nanette Fabray, Melville Cooper, and Harold Lang. The book is by Preston Sturges, and Hugh Martin is responsible for the music and lyrics. Staged by John C. Wilson, and produced by Harry Rigby and Jule Styne with Alexander H. Cohen. Opens Wednesday, April 18. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Thursday and Saturday the first week, and Wednesdays and Saturdays thereafter, at 2:40.)

A Tree Grows in Brooklyn—Shirley Booth and Johnny Johnston in a musical version of Betty Smith's novel. Miss Smith and George Abbott wrote the book, Arthur Schwartz did the score, and Dorothy Fields wrote the lyrics. Directed by Mr. Abbott, and produced by him with Robert Fryer. Opens Thursday, April 19. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Long Days—A play by Davis Snow, with a cast including Frances Starr, Katharine Bard, Jeffrey Lynn, and Neva Patterson. A Tait-Buell production, directed by Edward Ludlum. Opens Friday, April 20. (Empire, Broadway at 40th St. PE 6-9540. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

BALLET

Ballet Theatre—Thursday evening, April 12: "Designs with Strings," "Giselle," and "Interplay."...¶ Friday evening, April 13: "Les Sylphides," "Les Demoiselles de la Nuit," "The Black Swan: Pas de Deux," and "Les Patineurs."...¶ Saturday matinée, April 14: "Swan Lake," "Peter and the Wolf," "The Blue Bird: Pas de Deux," and "Les Patineurs."...¶ Saturday evening, April 14: "Theme and Variations," "Fall River Legend," "The Blue Bird: Pas de Deux," and "The Thief Who Loved a Ghost." ...¶ Sunday matinée, April 15: "Les Sylphides," "Rodeo," "Le Jeune Homme et la Mort," and "La Fille Mal Gardée."...¶ Sunday evening, April 15: "Concerto," "Rodeo," "Le Jeune Homme et la Mort," and "Les Demoiselles de la Nuit."...¶ Tuesday evening, April 17: "Swan Lake," "L'Amour et Son Amour" (première), "Caprichos," and "Helen of Troy."...¶ Wednesday evening, April 18: "Concerto," "Circo de España" (première), "Le Jeune Homme et la Mort," and "Interplay."..,¶ Thursday evening, April 19: "Les Demoiselles de la Nuit," "Ensayo Sinfónico" (première), "The Black Swan: Pas de Deux," and "Rodeo."...¶ Friday evening, April 20: "Ensayo Sinfónico," "Giselle," and "The Thief Who Loved a Ghost."...¶ Saturday matinée, April 21: "Theme and Variations," "Rodeo," "The Blue Bird: Pas de Deux," and "La Fille Mal Gardée."...¶ Saturday evening, April 21: "Les Demoiselles de la Nuit," "L'Amour et Son Amour," "Caprichos," and "Gala Performance." (Metropolitan Opera House. PE 6-1210. Evenings at 8:30. Matinées at 2:30.)

MISCELLANY

The Circus—Well, there are clowns and elephants and—oh, you know. (Madison Square Garden. CO 5-6811. Daily at 2:15 and 8:30; through Sunday, May 6. The doors open at 1 and 7, for those who like to roam around among the sideshows in the basement.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places at which you will find music and other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

Ambassador, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000)—In the Trianon Room, the dance orchestras of Jules Lande and Nino de Moraes stir a gentle breeze at dinner and supper every night but Sunday.

Biltmore, Madison Ave. at 43rd St. (MU 7-7000)—Except Sundays, Mischa Raginsky's orchestra plays drinking songs at cocktail time in the Palm Court and eating songs during dinner in the Madison Room. No dancing in either place.

Gogi's Larue, 45 E. 58th St. (EL 5-6374)—The beamish Ted Straeter in all his considerable glory (dinner jacket, carnation, and blithe piano), turning out dance music in this luxurious jewel box. Gogi's romantic violinists cruise the room during intermissions. Fridays, like Princeton proms, are black tie. Closed Mondays.

El Morocco, 154 E. 54th St. (EL 5-8769)—The tired-of-it-all group here still manages to sit up till four in the morning. Chauncey Gray's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band for dancing.

New Yorker, Eighth Ave. at 34th St. (LO 3-1000)—The Terrace Room has another new ice show at dinner and supper. This one includes Joan Hyldoft as prima ballerina and décor. Bernie Cummins' orchestra for dancing. Closed Sundays.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—Rosalind Courtright, a blond singer of songs, has a very funny ditty about how to become a blond singer of songs. Some of her other stuff is good enough, and some is just stuff. She's in the sumptuous Cotillion Room, where Stanley Melba's orchestra and a rumba band play dance music. All hands perform at dinner and, except Sundays, at supper. Closed Mondays....¶ Stanley Worth's orchestra plays for cocktail, dinner, and supper dancing in the Café Pierre. Except Sundays, Joan Bishop, a pianist, sings at her work.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—In the Persian Room, there's Evelyn Knight, one of the prettiest of the walking, talking, singing dolls. Kathryn Lee's ballet work is also on view, and Mark Monte's and Dick La Salle's orchestras make nice dance music. Closed Sundays....¶ The Rendez-Vous Room, which has a pink-champagne air, offers Maximillian Bergere's and Nicolas Matthey's flowing dance orchestras after eight-thirty....¶ Leo LeFleur's music tinkles in the Palm Court during the cocktail hour. No dancing.

Ritz-Carlton, Madison Ave. at 46th St. (MU 8-3000)—Emery Deutsch's dinner music eases the last days of the Oval Room; Sundays, Harold Sandler's orchestra fills in.... ¶ The Palm Court offers Mr. Sandler's cocktail music from four to seven, except Sundays. No dancing in either room.

Roosevelt, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200)—Dancing to the music of the Three Suns and of Bernie Mann's industrious orchestra in the Grill at dinner and supper. Closed Sundays.

St. Regis, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—Russell Nype is modelling his well-known crew haircut and tortoise-shell glasses at supper in the Maisonette. He also sings in a pleasant voice, which is all right, and recites, which isn't. Denise Lor sings at dinner. On Tuesday, April 17, Paula Drake will take over, doing her sly-puss ballads at both dinner and supper. Horace Diaz's and Milt Shaw's bands play for dancing all evening. Closed Sundays.

Savoy-Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2600)—Irving Conn's dance orchestra is in the Café Lounge at dinner and supper, as well as for tea dancing every afternoon.

Sherry-Netherland, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800)—Hugo Pedell, music-maker for the Syosset set, is in charge of the dancing in the pretty Carnaval Room, the assembly hall for a regal element of our population. Jan Brunesco's gypsies help out. Closed Sundays.... ¶ Dilson Petrey is at the piano in the café bar from six to twelve, except Sundays.

Statler, Seventh Ave. at 33rd St. (PE 6-5000)—In the Café Rouge, from dinnertime on, Freddy Martin's orchestra plays for dancing. Closed Sundays.

Stork Club, 3 E. 53rd St. (PL 3-1940)—Little Red Riding Hoods, some of them in their twentieth season on Broadway, consorting with their furred friends. Payson Ré's orchestra and a rumba band supply the dance music.

Versailles, 151 E. 50th St. (PL 8-0310)—A loose-jointed fiesta presided over by Lucienne Boyer, now a bit matronly but still a supple singer and an artful actress. Pierre Cartier's sleight of hand contributes measurably to the gaiety, and Consuelo, of the rather standard dance team of Consuelo and Artini, has the handsomest legs east of Fifth Avenue. Emile Petti's orchestra and Panchito's rumba band play for dancing after nine.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—At dinner and supper in the Wedgwood Room, England's Terry-Thomas, proving that the humor of a country, like the wine of a country, can often come down with a slight case of *mal-de-mer*. The adagio team of Cabot and Dresden is also on hand. Emil Coleman's orchestra plays dance music. Mischa Borr's dance band alternates with Mr. Coleman's, and on Sundays plays until midnight all by itself....¶ In the Flamingo Room, Michael Zarin's orchestra for dancing from six-thirty on. Closed Sundays.

Note—The high-in-the-sky Rainbow Room is open, but only for cocktails, from four-thirty to nine. There is casual music now and then, and not a single taxi horn. Closed Sundays. The address: 30 Rockefeller Plaza. The phone: CI 6-5800.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

DRAKE ROOM, 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): Cy Walter's quiet but intricate piano at dinner and supper. Sundays, Sam Hamilton does the honors.... **LE COQ ROUGE,** 65 E. 56th St. (PL 3-8887): Eddie Davis, who was on the bandstand at Aphrodite's coming-out party, starts his bouncy music at eight-thirty. Phil D'Arcy's trio is present, too. Closed Sundays.... **LA VIE EN ROSE,** 123 E. 54th St. (MU 8-8420): This beautiful new music box is the setting for Marjane's sad French songs and the trios of Cy Coleman (which includes Mundell Lowe) and Mischa Novy. The clientele is East Side, West Side, all around the town.... **LITTLE CLUB,** 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-9425): Hustle and bustle, hustle and bustle all week long. Except Mondays, Charlotte Sande's piano at dinner and supper; except Sundays, Ira Brant's trio after ten.... **ARMANDO'S,** 54 E. 55th St. (PL 3-0760): One of the earliest play pens in Manhattan, affording piano and violin after nine-thirty for those who have run out of conversation. Closed Sundays.... **EL CHICO,** 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): Spain the way it looks in the posters, with furious indigenous dances by both cast and clients. Closed Mondays.... **VIEUX CARRÉ,** 13 E. 55th St. (PL 3-7296): Except Mondays, from dinner through supper, Louis Hawkins, one of our most debonair hosts, turns his fine Southern hand to lighthearted piano and conversation in this playful reminder of a New Orleans balcony. The room is over L'Aiglon Restaurant.... **NINO,** 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-9014): In the bar of this busy bit of 1960 décor, Rudy Timfield's dinner and supper piano. Harry Meyerowitz plays for cocktails. Closed Sundays.... **TONI'S CAPRICE,** 112 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-6255): Dining or supping in the little bar, to the piano of Charles Thompson, is like lazing in your own patio on Capri. Closed Sundays.... **LA ZAMBRA,** 127 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9131): A casual setting in which Vicente Gomez does perfectly wonderful things with a guitar at dinner and supper. Closed Tuesdays.... **CELESTE,** 28 W. 56th St. (JU 6-9063): After the theatre, Jim Mahoney's well-arranged piano. Bart Howard's piano enhances the dinner hour. Closed Mondays.... **JICKY CLUB,** 139 E. 56th St. (EL 5-1931): The trappings are sort of schizoid, but neater notes are struck by Jo Hurt's damsel-

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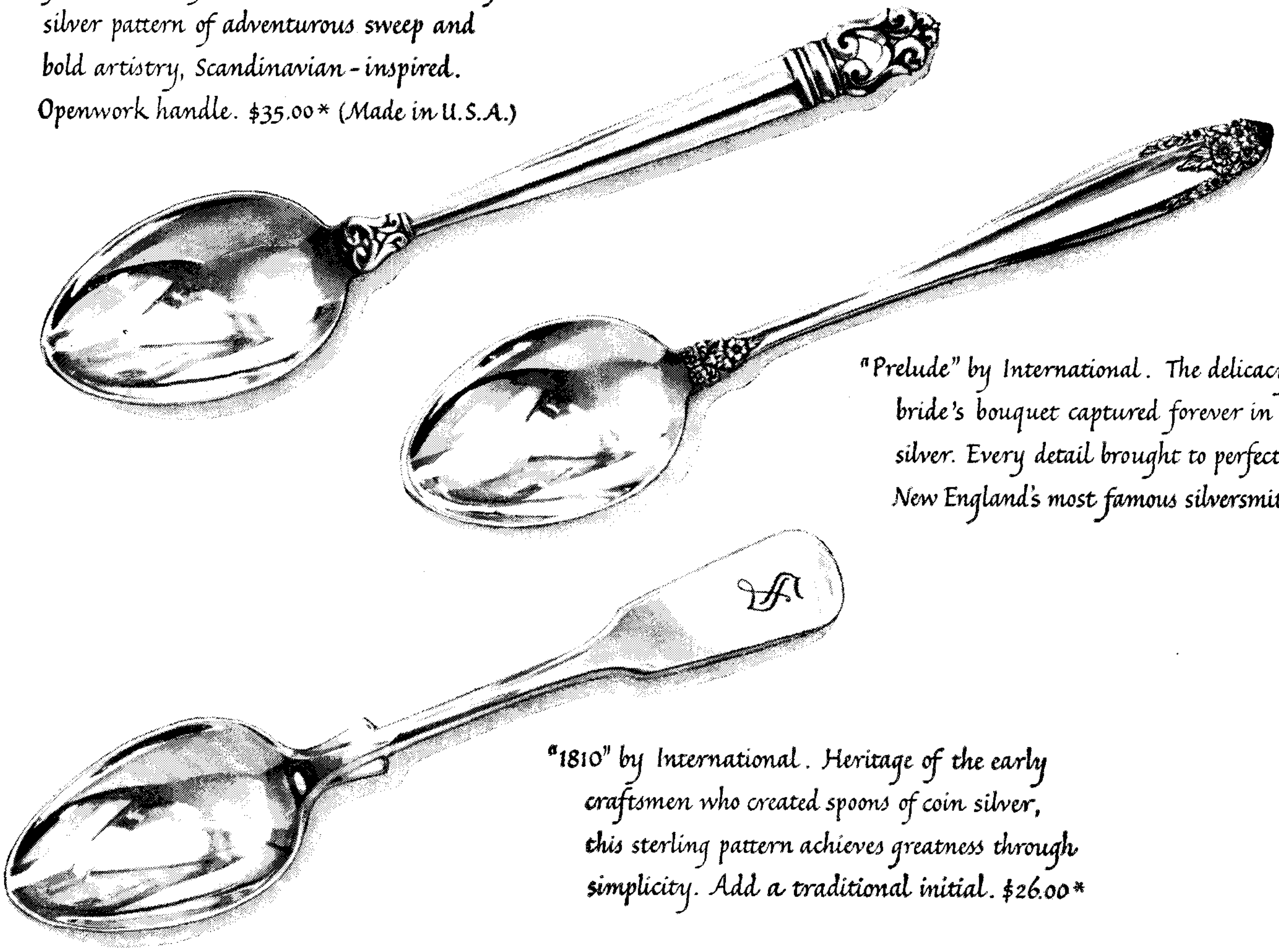

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

in-distress songs and on Wayne Sanders' piano, which are on tap after ten, except Tuesdays. . . . **LA COMMEDIA**, 59 W. 52nd St. (PL 9-3477): Sylvia Syms' smart collection of fugues for demimondaines is presented after the theatre. Laurie Brewis's breezy piano starts at dinner. Closed Sundays. . . . **HABIBI**, 227 W. 46th St. (JU 6-1978): Shoshana Damari's is the most impressive of the voices you'll hear in this cultural mission from Israel. Closed Mondays. . . . **CAFÉ MADISON**, Madison Ave. at 58th St. (EL 5-5000): Piano music from six to nine Mondays through Fridays, and Bernie Dolen's orchestra for dancing between the same hours on Saturdays and from noon to nine on Sundays.

BIG AND BRASSY

(Dancing, unless noted.)

COPACABANA, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-1060)—Jimmy Durante, breaking like a tropical thunderstorm over the ringside customers. . . . **OLD KNICK MUSIC HALL**, Second Ave. at 54th St. (PL 9-2724): A real rumpus room, with hiss-the-villain melodrama, singing waiters, old movies (trimmed with Paul Killiam's punning commentary), and other foolishness. Betty Lou Barto, Clara Cedrone, and Bill Meigs sing; Geene Courtney's appeal is purely pinup. Closed Mondays. . . . **CAFÉ SOCIETY**, 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737): The new show is topped by Josephine Premice, whose carolling and Caribbean capers should hold even this unruly audience in check. Cliff Jackson is, as ever, at the keyboard during the intermissions. . . . **LATIN QUARTER**, Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1737): Señor Wences and his puppets, an ageless and enchanting blend of ventriloquism and manual dexterity, go their talented way unruffled by the surrounding uproar. . . . **LA MARTINIQUE**, 57 W. 57th St. (MU 8-7224): All Gaul seems to be coming to town. Its representative here is Mistinguett, old enough to be her own grandmother but still quite capable of defying the laws of gravity.

SUPPER CLUBS

(No dancing, unless noted.)

BLUE ANGEL, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): Alice Pearce and Mark Lawrence, putting their three (it just *looks* like two) fantastic heads together in the cause of high comedy. Martha Davis's wit is more earthbound. Oliver Wakefield's is British. Portia Nelson sounds like the rustle of spring when she sings to the music of Les Crosley's trio. Stuart Ross plays solo piano. . . . ¶ In the lounge, except Saturdays, the after-theatre piano fancies of the celebrated Eadie and Rack. John Kelley, Jr., plays earlier, except Mondays. . . . **LE RUBAN BLEU**, 4 E. 56th St. (PL 3-6426): Julius Monk, builder of better mousetraps, has baited his newest one with rare good humor—the antic Kirkwood and Goodman, the rhythmic Three Riffs, the eminent criminologist Michael Brown, and the fresh-as-a-daisy little lassie called Pat Carroll. The music of the Norman Paris Trio was all made in Heaven. On Monday, April 16, Ronny Graham goes in at first base for Mr. Brown. Closed Sundays. . . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD**, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Royce Wallace, a nice bit of bric-a-brac, sings with fire in her heart; Charlotte Rae does some bright monologues and the Folkmasters sing about backwoods problems. Between shows, the brisk dance music of Clarence Williams and Karl Lynch. Closed Mondays. . . . **ONE FIFTH AVENUE**, Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (SP 7-7000): Herb Corey's caricatures, Lois Livingston's songs, and the double piano of Bob Downey and Harold Fonville. Hazel Webster, of course, is the solo pianist. Antique movies on Sundays; Mondays are amateur nights. . . . **BYLINE ROOM**, 137 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-4759): Above the tumultuous Show Spot bar, except Sundays, Mabel Mercer sings her one-of-a-kind sad songs about the loveless love life of the moderns. Sam Hamilton is her pianist. . . . **BON SOIR**, 40 W. 8th St. (OR 4-0531): Jimmie Daniels, who runs this Moorish mosque, sings, and Jimmy Komack and Martin Burns splash some young but zany humor about. Marie Bryant's humor is young, too, but palatable all the same. Luther Henderson's trio, which includes Gene Fields and Beverly Reel, fills in all chinks. Closed Mondays. . . . **CHEZ VITO**, Hotel Meurice, 145 W. 58th St. (PL 7-0083): A very restless room, but it's fun to watch Pat Rainey (who's around except Mondays) toss a few sotto-voce songs over a splendid pair of shoulders. . . . **SPIVY'S ROOF**, 139 E. 57th St. (PL 3-9322): Spivy shows up in her Swiss chalet late in the evening to run through her night-blooming ballads. Closed Sundays.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

EDDIE CONDON'S, 47 W. 3rd St. (GR 5-8639): No "Tennessee Waltz" ever takes the glittering sheen from Wild Bill Davison's free-wheeling trumpet. Cutty Cutshall, Buzzy Drootin, Edmond Hall, Bob Casey, Gene Schroeder, and sometimes Mr. Condon help him let joy reign unrefined. Ralph Sutton plays spontaneous-combustion piano between sets. On Tuesdays, visiting tooters compound the chaos. Closed Sundays. . . . **THE EMBERS**, 161 E. 54th St. (PL 9-3228): Except Mondays, Joe Bushkin, pianist and local wit, dominates this modernistic chophouse after nine-thirty. Buck Clayton is his horn man, and other useful citizens chip in solos now and then. Art Tatum plays some mighty pretty interlude piano. . . . **NICK'S**, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): Pee Wee Erwin's Dixieland band is in charge of house-wrecking here. Jam sessions on Sunday afternoons. Closed Mondays. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S**, 53 W. 52nd St. (EL 5-9600) Conrad Janis's band, which includes Elmer Schoebel on piano, Fred Moore on drums, and Mr. Janis on trombone. Don Frye, the interlude pianist, goes with the lease. Jam sessions Monday nights. Dancing. . . . **BIRDLAND**, 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (JU 6-1368): The cast changes here at the drop of a hat, but the end product is usually as solid, man, as ever. . . . **STUYVESANT CASINO**, 140 Second Ave., at 9th St. (GR 3-5289): Those Friday-night rigadoons. On April 13, the rafters will be rung by Jimmy McPartland, Wild Bill Davison, Lou McGarity, Sam Price, George Wettling, Omer Simeon, and John Kirby. . . . **CENTRAL PLAZA**, 111 Second Ave., at 6th St. (AL 4-9800): More Friday-night fun in a boiler factory. This week (April 13), such funlovers as Max Kaminsky, Oran Page, Willie the Lion Smith, and Big Chief Russell Moore. Dancing.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

HERBERT BARNETT—Oils and drawings, including figure paintings and a variety of Maine scenes. (Levitt, 559 Madison Ave., at 56th St.; through April 16.)

MAX BECKMANN—An exhibition of paintings, all done in the year or so before his death last December. (Buchholz, 32 E. 57th St.; through April 28.)

HARRY CROWLEY—Gently poetic little abstractions, almost too wispy in design but attractive in color. (Salpeter, 36 W. 56th St. Weekdays, noon to 6; through April 14.)

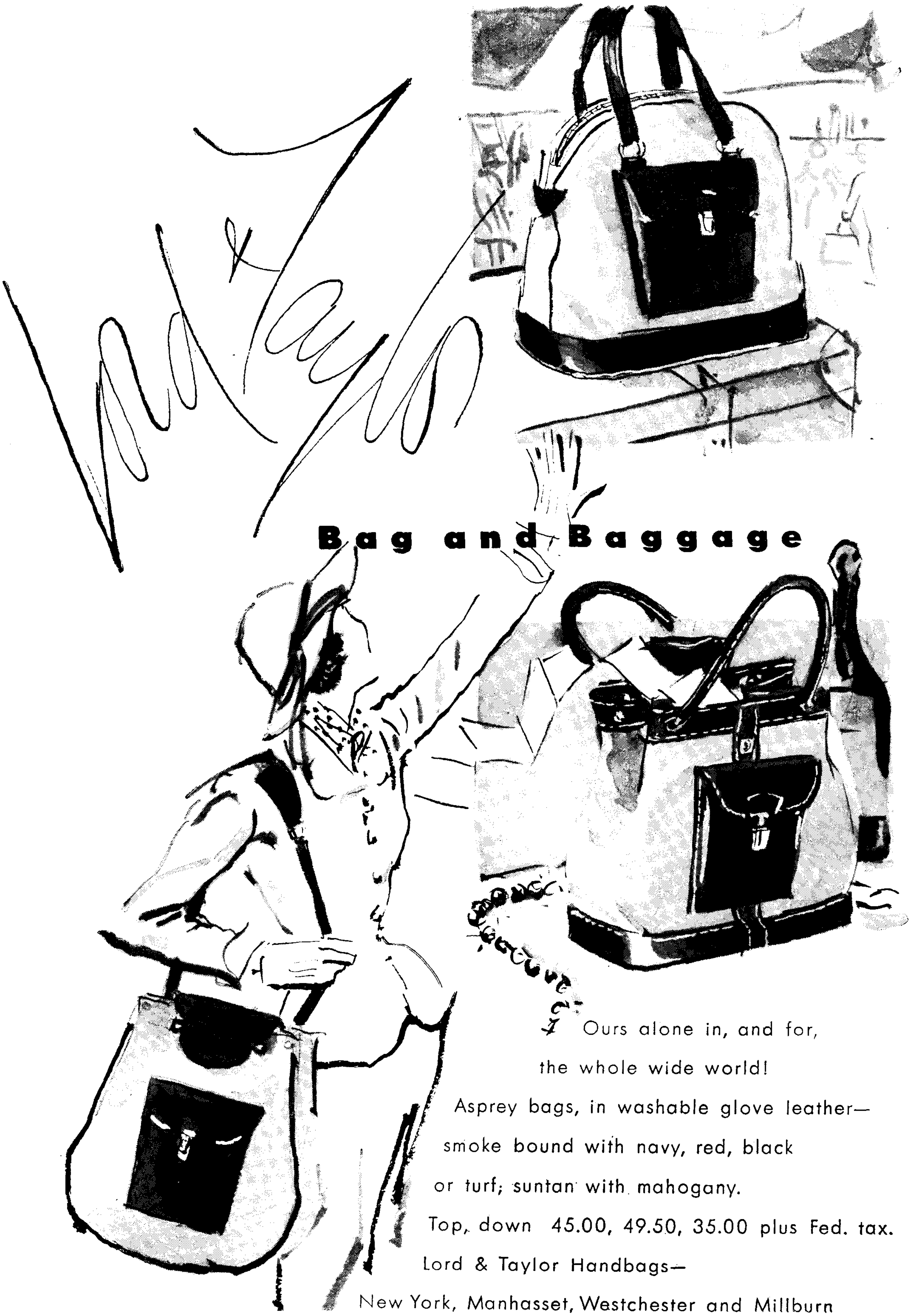
EXPRESSIONISM—Paintings by European exponents of this style, among them Munch, Kirchner, Nolde, and Soutine. (Feigl, 601 Madison Ave., at 57th St.; through April 21.)

HENRI FANTIN-LATOUR—A loan show of paintings by a now somewhat neglected contemporary of, and disciple of, the Impressionists. (Scott & Fowles, 745 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.; through April 14.)

JOSEPH GLASCO—Paintings done in a combination of tight concentric patterns and great textural variation that is frequently very effective, plus drawings and other works. (Viviano, 42 E. 57th St.; through April 28.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **DOWNTOWN**, 32 E. 51st St.: Recent paintings and sculptures by Stuart Davis, Ben Shahn, William Zorach, and others, in this gallery's annual spring showing; through April 28. . . . **PASSEDOIT**, 121 E. 57th St.: A congenial array of paintings by the French artist Albert Gleizes, the Polish Jankel Adler, and the American Marsden Hartley; through April 28. . . . **ROSENBERG**, 16 E. 57th St.: New oils by Milton Avery, Marsden Hartley, Karl Knaths, Abraham Rattner, and Max Weber; through April 14.

FERNAND LÉGER—At the **JANIS**, 15 E. 57th St.:



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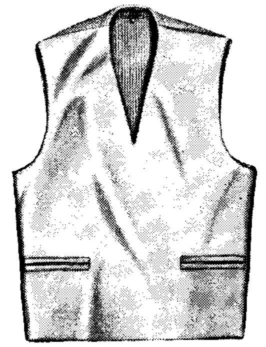

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A well-chosen collection of his early (1911-25) paintings, centering on his Dynamist, or mechanistic, phase; through April 14. . . . **CARRÉ**, 712 Fifth Ave., at 56th St.: A small and fairly selective showing of paintings (1913-50), in honor of his seventieth anniversary; through April 21.

PEPPINO MANGRAVITE—A series of canvases, all loosely related to the theme of good and evil, in his first exhibition in seven years. (Rehn, 683 Fifth Ave., at 54th St.; through April 21.)

HERMAN MARIL—Paintings, rather abstract in approach, of sailboats, fish, roosters, and other subjects. (Macbeth, 11 E. 57th St.; through April 14.)

MODERN FRENCH—At the **CARSTAIRS**, 11 E. 57th St.: A Picasso nude and a figure of a young boy by Matisse, each dated 1907, as well as later works by Dufy, Utrillo, Rouault, and others; through April 28. . . . **PERLS**, 32 E. 58th St.: The second part of this gallery's yearly modern French show offers two dozen paintings by Vlaminck, Friesz, Braque, Picasso, and others; through April 21.

GRANDMA MOSES—A selection of twenty-five country scenes by the ninety-year-old primitive. (St. Etienne, 46 W. 57th St.; through May 5.)

NINETEENTH-CENTURY ENGLISH ARTISTS—Nice water colors and drawings by William Blake, Thomas Rowlandson, John Sell Cotman, and others of the period. (Knoedler, 14 E. 57th St.; through April 14.)

MARK ROTHKO and **SONIA SEKULA**—Big, bloomingly colored, though rather empty, oils by the first, and small, intricately patterned, whimsical abstractions by the second. (Parsons, 15 E. 57th St.; through April 21.)

RUBENS—A loan show, for the benefit of the Public Education Association, and, rather amazingly, the first really comprehensive exhibition of the great Flemish painter's works in this city. (Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St.; through April 14.)

EMILE SABOURAUD—Impressionistic paintings of France, done with considerable bravura, by an artist new to this country. (New Gallery, 63 W. 44th St. Weekdays, 10 to 8; through April 14.)

SCULPTURE BY PAINTERS—James Brooks, Jackson Pollock, Weldon Kees, and other painters, each represented by a three-dimensional work, plus a painting or a drawing. (Peridot, 6 E. 12th St.; through April 21.)

DAVID SMITH—A new set of his abstract sculptures, some of them quite imposing. (Willard, 32 E. 57th St.; through April 21.)

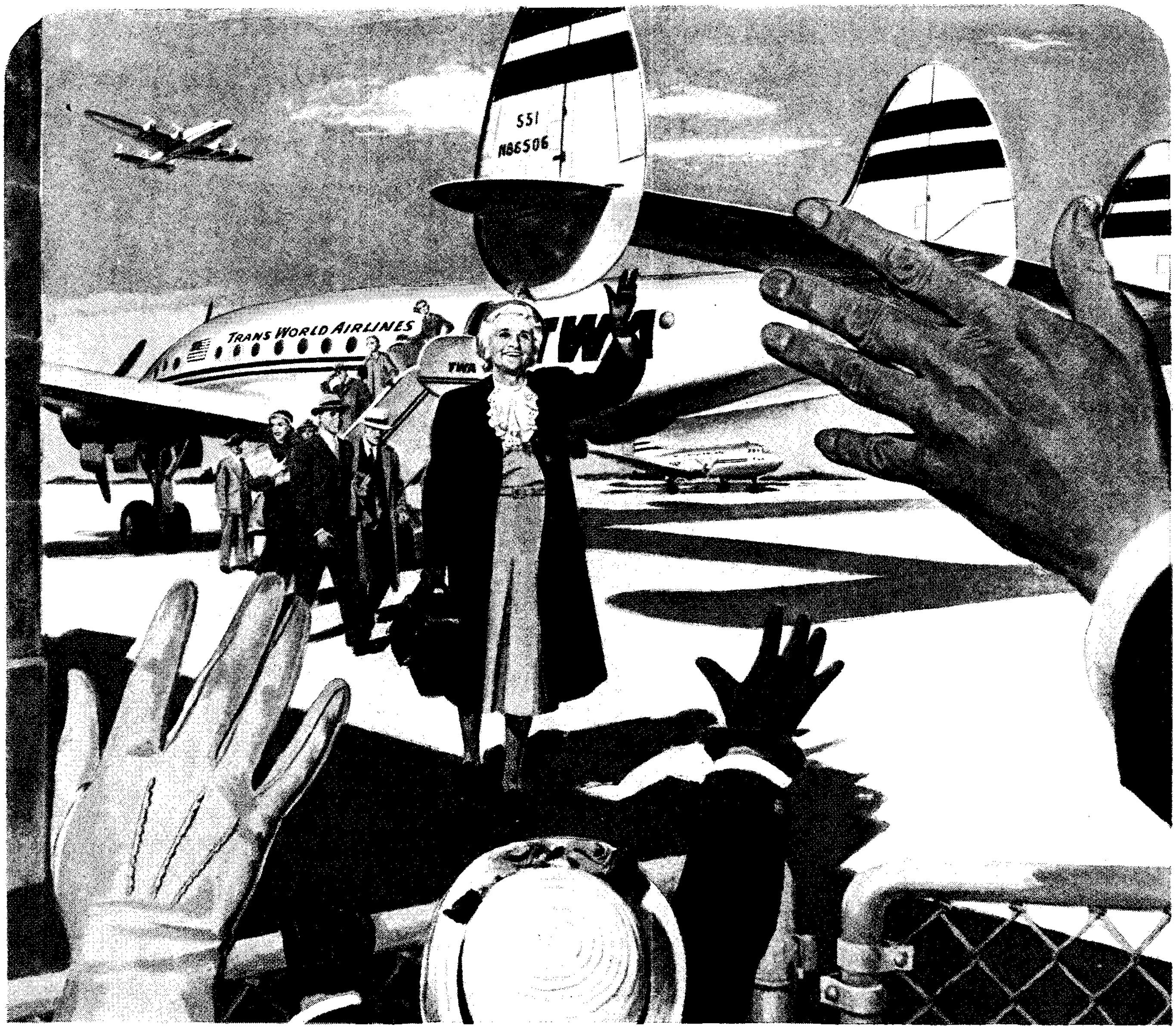
WALTER STEIN—The first showing of paintings, puzzling in intention but expert in execution, by this young artist, who at times suggests Georgia O'Keeffe and at times the late Flemish artists. (Durlacher, 11 E. 57th St.; through April 21.)

STILL-LIFES AND FLOWERS—Paintings, ranging from early German, Flemish, and Dutch examples to the work of such moderns as van Gogh, Klee, and O'Keeffe. (Delius, 18 E. 64th St.; through April 28.)

JOHN WHORF—A new crop of his water colors, comprising scenes of New York, Provincetown, and Barbados, among other places. (Milch, 55 E. 57th St.; through April 21.)

EMERSON WOELFFER—Pleasant color in a series of abstractions that are bold in design, if occasionally a bit casual in execution. (Artists', 851 Lexington Ave., at 64th St. Weekdays, noon to 6; through April 19.)

SOME OF THIS WEEK'S OPENINGS—At the **ASSOCIATED AMERICAN ARTISTS**, 711 Fifth Ave., at 55th St.: Frank Kleinholz; through April 28. . . . **FERARGIL**, 63 E. 57th St.: Group show, members of the Art Students League; through April 20. . . . **GRAND CENTRAL MODERNS**, 130 E. 56th St.: Arthur Osver. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 9:30 to 5:30; through April 24. . . . **HELLER**, 108 E. 57th St.: Nahum Tschacbasov. Weekdays, 11 to 5; Thursday and Saturday evenings until 8; through April 28. . . . **PIERRE MATISSE**, 41 E. 57th St.: Theodore Roszak; through April 28. . . . **BERTHA SCHAEFER**,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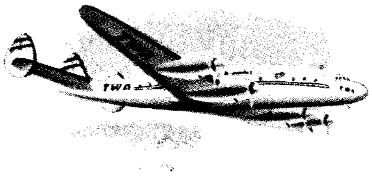

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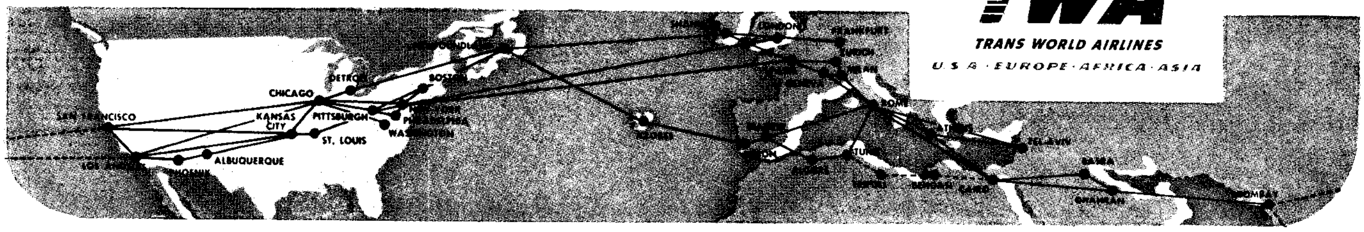
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

32 E. 57th St.: Bernice Cross; through April 28.

MUSEUMS

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—The Fifth National Print Annual, comprising etchings, engravings, woodcuts, lithographs, and serigraphs; through May 20. . . . ¶ Primitive Indian art of Alaska and Canada; through April 15. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—The Art Students League's seventy-fifth anniversary show, consisting of paintings and sculptures done by seventy-five artists associated at one time or another with the League. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5; through April 29.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—A retrospective showing of fifty-two oils and seven sculptures, along with other works, by the Italian artist Modigliani, who died in 1920. (Weekdays, noon to 7; Sundays, 1 to 7; through June 10.)

Museum of Non-Objective Painting, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A new group exhibition, with paintings by Ilya Bolotowsky, Albert Patecky, Robert Wolff, and others, and some constructions by Zahara Schatz and Vance Hunt. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6; through June 3.)

Whitney Museum, 10 W. 8th St.—The Museum's 1951 Annual of Contemporary American Sculpture, Water Colors, and Drawings. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5; through May 6.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Carnegie Hall is CI 7-7460 and for Town Hall LU 2-4536. Other numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

New York City Opera Company—Thursday evening, April 12: "The Love for Three Oranges" (in English). . . . ¶ Friday evening, April 13: "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "Pagliacci." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, April 14: "Madame Butterfly." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, April 14: "Don Giovanni." . . . ¶ Sunday matinée, April 15: "Aïda." . . . ¶ Sunday evening, April 15: "Carmen." . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, April 18: "The Tales of Hoffmann." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, April 19: "The Marriage of Figaro" (in English). . . . ¶ Friday evening, April 20: "La Bohème." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, April 21: "The Love for Three Oranges" (in English). . . . ¶ Saturday evening, April 21: "Faust." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Evenings at 8:15. Matinées at 2:30. Through Sunday, April 22.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

Philharmonic-Symphony—At Carnegie Hall—Dimitri Mitropoulos conducting: Thursday, April 12, at 8:45; Friday, April 13, at 2:30; and Sunday, April 15, at 2:45 (all presentations of Alban Berg's opera "Wozzeck," in concert form, with vocal soloists and a chorus); and Thursday, April 19, at 8:45, and Friday, April 20, at 2:30 (both with Artur Rubinstein, piano).

Philadelphia Orchestra—Eugene Ormandy conducting the final performance of the season here, with Erik Tuxen, guest conductor, and William Kapell, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, April 17, at 8:30.)

Little Orchestra Society—Thomas Scherman conducting a concert performance of Mozart's "Così Fan Tutte," with Mary Henderson, soprano, and others. (Town Hall. Tuesday, April 17, at 8:30.)

New York Youth Concerts Association—Wheeler Beckett conducting, with John Corigliano, violin. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, April 18, at 3.)

New York Little Symphony—Joseph Baroné conducting. (Times Hall, 240 W. 44th St. LA 4-1000, Ext. 502. Friday, April 20, at 8:30.)

Columbia University Glee Club—Carl A. Lambert directing. (Town Hall. Thursday, April 12, at 8:30.)

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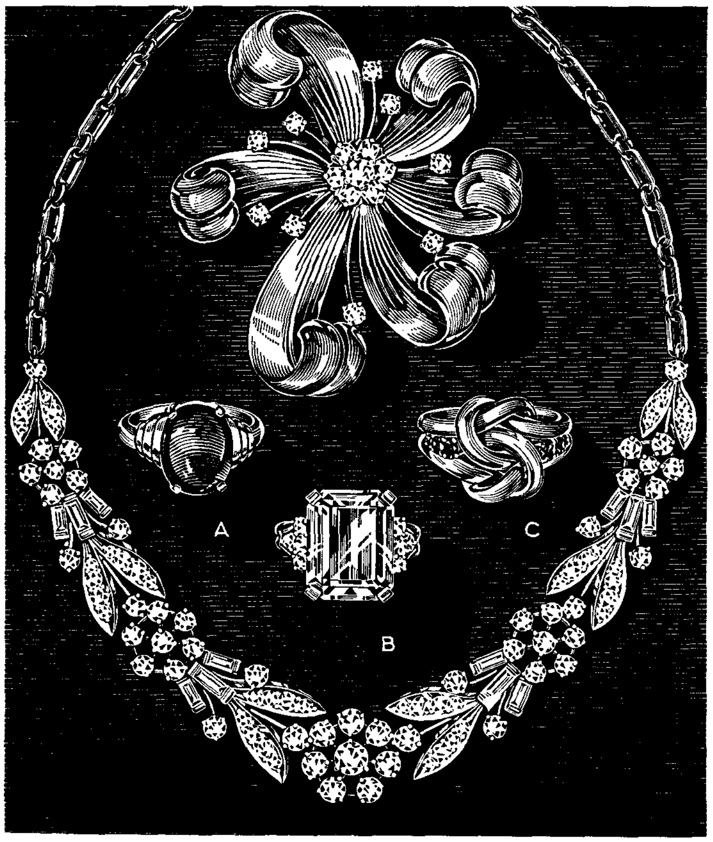

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

College Choir—A joint concert, with Captain Francis E. Resta, Lieutenant Robert Dvorak, and Anders Emile directing. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. RE 7-8490. Saturday, April 14, at 8:30.)

Friendly Sons of St. Patrick Glee Club—George Mead directing. (Town Hall. Saturday, April 14, at 8:30.)

Collegiate Chorale—William Jonson directing. (Town Hall. Wednesday, April 18, at 8:30.)

Smith College and Williams College Glee Clubs—Iva Dee Hiatt and Robert Barrow directing, with Mary Davenport, contralto. (Town Hall. Friday, April 20, at 8:30.)

Centenary Junior College Singers—Edgar H. Smith directing, with Percy Grainger, piano. (Town Hall. Saturday, April 21, at 3.)

RECITALS

Maryla Jonas—Piano. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, April 14, at 8:15. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

Suzanne Danco—Soprano. (Town Hall. Monday, April 16, at 8:30.)

Budapest String Quartet—Chamber music. (Kaufmann Auditorium, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-9456. Monday, April 16, at 8:40.)

SPORTS

Baseball—At **yankee stadium:** Yankees vs. Dodgers (exhibition game), Friday, April 13, at 2:30. . . . ¶ Yankees vs. Boston (official league games), Tuesday through Thursday, April 17-19, at 2:30. . . . **polo grounds:** Giants vs. Cleveland (exhibition games), Saturday, April 14, at 1:30, and Sunday, April 15, at 2:30. . . . ¶ Giants vs. Dodgers (official league games), Friday and Saturday, April 20-21, at 1:30. . . . **ebbets field:** Dodgers vs. Yankees (exhibition games), Saturday, April 14, at 1:30, and Sunday, April 15, at 2:05. . . . ¶ Dodgers vs. Philadelphia (official league games), Tuesday through Thursday, April 17-19, at 1:30.

Crew—Yale vs. Cambridge University. (Derby, Conn. Saturday, April 14.) . . . ¶ Union Boat Club Regatta: Harvard, Boston University, M.I.T., and Cambridge University. (Cambridge, Mass. Thursday, April 19.) . . . ¶ Childs Cup Regatta: Princeton, Columbia, Pennsylvania, and Rutgers. (Princeton. Saturday, April 21.)

Fencing—All-Eastern Championship, Three Weapon Individual. (Fencers Club, 320 E. 53rd St. EL 5-8898. Thursday, April 19, at 7.)

Hunt Racing—Deep Run Hunt Race Association. (Richmond, Va. Saturday, April 14.) . . . ¶ My Lady's Manor Point-to-Point. (Monkton, Md. Saturday, April 14.) . . . ¶ Middleburg Hunt Race Association. (Middleburg, Va. Saturday, April 21.) . . . ¶ Grand National Point-to-Point. (Butler, Md. Saturday, April 21.) . . . ¶ Tryon Riding and Hunt Club. (Tryon, N.C. Saturday, April 21.)

Racing—At **jamaica:** Weekdays at 1:15; through Saturday, May 12. The Experimental Free Handicap No. 2, Saturday, April 14, and the Wood Memorial, Saturday, April 21. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays through Fridays between 10:45 and 1, and Saturdays between 10:45 and 1:25.) . . . **laurel park,** Laurel, Md.: Weekdays at 1:30; through Thursday, April 19. The Chesapeake, Saturday, April 14.

Trotting—At Yonkers Raceway: Weekdays at 8:40, from Monday, April 16, through Saturday, May 19. (Trains will leave Grand Central Station for the track Mondays through Fridays at 6:57, 7:28, and 7:40, and Saturdays at 7:20.)

FOR CHILDREN

Concert—Final children's concert of the season by the Philharmonic-Symphony, with Igor Buketoff conducting. (Carnegie Hall. CI 7-7460. Saturday, April 14, at 11.)

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Beast." (Carl Fischer Concert Hall, 165 W. 57th St. Saturdays, April 14 and 21, at 1:30 and 3:15, and Sunday, April 15, at 3. For tickets, call TR 7-7591.) . . . **CLARE TREE MAJOR CHILDREN'S THEATRE:** "Old King Cole." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, April 14, at 3.)

OTHER EVENTS

PRESIDENT TRUMAN—Addressing a Jefferson-Jackson Day dinner, in Washington, on Saturday, April 14, at 10:30. The address will be carried by most major radio and television networks.

UNITED NATIONS—At Lake Success, Mondays through Fridays, there may be occasional open meetings of the Security Council, the Atomic Energy Commission, the Commission on Conventional Armaments, and the Interim Committee of the General Assembly. About five hundred visitors can be accommodated at each meeting. For tickets, call FIeldstone 7-1100, Ext. 2253, the day before you plan to go. Frequent trains leave Penn Station for Great Neck, where they connect with buses for Lake Success.

COUNTRY ANTIQUES FAIR—Furniture, silver, porcelains, glass, paintings, and the like, chiefly of American periods. The show this year will feature reconstructed Early American rooms and, in honor of the 71st Regiment's centennial year, battle mementos of four wars, including flags, paintings, and captured uniforms. (71st Regiment Armory, Park Ave. at 34th St. Thursday and Friday, April 12-13, from 1 to 11; Saturday, April 14, from 1 to 6.)

FLOWER SHOW—An exhibition of narcissus by the Horticultural Society of New York. (Essex House, 160 Central Park S. Wednesday, April 18, from 2 to 5.)

AUCTIONS—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.—Eighteenth-century French furniture, K'ang Hsi and other porcelains, drawings and paintings, and other objects of art, owned by Mrs. Lorraine Manville Dresselhuys. (Thursday, April 12, at 10:15 and 1:45, and Friday and Saturday, April 13-14, at 1:45.) . . . ¶ Paintings, drawings, lithographs, and etchings by modern artists, among them Renoir, Dufy, Mary Cassatt, Braque, and Kokoschka, along with primitive African and pre-Columbian sculptures, from the collections of the Pepsi-Cola Company, Mrs. Edith Gruenbaum, and others. (Exhibition Saturday, April 14, and Monday, April 16, from 10 to 5, and Tuesday, April 17, from 10 to 8. Auction Tuesday and Wednesday, April 17-18, at 8.)

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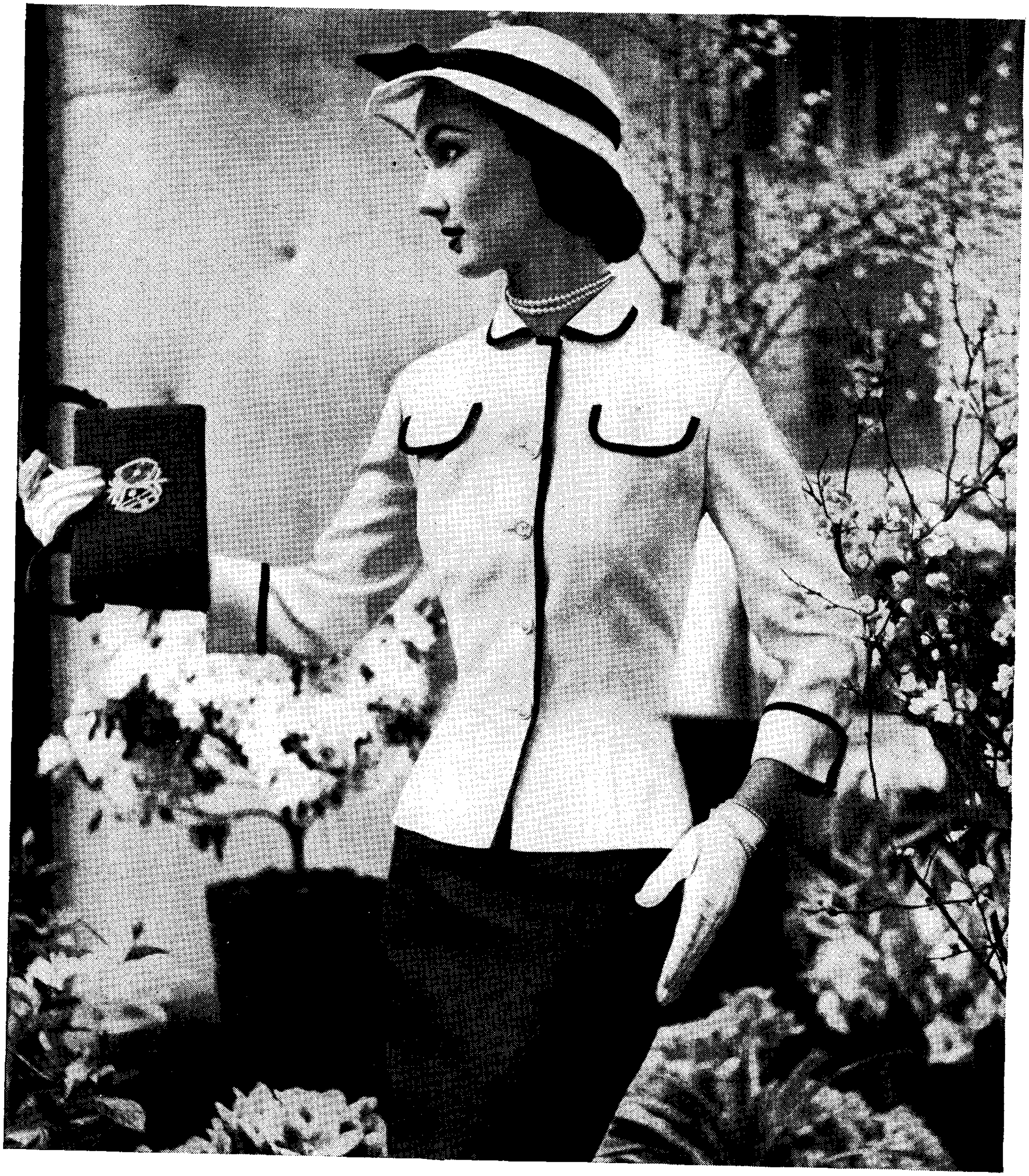
NOTE—Volunteers are still sorely needed in each of the city's ten civil-defense departments, among which are Transportation, Medical Emergency, Public Health, Public Welfare, and the Fire and Police Auxiliaries. Telephone operators, messengers, air wardens, hospital aids, clerical workers, and such are being sought to fill jobs in nearly a hundred and fifty different categories. Some of these posts involve technical or professional skills, but for most of them the qualifications are merely time, heart, and, possibly, muscle. All hospitals, precinct police stations, and district firehouses are now equipped to take applications, and recruiting centers are also being opened in stores, libraries, and other public buildings. Further information can be had from the five borough recruiting offices: 500 Park Ave., at 59th St. (MU 8-6940), in Manhattan; 2 Court St. (MAin 4-7681), in Brooklyn; Borough Hall, 120-55 Queens Blvd. (BOulevard 3-0916), in Queens; Bronx County Court House, 161st St. and Grand Concourse (LUdlow 8-4289), in the Bronx; and Borough Hall, St. George, S.I. (GIbraltar 7-1000, Ext. 32), in Richmond. . . . ¶ Blood donations for the armed forces are, of course, also urgently sought. To make an appointment, call the Manhattan Red Cross Chapter, 70 W. 40th St., MU 9-1000, or the Brooklyn Chapter, 57 Willoughby St., MAin 4-6001.

Peck and Peck



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION

All About Eve—A witty comedy, written and directed by Joseph L. Mankiewicz, and dealing with some of the foibles of the theatre. Bette Davis appears to advantage playing an actress as unpredictable as, let us say, Miss Bankhead, and Anne Baxter is quite persuasive as another actress, determined to reach the top of her profession, no matter how many people she has to claw on the way up. (68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302.... ¶ Gracie Square, 1st Ave. at 89th, SA 2-2478; April 17-18.)

Bitter Rice—Life among the rice harvesters of the Po Valley, depicted in an Italian film that is long on both violence and documentary photography. Silvana Mangano is something to see as a lady too reckless to settle down to a placid bucolic career. (World, 153 W. 49th, CI 7-5747.)

Born Yesterday—Judy Holliday in the role of a junkman's paramour who learns so much about democracy in Washington that she refuses to let her coarse boy friend push her around any more. Miss Holliday is just as entertaining in this adaptation of Garson Kanin's play as she was in the original. Broderick Crawford and William Holden are fine, too. (Victoria, B'way at 46th, JU 6-0540.)

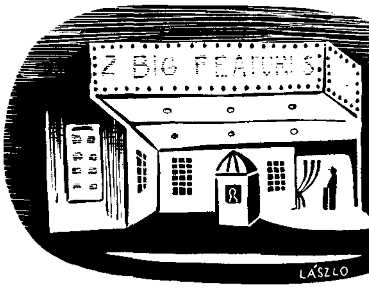
Cyrano de Bergerac—José Ferrer is Rostand's Gascon in a film so full of rodomontade that it's frequently as tiresome as a Legion rally. Mala Powers' Roxane is pretty but inept, and the rest of the cast is more or less obscured behind Mr. Ferrer, who takes over the proceedings with the confidence of a cruise director. (Golden, 252 W. 45th, CI 6-6740. Showings are at 2:30 and 8:30; extra performances Saturdays and Sundays at 5:30, and Saturday evenings at 11:30. Reserved seats only.)

Fourteen Hours—Concerning a troubled young man who may or may not jump from a hotel ledge, high above Manhattan. An extremely dramatic film, in which Richard Basehart, in the part of the undecided gentleman, gives an estimable performance. Agnes Moorehead, Robert Keith, Paul Douglas, and Barbara Bel Geddes are fine, too. (Astor, B'way at 45th, JU 6-2240; through April 18.)

God Needs Men—A peculiar but interesting French film about a fisherman on an island off Brittany who decides to take over the job of ministering to the religious needs of his fellows after priests from the mainland have given them up as a hopelessly bad lot. Pierre Fresnay makes a believable character of the fisherman, and the actors who surround him seem equally authentic. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, MU 8-0134; through April 15.)

The Happiest Days of Your Life—Margaret Rutherford and Alastair Sim in a chipper English film that traces the consequences of trying to transform a venerable boys' school into a coeducational establishment. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; starting April 13, tentative.)

Harvey—The Mary Chase comedy about the dipsomaniac and the six-foot-four rabbit, faithfully and successfully translated to the screen. James Stewart plays the inebriate and is abetted magnificently by Josephine Hull. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; through April 14.... ¶ Trans-Lux 72nd St., 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; starting April 18.)



Kon-Tiki—Six men on a raft, drifting to Polynesia. The object of the odyssey was to prove that the original settlers of some of the Pacific islands may have been Peruvians. A fascinating documentary, narrated by Thor Heyerdahl, leader of the band and author of the well-known book of the same title. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411.)

Odette—The adventures of a French lady who, serving with the British Military Intelligence, was an underground agent in France throughout most of the last war. Based on fact, this English picture is livelier than almost any trumped-up spy drama you ever saw. Anna Neagle and Trevor Howard head the trilingual cast. (Park Avenue, Park at 59th, PL 9-7242.)

Orpheus—A modern-dress version of what the Greek lyre man went through to get Eurydice out of Hades. As done by Jean Cocteau, it is pretty antic. A French film, with Jean Marais, Maria Casarès, and François Perier. (Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; starting April 17.)

Storm Warning—A glimpse of the Ku Klux Klan at its grisly pastimes. Not a very penetrating film, but one that doesn't lack for excitement. With Steve Cochran, Ginger Rogers, and Ronald Reagan. (R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th, EL 5-3577; R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th, AT 9-8900; R.K.O. 23rd St., 8th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-3440; Riverside, B'way at 96th, RI 9-9861; Nemo, B'way at 110th, AC 2-9406; and Coliseum, B'way at 181st, WA 7-7200; starting April 18.)

Tales of Hoffmann—A big omelet composed of opera, ballet, and cinema photography. The color is dazzling, the music is good, and the dancers nimble, but the whole thing only proves that looking through a kaleidoscope for two hours and more can grow pretty wearisome. With Moira Shearer, Robert Helpmann, and Robert Rounseville. (Bijou, 209 W. 45th, CO 5-8215. Showings are at 2:30 and 8:30; extra performances Saturdays and Sundays at 5:30, and Saturday evenings at 11:30. Reserved seats only.)

The 13th Letter—A film with some sound virtues that undertakes to describe the results of a series of poison-pen letters upon the residents of a strait-laced community in Quebec. Charles Boyer, Michael Rennie, Françoise Rosay, Linda Darnell, and Constance Smith help make this one worth a bit of your time. (R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th, EL 5-3577; R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th, AT 9-8900; R.K.O. 23rd St., 8th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-3440; Riverside, B'way at 96th, RI 9-9861; Nemo, B'way at 110th, AC 2-9406; and Coliseum, B'way at 181st, WA 7-7200; through April 15.)

REVIVALS

All the King's Men (1949)—An adaptation of the Robert Penn Warren novel having to do with a politician very similar to the late Huey Long. With Broderick Crawford. (Murray Hill, Park at 42nd, MU 2-1431; April 12.)

A Letter to Three Wives (1949)—A pair of tough citizens, Paul Douglas and Linda Darnell, who love but never trust each other. (York, 1st Ave. at 64th, RH 4-9350; April 17-18.)

Odd Man Out (1947)—James Mason as a fugitive hunted by all the cops in Belfast. An English film. (Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; April 15-16.)

Salerno Beachhead (1946)—The infantry's view of the war in Italy. With Dana Andrews. Formerly called "A Walk in the Sun." (Terrace, 9th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-9280; April 15-16.)

They Got Me Covered (1943)—Bob Hope as a foreign correspondent, with Dorothy Lamour tagging along. (Criterion, B'way at 44th, LU 2-1796; starting April 13.)

Up in Arms (1944)—Danny Kaye in the Army, with a faint plot also involving Dana Andrews, Dinah Shore, and Constance Dowling. (Criterion, B'way at 44th, LU 2-1796; starting April 13.)

The Walls of Malapaga (1950)—A French-Italian film about an aging fugitive, Jean Gabin, having a final romantic fling in Genoa. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; April 12, tentative.)

The Winslow Boy (1950)—How a father rectifies an injustice done his son at an English naval academy. A British picture, with Cedric Hardwicke and Robert Donat. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; April 14-15.... ¶ Murray Hill, Park at 42nd, MU 2-1431; April 15-16.)

The Wizard of Oz (1939)—Judy Garland as Dorothy, Bert Lahr as the Cowardly Lion, and Ray Bolger as the Scarecrow. (York, 1st Ave. at 64th, RH 4-9350; April 14.)

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—Through April 15: "The Love of Jeanne Ney" (1928), with Lillian Gish.... ¶ Starting April 16: "The Thin Man" (1934), with William Powell and Myrna Loy. (Showings are at 3 and 5:30. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after noon on the day of the showing.)

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THE BROADWAY AREA

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED IN THE SECTION ABOVE

Astor, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
Through April 18: **FOURTEEN HOURS.**

Bijou, 209 W. 45th. (CO 5-8215)
TALES OF HOFFMANN.

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
"Abbott and Costello Meet the Invisible Man," Bud Abbott, Lou Costello.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (LU 2-1796)
April 12: "The Prince of Peace" (non-professional cast).
From April 13: **UP IN ARMS,** revival; and **THEY GOT ME COVERED,** revival.

Globe, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-5555)
"The Great Missouri Raid," Wendell Corey, Macdonald Carey.

Golden, 252 W. 45th. (CI 6-6740)
CYRANO DE BERGERAC.

Little CinéMet, 6th Ave. at 39th. (LO 4-1141)
To be announced.

Mayfair, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CI 5-9800)
"The Man from Planet X," Robert Clarke.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
"Father's Little Dividend," Spencer Tracy, Elizabeth Taylor.

Paramount, B'way at 43rd. (LO 3-1100)
"The Mating Season," Gene Tierney, John Lund.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
Through April 17: "Rawhide," Tyrone Power, Susan Hayward.
From April 18: "The Brave Bulls," Mel Ferrer.

Roxy, 7th Ave. at 50th. (CI 7-6000)
"I Can Get It for You Wholesale," Susan Hayward, Dan Dailey.

State, B'way at 45th. (LU 2-5070)
"Up Front," David Wayne, Tom Ewell, Marina Berti.

Strand, B'way at 47th. (CI 7-5900)
April 12: "Lullaby of Broadway," Doris Day, Gene Nelson.
From April 13: "Only the Valiant," Gregory Peck, Barbara Payton.

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
BORN YESTERDAY.

World, 153 W. 49th. (CI 7-5747)
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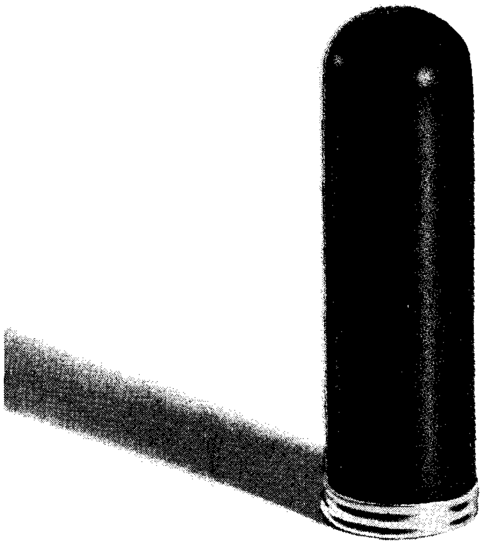

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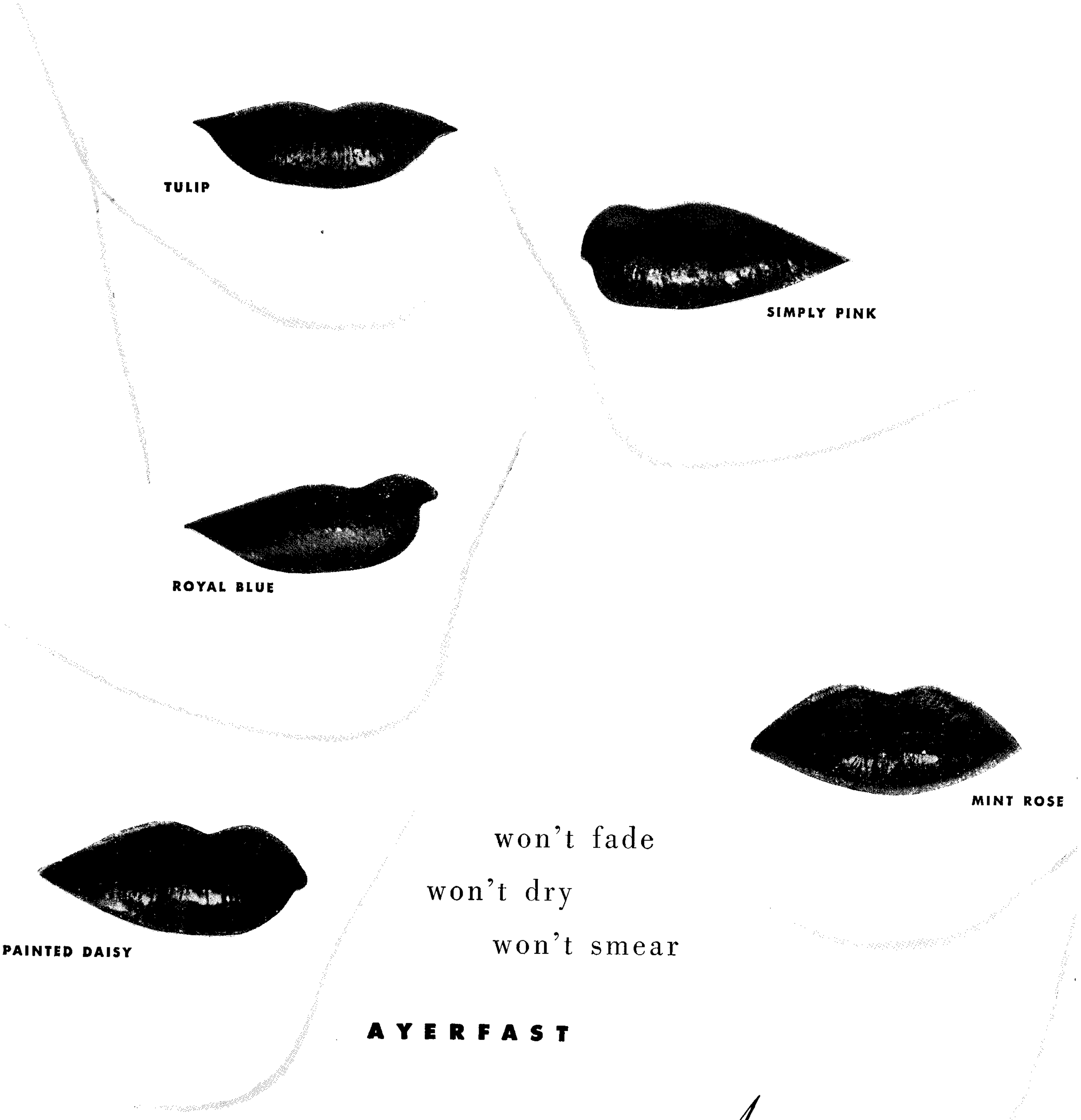
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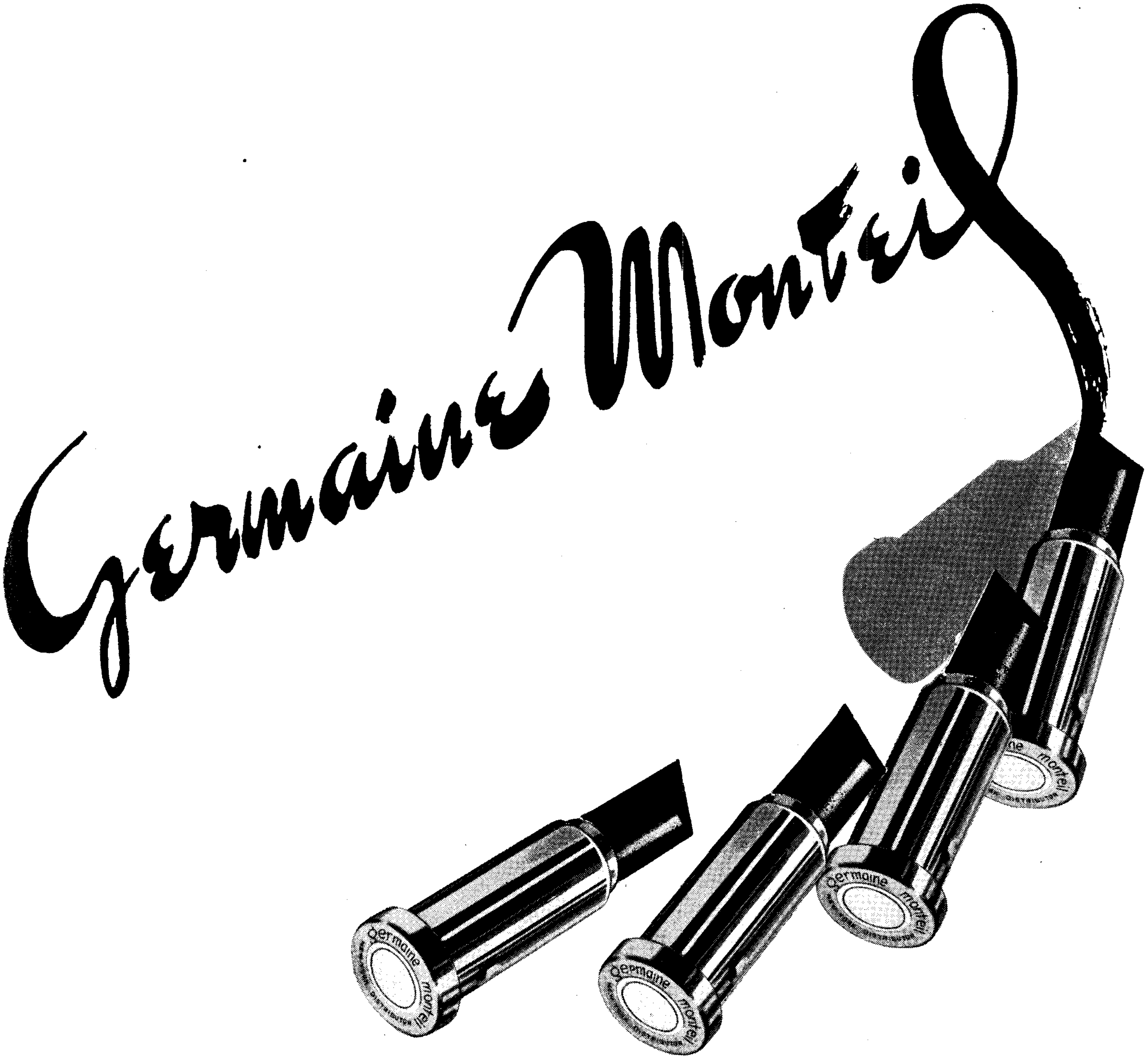
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THE
NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

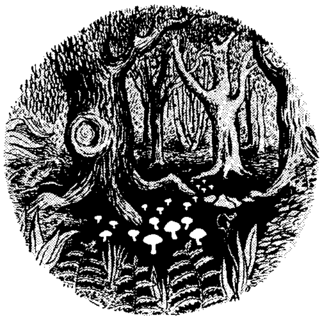
THE House Un-American Activities Committee is looking at movie people again, and seems about to repeat its memorable performance of October, 1947. Lists are being drawn up, names of red-tainted citizens are being published—this time actors, not writers. To get on a list, one need only have lent one's name to an organization. We are reminded of a remark let drop a year or so ago by Corporation Counsel John P. McGrath in defense of the idea of guilt by association. "If I frequent Ebbets Field," he said, "it's a fair assumption that I am a Dodger fan."

Is it? We think it is not a fair assumption but a foul one. It may be a good guess, but it is a foul assumption. A man attending a Communist rally is perhaps a Communist, but to assume that he is anything at all is jumping the gun. Maybe he just can't stay away from rallies. Or maybe he was looking for his umbrella. (We will all be looking for our umbrellas soon enough if the political purge becomes an accepted American custom.)

Let us return for a moment to Ebbets Field. That fellow slinking out of the park after the game—can we, as Mr. McGrath suggests, assume he is a Dodger fan and publish his name and his shame for all to read in the morning paper? It is conceivable that the man is nothing more sinister than a sports reporter who has associated briefly with the Dodgers in order to observe their queer ways. Or maybe he is a seller of pop, homing with the day's receipts. Or he may be an unemployed Brooklynite who turned to the ballpark in desperation. He may even be a Dodger hater who went to the game in the hope of seeing the team fall flat on its face.

Mr. McGrath, we take it, is willing to advertise this fellow as a suspicious character because he was spotted at the ballpark. We are not. We shall continue to assume that any man seen leaving Ebbets Field was there for reasons best known to himself, in the pure air that bathes Brooklyn and keeps it safe and free. And may a little of that air leak into the committee room when some of the already besmirched actors make their appearances before their inquisitors!

We'd like to remind the House Committee of a couple of elementary matters, to the end that their methods be changed so as to make things fairer for those who find themselves at the little end of the stick, and less disturbing for the rest of us. We would remind the Committee that a question it must face, and that every citizen must face, is whether having one's name on a letterhead should bring a man to the point where he has to choose between being in contempt of Congress and stating his beliefs in public. We would remind the Committee that it is not in the business of hiring and firing writers and actors—which is, in effect, what it accomplished three years ago, when the Hollywood men were discharged. The movies will stay healthy as long as the owners and producers are alert enough to look at their own films before releasing them. The press will get along all right as long as its editors and publishers care enough about what they are doing to read what they print. A movie is a piece of celluloid that is perfectly visible to its maker before release, and to its public afterward. A newspaper is a few dozen galleys of type that any manager can take a gander at, any time he wants to. When a Committee of the House, with a list of names in its hand, steps across these thresholds and proposes changes in personnel and in subject matter, it does so as an agent of the people. It also does so at great risk to the people.



Talking Leaves

WORD that the bulk of Bernard Shaw's fortune is to be used to further the spread of an expanded English alphabet of his invention has prompted us to look up a few facts about an American Indian named Sequoyah who, without the help of a fortune or, for that matter, of any schooling, worked out the written language of the Cherokee Nation. As far as we know, he is the only man in history ever to have done such a thing singlehanded. Starting from scratch, with no knowledge of English or any European language—with, in fact, no knowledge of any language other than Cherokee—he devised an entire, and entirely workable, system of writing, a feat that some philologists regard as one of the most sublime acts of intellection of all time. It's one that might have abashed even Shaw.

Take him for all in all, Sequoyah seems to be one of the most inspiring and attractive figures in our history. He was born in 1770, or a few years earlier, in the village of Taskigi, in what is now Tennessee and was then the land of the Cherokee Nation. His mother was part Cherokee and part Shawnee, his father was a white man who has never been definitely identified but is popularly believed to have been a Virginian named Nathaniel Gist, a friend of Washington's. Sequoyah's English name was George Guess, sometimes spelled Gist or Guest. He was brought up as a Cherokee and, as a young man, became an accomplished silversmith and an excellent painter of animal subjects—two skills theretofore not developed among his people—and is said to have made paintbrushes of animal hair without ever knowing that there were already such things in the world. He saw and was deeply impressed by books, which the Indians called "talking leaves," and, refusing to go along with the prevailing Indian notion that the ability to put speech into written form was a divinely ordained perquisite of the white man, determined, along about 1809, to invent a written language for the Cherokees. (He was unaware that a number of missionaries had tried their hands at adapting the English alphabet to the Cherokee language, had found its twenty-six characters insufficient to represent Cherokee sounds, many of which are made largely with the nose and throat, and had given up the job.) Sequoyah first set out to draw a different picture for each word, but soon realized that more pictures would be required than anyone could possibly hope to remember. After several years, he hit on the idea of using a different symbol for each Cherokee syllable. Copying from an English book, he used most of the letters of the Roman alphabet as symbols and then designed a much larger number himself. He had no interest in how the Roman letters were pronounced; the Roman "D" became the Cherokee "A," the Roman "K" the Cherokee "Tso."

Sequoyah listened diligently to conversations among his fellow-Cherokees, and every time he detected a new sound, he made a note of it, scratching his symbols on bark with a knife or a sliver of wood. Eventually, he compiled around a hundred and forty syllables. These he winnowed down to eighty-five, which he found the minimum necessary. What he had done was devise a system of notation known technically as a syllabary, which requires more symbols than an alphabet but much less writing, provided the language is low in multiple consonants, as the Cherokee language is. In 1821, Sequoyah announced that his task was finished, and when he was able to demonstrate that *his* brand of talking leaves worked just as well as the white man's, the Cherokee Nation was swept by excitement. It took only three or four days for the average Cherokee to master Sequoyah's syllabary, and within a few months practically the entire Nation had become literate.

In 1825, a Cherokee preacher named David Brown, probably a convert to the Moravian faith, completed a translation of the New Testament into Cherokee, and scores of manuscript copies of it were put in circulation. Then the Cherokees decided that it would be fine to have their own newspaper, and in 1827 a Boston firm cast a font of type in Cherokee characters. This, together with a font of Roman type and a press, was shipped to New Echota, the capital of the Cherokee Nation, and soon the paper appeared. It was called the *Cherokee Phoenix*, and, later, the *Cherokee Phoenix & Indian's Advocate*. Sequoyah was honored both by his own people and by the white man. He went to Washington in 1828 as a member of the delegation that negotiated the treaty that moved the Cherokee Nation west to what is now Oklahoma—or, rather, had the treaty rammed down their throats. He and the other delegates signed the treaty in Cherokee, instead of merely making their marks, as all other Indians had always done. The treaty noted that the government was to make Sequoyah a grant of five hundred dollars. It took six years for the grant to arrive, and when it came, it consisted of a hundred and fifty dollars in cash, plus twenty-two kettles of salt, three saddles, and a small quantity of other merchandise. Sequoyah died in 1843 in Mexico, where he had gone in search of a group of Cherokees who had left the Nation years before. In 1907, the Indian Territory voted that it was to be called Sequoyah when it attained statehood. To its chagrin, it got combined with the Oklahoma Territory, and was called Oklahoma instead. The people kept faith as best they could. They saw to it that an Oklahoma county was named for Sequoyah. Furthermore, the giant redwoods of the West were named sequoias in his honor, which is probably better than having a state named after you.

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INCIDENTAL INTELLIGENCE: Huni Health Products, a food shop on East Eighty-seventh Street, has a window display consisting of several large pots of honey surmounted by a tremendous hornets' nest.

The basement of the branch of the Public Library on East Fifty-eighth Street has been designated as a shelter, and is plainly so identified in large letters painted on one wall of the stairway leading down to it, directly over a sign reading, "No Admittance."

A Burns Brothers coal barge occasionally seen about the East River is named Snob.

Harrowing Ride

A FEATURE of the Greater New York Safety Council Exposition, held last week at the Statler, was the first public demonstration of a driver-testing apparatus called the Aetna Roadometer, and we were on hand to be enlightened and tested. Present when we arrived were H. Cranston Lawton, of the Aetna Casualty & Surety Company, of Hartford, which owns and sponsors the Roadometer; George B. Finnegan, president of the Automagraph Company, which designed and built it; Miss Edith Highland, a blond Aetna employee in a pink sweater; a line of people waiting to take the test; and, of course, the Roadometer, which is basically a rectangular platform on which is mounted a driver's seat, open at the sides, and a steering wheel, a starting button, an accelerator, a foot brake, a horn, and a turn signal. A few feet in front of the seat is a screen on which are projected motion pictures of stretches of highway as seen from a moving car, and directly behind the seat is an imposing, six-foot-high box containing the movie projector, machinery for adjusting the scenes shown on the screen in accordance with the actions of the driver, machinery for scoring the driver's performance, and other arcane devices. Lawton patted the box and called it a mechanical brain. Miss Highland's job was to stand beside the seat, reassure the driver if he became jittery, and, at the end of his three-minute test, pull his score card out of a slot in the brain box. We glanced over the shoulder of the current testee, a gentleman over whose same shoulder a lady was peering intently. On the screen was a pleasant suburban street, in color. "Asylum Avenue, West Hartford," Lawton whispered. "Aetna's motion-picture bureau made the movies." "Slower, Albert, slower," the lady beside us advised the testee. "It's a nine-part test, divided into three episodes," Lawton confided to us. "A falling-box episode, a careless-pedestrian episode, and a cars-passing episode. Truly a harrowing ride. Every mistake you make, the brain chalks up penalty points. A perfect score is zero, a perfectly *bad* score is a hundred and eighty, and tentatively we consider about ninety a good average mark."

We got into line, and Lawton told us that Aetna, having a vested interest in safe driving, has been sponsoring driver-testing machines since 1936, but that the firm has never before come up with anything like the Roadometer, and neither has anybody else. "Previous tests mostly concentrated on one thing each—depth perception, brake reaction time, tunnel vision," Lawton said. "The Roadometer gives you the works all at once. Aetna made a list of specifications on what it wanted and turned the design problem over to Mr. Finnegan, here." Mr. Finnegan spoke up, informing us that the Roadometer is largely the work of Conkling Chedister, Automagraph's engineer, who invented an automatic bugler for the Navy that could play thirty-six different calls over a loudspeaker system, and that the Roadometer resembles the Gunairstructor of World War II, an Army Air Force gunnery-training device that caused representations of hostile planes to fly at a trainee in a cockpit. "The steering effect is done with selsyn motors," Finnegan said. "Same gadget they have on the B-29 to control the aiming and firing of all guns from one position."

Our turn having arrived, we took the driver's seat. "Just relax," Miss Highland cooed in our ear. "Press the 'start' button." We did. Asylum Avenue appeared in front of us, and we "drove" gingerly along it behind a truck laden with two large crates. Presently, one of the crates fell off. We jammed on the brake, a wild clicking burst out behind us, and an incriminatory cartoon of a motor accident appeared on the screen, along with the rebuke "You needed a faster brake to avoid THAT one!" "The Roadometer slips those cartoons in to dramatize mistakes," Lawton explained. "That clicking was the brain recording penalty points." We nodded, and soon Asylum Avenue reappeared. As we were driving cautiously between two parked cars, a pedestrian blandly stepped out from behind one of them. We jammed on the brakes again, the brain clicked, and a cartoon showing the pedestrian draped over our fender flashed on the screen. "Don't worry," Miss Highland said comfortingly. "Practically everybody runs the pedestrian down." We made a right turn, took several gentle curves to the accompaniment of mild clicking, dodged a car unexpectedly passing another car coming toward us, and descended from the Roadometer. Miss Highland pulled our score card out of the brain and handed it to Lawton. "Eighty-eight. Very satisfactory," he said heartily. "You have just been through the toughest three-minute drive of your life."

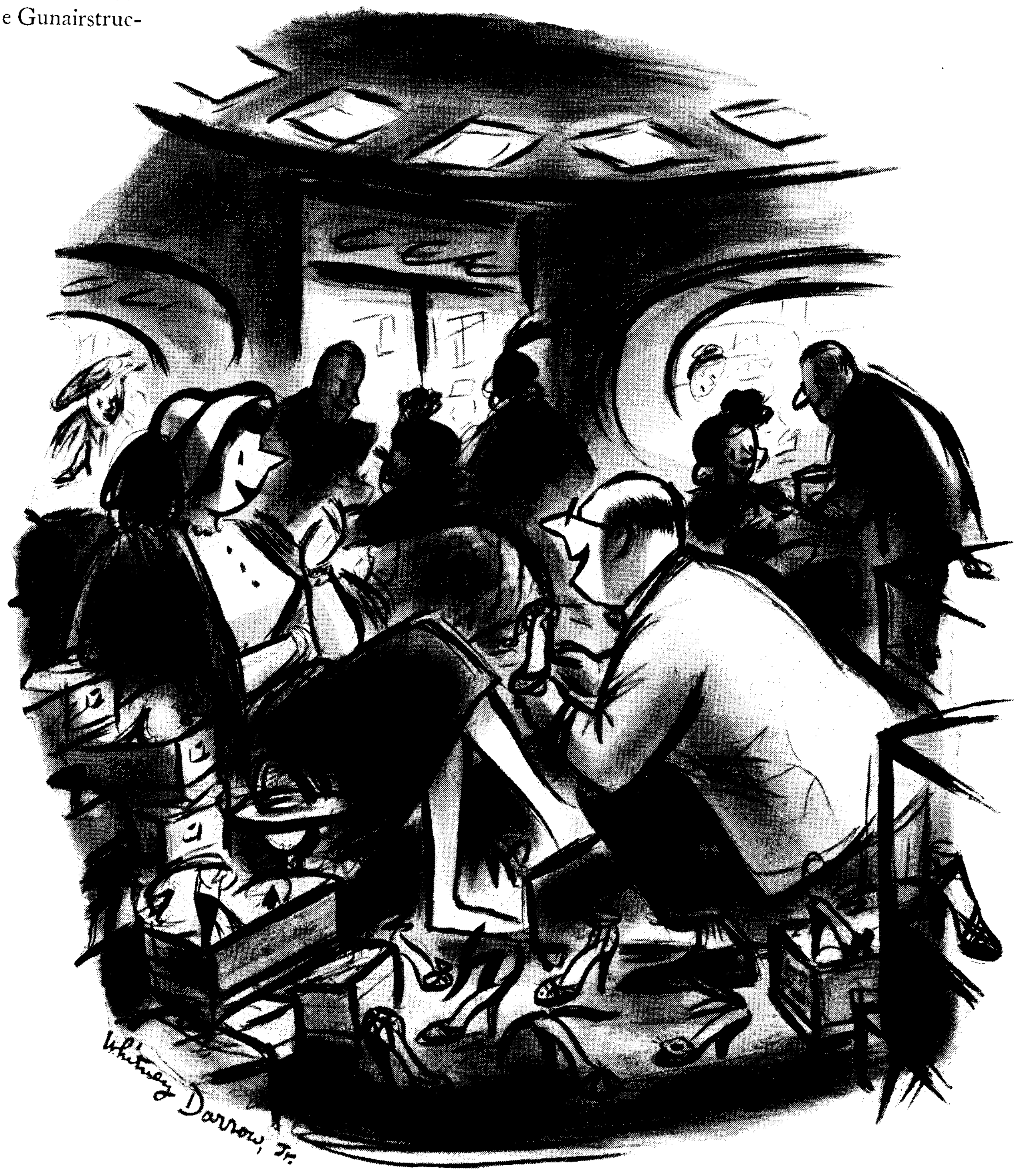
Three Guesses

OWNER of a new television set noticed that every time he turned it on, his house got cold. Why?

The set was under the thermostat that regulated the furnace, and as the heat rose from it, the thermostat turned the furnace off.

District Attorney

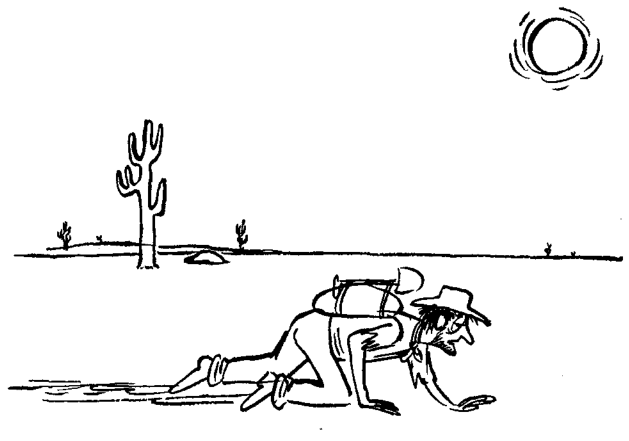
FRANK S. HOGAN, the District Attorney, handsome, gray, and forty-nine, is a mighty busy man these days,



"No exchanges and no refunds—you'll have your husband over a barrel."

what with basketball fixers, bookies, and the continuing investigation of various characters spotlighted by the Senate Crime Investigating Committee, but he found time to receive us in his office the other afternoon. We grilled him for an hour or so, and he answered our questions readily, never once pleading self-incrimination. His life story is a lesson to us all. He was born in Waterbury, Connecticut, the son of a County Clare immigrant who became a buffer and polisher in the plant of the New England Watch Company, which made Ingersolls. While attending parochial school, he helped out in the grocery store his mother ran. He entered high school at thirteen, and the following summer worked in the watch factory, dipping watch backs into an acid solution. The next three summers found him, successively, a timekeeper in the watch factory, an apprentice carpenter, and a collector for an installment-plan clothing firm. In the last-named capacity, he earned, he recalls, an average of around twenty-three dollars a week. Upon graduating from high school, he spent a year as foreman in a brass-rod factory. In 1920, when he was eighteen, he came to New York and entered Columbia. He wanted to be a journalist, and a family friend had recommended Columbia. From the time he was thirteen, he had turned over most of his earnings to his mother for safekeeping, and when he left Waterbury, she turned fourteen hundred dollars back to him. Here, he waited on table and played freshman football. He spent his first collegiate summer vacation selling a book called "The People's Home Library" to upper New York State farmers. "I'd get my foot in the door," he told us, "and say, 'Mrs. Jones, this is *not* a book. It's a complete library—three books in one, for ten-fifty—containing thousands of simple home remedies for colic and all other afflictions of the animal world, a cookbook with thousands of recipes, and a medical book for kiddies' illnesses, invaluable when you're far away from the nearest doctor.' "

Mr. Hogan, who had reënacted his role with relish, gazed at us nostalgically. "You could get the three books bound separately for nineteen-fifty," he said. "I also sold 'The People's War Book and Atlas' to childless hired hands. Altogether, I sold over a hundred and fifty books, or sets, that summer, and made around seven hundred dollars. My expenses were under a hundred. People would generally give me meals and lodging, even if they didn't buy any books." The next summer, Hogan worked as a Pullman conductor (heavy tips for changing people from uppers to lowers, he told us), and the summer after his junior year, following another spell of Pullmanning, he made a couple of round trips on the *Leviathan* as a steward in the steerage (tips light). Meanwhile, at college, he had won a two-hundred-and-fifty-dollar scholarship, switched from journalism to the regular undergraduate course, joined Beta Theta Pi, become a member of the backfield of the varsity football team, and augmented his income by running the housekeeping end of the Intercollegiate Cosmopolitan Club, a Sunday-night dining club out of which, he told us, grew International House. In his senior year, he was president of his class and of his fraternity.



"After graduation," Hogan said, "I got a job with a Russian baron, Eugene Fersen, a physicist who spoke eight or ten languages. He came over here with Kerensky, began to give lectures, and founded the International Order of Light Bearers, which disseminated what he called the Science of Being. The Baron contended that civilized man had lost the ability to contact universal life energy." This ability, the District Attorney stated, the Baron strove to renew in one and all, for a fee. Mr. Hogan rose from his desk and intoned, "I am one with universal life energy! It is flowing through me *now*! I feel it!" We shrank back in our chair, and Hogan explained that this was one of the verbal exercises prescribed by the Baron for his followers. "Your left hand was then supposed to tingle," he said, "and this tingle was supposed to travel to your solar plexus. I got a hundred and fifty a month and keep. Our headquarters was a beautiful château on Deer Island, in Penobscot Bay, that once belonged to Frederick Law Olmsted, the designer of Central Park. Along with a number of Supreme Leaders and spirit mediums, we toured various New England cities, including Boston, where the Baron lectured and gave seven-lesson courses in the Science of Being, for fifty dollars. I helped him prepare pamphlets, passed the hat at lectures, and sold his book, 'Science of Being,' which was bound in lizard skin and fetched fifteen dollars. After three or four months, I resigned. I decided that the Baron might be on his way to becoming a con man and that I might be on my way to becoming a junior con man."

Guatemala next beckoned Hogan, with a ten-month job keeping the books of the Guatemala Gold Dredging Company, in Las Quebradas, and tutoring the sons of the resident officials of the outfit. He entered Columbia Law School in 1925, and since then his career has followed more orthodox lines: employment with Gleason, McLanahan, Merritt & Ingraham from graduation until 1930, when he and another lawyer formed their own firm; appointment by District Attorney Dewey to the special rackets investigation in 1935; election as district attorney in 1941. "I've been asked three or four times to go on the bench," he said, "and I've had handsome private offers, but my work here is exciting, and I think it's important. I leave home every morning knowing that something new and different will probably happen. That's the intoxication of this job. Recently, though, I've felt a little frustrated. The Kefauver hearings have made some people ask what's the matter with our prosecutors. Well, fifty per cent of Kefauver's material in New York City was supplied by this office. It took my detectives, investigators, and accountants six months to get that $135,000 Fire Department item, which Kefauver and Halley picked up at the last minute. As for Costello, I exposed him as having a dominant voice in Tammany Hall in 1943, when I publicized Aurelio's thanks to him for a judgeship. The Senate Crime Committee just rehashed my 1943 examination of Costello, which some of the newspapers seem to have forgotten." The District Attorney shook his head sadly. "Maybe it's television, or something," he said. "Kefauver thanked the office publicly, but naturally it was lost in the hippodrome. Costello's actions didn't measure up to crime, or I would have had him before the grand jury.

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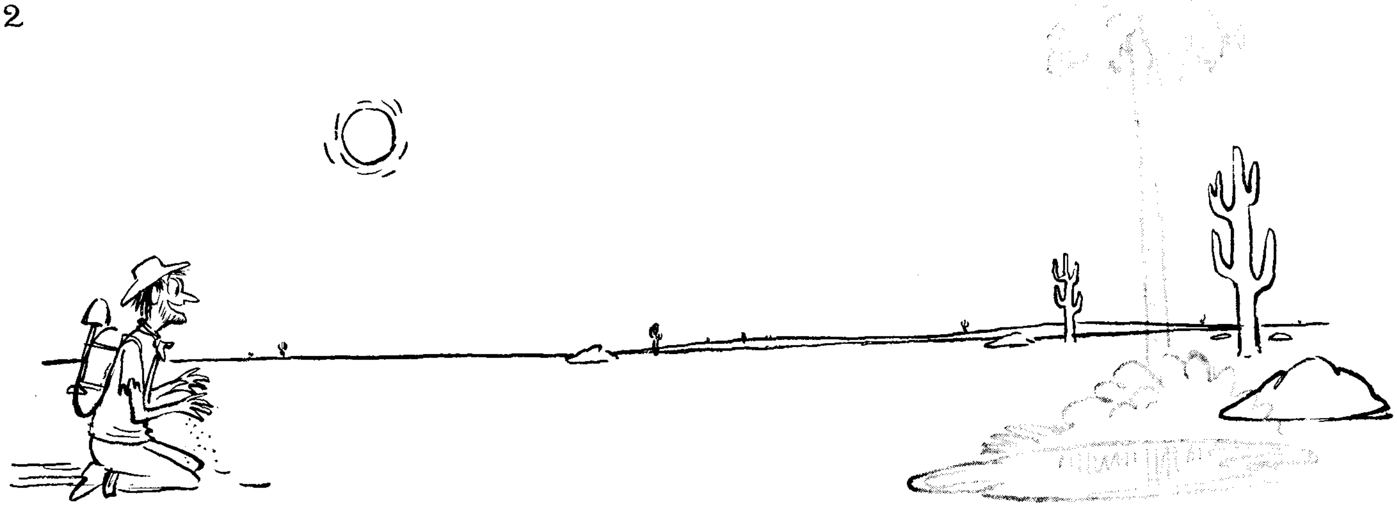

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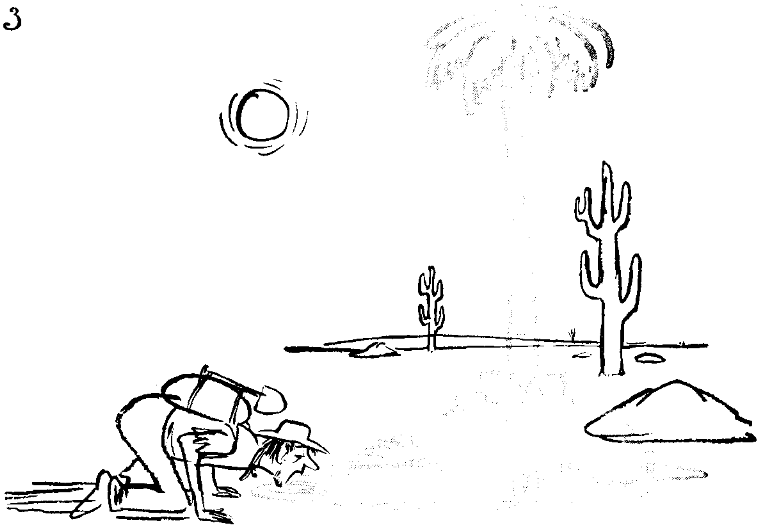

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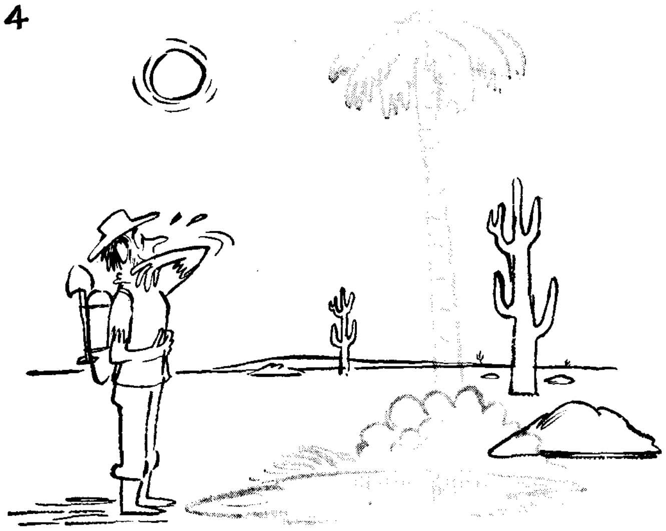

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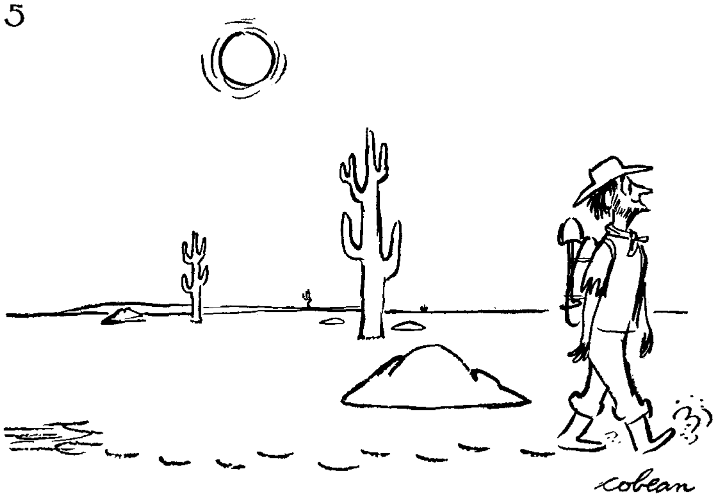

Those other fellows aren't indictable either, unless for contempt. Some people think I'm pleased about the O'Dwyer testimony, because he double-crossed me when I was nominated for Mayor. Well, he did, but I have no bitterness in my heart. As a matter of fact, I think the hearing was unfair to O'Dwyer, in the sense that he was accused of a crime on evidence insufficient for a court of law. Probably eighteen million of the twenty million people who followed the hearings on television think he took that envelope, but there was just Crane's word for it."

We started to leave, but remained for a tribute Mr. Hogan proceeded to pay his office staff, consisting of some three hundred lawyers, detectives, accountants, investigators, stenographers, process servers, and so forth. "Some of them are really bowlegged from investigating so much," he said. "We've never been busier. We have a nonpartisan staff, and everyone on it has to adhere to a strict set of rules. They may not engage in any outside employment, they are not allowed to go to a night club or a race track without permission—I don't like to have them mentioned in columns—and they may not make a speech without clearance from me or my chief assistant. It's a dischargeable offense for any assistant of mine to be photographed with a defendant. I insist on courtesy. When I was in private practice, I got kicked around in too many public offices. We try to preserve a certain dignity and an absolute integrity. I think ours is the best office of its kind in the United States, and I think every one of my assistants is underpaid and overworked."

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Seven-Track Mind

A Fifth Avenue bus passenger, wedged in a front seat, noted that the driver seemed to be doing an unusual amount of bookkeeping, along with driving, making change, answering questions about the fare and destinations, counting coins, operating doors, and sorting transfer slips. Looking closer, he saw that the man was filling out his New York State income-tax form. He got a good look at the net-income figure: $5,692.73.

"ARE YOU TOO LATE, OR WAS I TOO EARLY?"

IN the country, I accept the normal and traditional routine, doing what every man does—rising early, eating when I should, turning up my coat collar when it rains. I see the reason for it, and shave at the same hour every morning.

Not so in town. When I live in London, I feel no impulse in the starling migrations of the rush hours. There is no tide, in any submarine cave, anywhere, that is not more to me than the inflow and outflow at the cold mouths of offices or the hot mouths of restaurants. I find no growth in time, no need for rain, no sense in sobriety, no joy in drinking, no point in paying, no plan in living. I exist, in this alien labyrinth, like an insect among men, or a man in a city of ants.

I despise the inconsiderable superiority of the glum day over the starless night. My curtains are always drawn; I sleep when my eyes close, eat when I remember to, and read and smoke without ceasing, allowing my soul to leave my wastrel and untended carcass, and seldom do I question it when it returns.

My chambers are in the stoniest of the Inns of Court. I keep no servant here, for I mean always to go back to the country within the week, though sometimes I stay for months, or— I don't know how long. I supply myself with immense stocks of cigarettes, and such food as I happen to remember, so that I shall have no reason to return from the landscapes of Saturn or the undescribed gardens of Turgenev in order to go out into the streets.

My fingers are horribly blistered by the cigarettes that burn down between them while still I walk in the company of women with the heads of cats. Nothing seems strange to me when I wake from such reveries unless I part the curtains and look out into the square. Sometimes I have to press my hands under my heart to resume the breathing that I have entirely forgotten.

I was constantly ambushed and defeated in I forget what journeys, or what loves, or where, by the fullness of a saucer in which a hand of mine failed to find room to crush out its cigarettes. Habit, which arranges these things, demanded some other receptacle. I rose, holding my thoughts as one holds a brimming glass, and moved into the bathroom, drawn by the vague memory of a soap dish, which lay stranded like an empty shell on the empty beaches of a blank mind. But, swallowed by God knows what high-reaching wave, that shell was gone, and my reviving eyes, straying at first aimlessly, soon called me all back again—poor Crusoe!—to regard on the cork mat a new, wet, glistening imprint of a naked foot.

It was not long before I assured myself that I was dry, dressed in my pajamas and slippers, and that I was not clean. Moreover, this foot, the prints of whose toes were as round as graded pearls, was neither long, like that of a man, nor hideous, like that of a bear; it was not my own. It was that of a woman, a nymph, a new-risen Venus. I conceived that my wandering spirit had brought me back a companion from some diviner sea's edge, and some more fortunate shell.

I drank up this moist footprint with my hot eyes; it dried as I looked upon it. It was not the air took it but I; I had it for my own. I examined it for days and nights, building upon its graceful rotundities arched insteps, ankles equally graceful, and calves proportionately round. I deduced knees, haunches, breasts, shoulders, arms, plump hands and pointed fingers, full neck, small head, and the long curl, like the curve when the wave breaks, of the green-gold hair.

Where there falls one footprint there must fall the next; I had no doubt I should soon be vouchsafed the dull gleam of her hair. For this, I at once became ravenous, and slunk restlessly from room to room.

I noticed, with half-unconscious approval, that even the neglected furnishings seemed responsive to the goddess, and stood clean and tidy as onlookers at a holiday. The carpet, as if she were Persephone instead of Venus, bloomed with new flowers beneath her invisible feet. The sun shone through the open window, and warm airs entered. At what moment had I swept back the curtains and extended this invitation to sun and air? Perhaps she had done so herself. It was, however, impossible to attend to such lovely trifles. I desired the gleam of her hair. "Forgive me for having rejoiced in the pallor of the dead! Forgive me for having conversed with women who smelled like lions! Show me your hair!"

I WAS devoured by a cruel nostalgia for this being who was always with me. Supposing, I thought, waking in my strangely fresh bed, supposing she appeared terrifyingly in the darkness, white as marble, and as cold! At that moment, I felt an intermittent warmth on my cheek, and knew that she breathed beside me.

There was nothing to clasp but the empty air. For days, I moved to and fro, my blood howling in me like a dog that bays the moon. "There is nothing but the empty air."

I persuaded myself that this was nonsense. I had seen the trace of beauty, and felt the warmth of life. Gradually, one sense after another would be refracted on this divine invisibility, till she stood outlined like a creature of crystal, and then as one of flesh and blood. As soon as I was well persuaded, I saw her breath dimming upon a mirror.

I saw some flowers,, which had appeared, part their petals as she bent her face to them. Hurrying there, I smelled not the flowers but her hair.

I threw myself down, and lay like a dog across the threshold, where, once or twice in the day, I might feel the light breeze of her passing. I was aware of the movement of her body, or of an eddy in the light where she moved; I was aware of the beating of her heart.

Sometimes, as if out of the corner of my eye, I saw, or thought I saw, not her bright flesh but the light on her flesh, which vanished as I widened my eyes upon it.

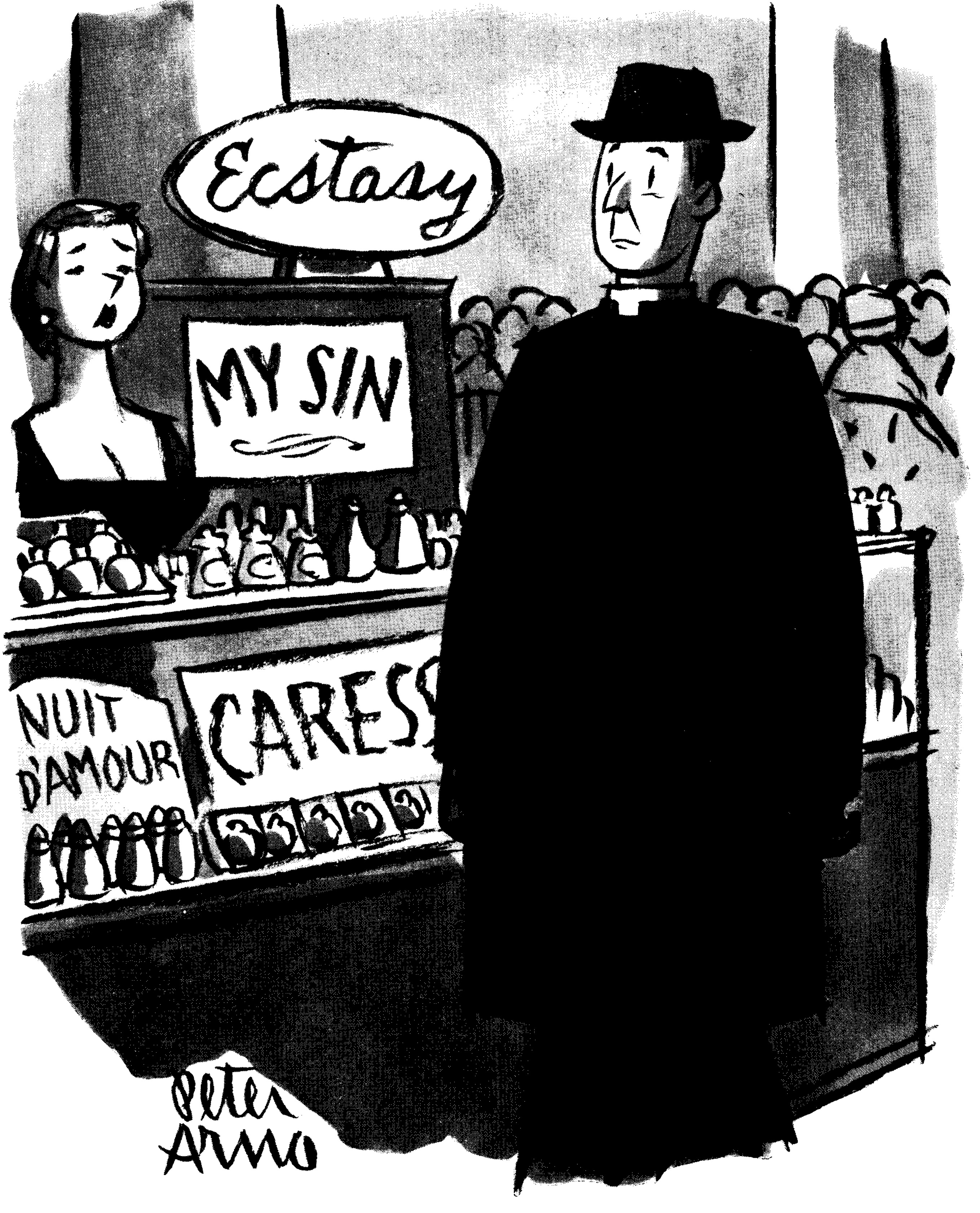
I knew where she moved, and how she moved, but I was destroyed by a doubt, for she did not move toward me. Could there be some other existence, to which she was more responsive, some existence less tangible than her own? Or was she my unwilling prisoner here? Were those movements, of which I was not the object, the movements of one who longed only to escape?

It was impossible to tell. I thought I might know everything if only I could hear her voice. Perhaps she could hear mine.

I said to her, day and night, "Speak to me. Let me hear you. Tell me you have forgiven me. Tell me you are here for ever. Tell me you are mine." Day and night I listened for her answer.

I WAITED in that unutterable silence, as one who, in a darkness equally profound, might await the arrival of a gleam of light from a star in whose existence he had good reason to believe. In the end, when I had ceased to hope or believe, I became aware of a sound—or something as near to a sound as the light on her cheek was near to the flesh of her cheek.

Now, living only in my eardrum, not moving, not breathing, I waited. This ghost of a sound increased; it passed through infinite gradations of rarity.



It was like the faintest stridulations of grasshoppers: it was like the fluttering of wings, the confused words of water; it was like words blown away in the wind; like words in a foreign tongue. It grew more distinct, closer.

Sometimes my hearing failed me, exactly as one's sight fails, dimmed suddenly by tears, when one is about to see the face one has always loved, after an ineffable absence. Or she would fall silent, and then I was like one who follows the sound of a brook, and loses it under the muffling trees or under the ground. But I found it again, and each time it was clearer and stronger. I was able to distinguish words. I heard the word "love;" I heard the word "happy."

I heard, in a full opening of the sense, the delicate intake of her breath, the very sound of the parting of her lips. She was about to speak again.

Each syllable was as clear as a bell. She said, "Oh, it's perfect, It's so quiet for Harry's work. Guess how we were lucky enough to get it! The previous tenant was found dead in his chair, and they actually say it's haunted."

—JOHN COLLIER

THE CASTAWAYS

FRANCES MILLER put down her magazine and stared out the window of the train. The tenements and billboards and freight yards of the city had merged gradually into the stucco and neo-Tudor and brick Colonial buildings of the suburbs, and then she began to see trees and bright-green bushes and occasional bursts of yellow forsythia. As the intervals between the buildings grew longer, she saw patches of woods, and fields, and then a town blurred suddenly past the window, and after the houses had dwindled away, the foliage became thicker and greener. Frances looked out the window for a long time, then turned and glanced at her husband, in the seat beside her. He was reading the Saturday feature section of the newspaper.

"Hey," said Frances. "Look out the window."

"Hmm?" George Miller raised his eyes and looked at his wife.

"Out the window," Frances repeated. "It's spring."

"Oh," said Miller, and stared briefly at the passing scenery. "It certainly is, all right." He went back to his newspaper.

"All right, the hell with you," Frances said. "*I* like it."

"I like it, too," Miller said, without looking up. "Who said I didn't?"

"You're not very enthusiastic about it. Take me, now. It makes me feel kind of gay."

"Good," said Miller.

Frances was quiet for a moment. "I feel gay for lots of reasons," she went on. "I feel gay because it's spring, and because I love the country, and because we'll be seeing some new people for a change. I think everybody ought to spend their weekends in the country."

"You'd go out of your mind if you lived there."

"I would not. I'd have a garden, and I'd be relaxed, and there wouldn't be a lot of people milling around all the time. I'd have a place of my own, and I could do what I wanted."

"All dames want to move to the country," Miller said.

"Well, why not? Is there anything wrong with that? Is there anything wrong with wanting some peace and quiet for a change?"

Miller shrugged. "No, I guess not," he said.

"Think of all the people we know who've done it," Frances said. "The Gordons, and the Crowleys, and the Burrages—they all moved out, and now they wouldn't live anywhere else. Ask any of them. They love it."

"Uh-huh."

"It occurs to me that only the dopes are left in the city," Frances said. "They're lazy dopes, who are in a rut and are afraid to commute."

"Thanks a million," Miller said.

"I didn't mean you, particularly. I just meant that it seems stupid to whip around and spend a lot of money and not get anything out of it. It doesn't make sense."

"You have a point there," Miller said. "A very definite point. From now on, we will not whip around."

Frances started to say something, then snapped her mouth shut and turned back to the window.

THE conductor finally announced their station, and Miller wedged his paper down beside the seat, rose, and took their suitcase from the rack over their heads. He and Frances walked to the vestibule as the train began to slow down. It stopped, and they got off and looked up and down the platform, and then Frances spotted Eleanor Burrage, who was walking toward them from a line of parked cars. Eleanor was wearing blue jeans, rolled below her knees, and a yellow cardigan sweater. She waved to the Millers, and they went over and greeted her.

"I'm sorry I'm such a mess," Eleanor said. "I thought Jim would be through golf by now and he'd get you, but I guess he got hung up somewhere. Oh, by the way, did you bring evening clothes?"

"My God, no," said Frances. "Should we have?"

"No. It doesn't make any difference. There was an idea that some of us might go to a dance over in Stamford, but those Stamford dances aren't much good anyway. I'll be just as glad for an excuse not to go."

They walked over to a station wagon. Miller put the suitcase in the back, and Eleanor introduced them to two blond, wide-eyed children, who were standing on the back seat. Then they got in. As Eleanor swung the station wagon out of the station plaza, she said, "I've got to stop by and pick up an ice bucket from Grace Beckwith. She's nice enough, but she's really kind of stupid. They're coming to the house tonight, so I suppose it's only fair I warn you—don't use any long words if you want her to understand you." Eleanor hesitated. "Her husband's all right, though. He gets a little long-winded when he's drunk, but you can't hold that against him. Jim plays golf with him every Saturday."

"How is Jim?" Miller asked. "I haven't seen him around lately."

"You've probably seen more of him than I have," Eleanor said. "They've taken on two new accounts at his office, and everybody's been working like slaves. He spent three nights in town last week. I've almost forgotten what he looks like."

They drove on for a while, and then Eleanor turned in to a gravel driveway and stopped in front of a white Colonial house. "I'll be just a second," she said, and got out of the station wagon and went up to the front door of the house. She opened the door without knocking, called "Is anybody here?," and then disappeared inside.

A few minutes later, the door of the house opened and Eleanor came out, followed by Grace Beckwith. Eleanor was carrying a large silver vacuum jug, and she introduced Grace to the Millers as she put the jug in the back of the station wagon.

"I wish you'd all come in and have a drink," Grace said. "Just a quick one. How about it?"

"I really don't think we'd better," Eleanor said. "I ought to get the kids home, and I've got to clean up, and anyway"—she looked at her watch—"it's a little early for me to start drinking. I'd never get dinner done."

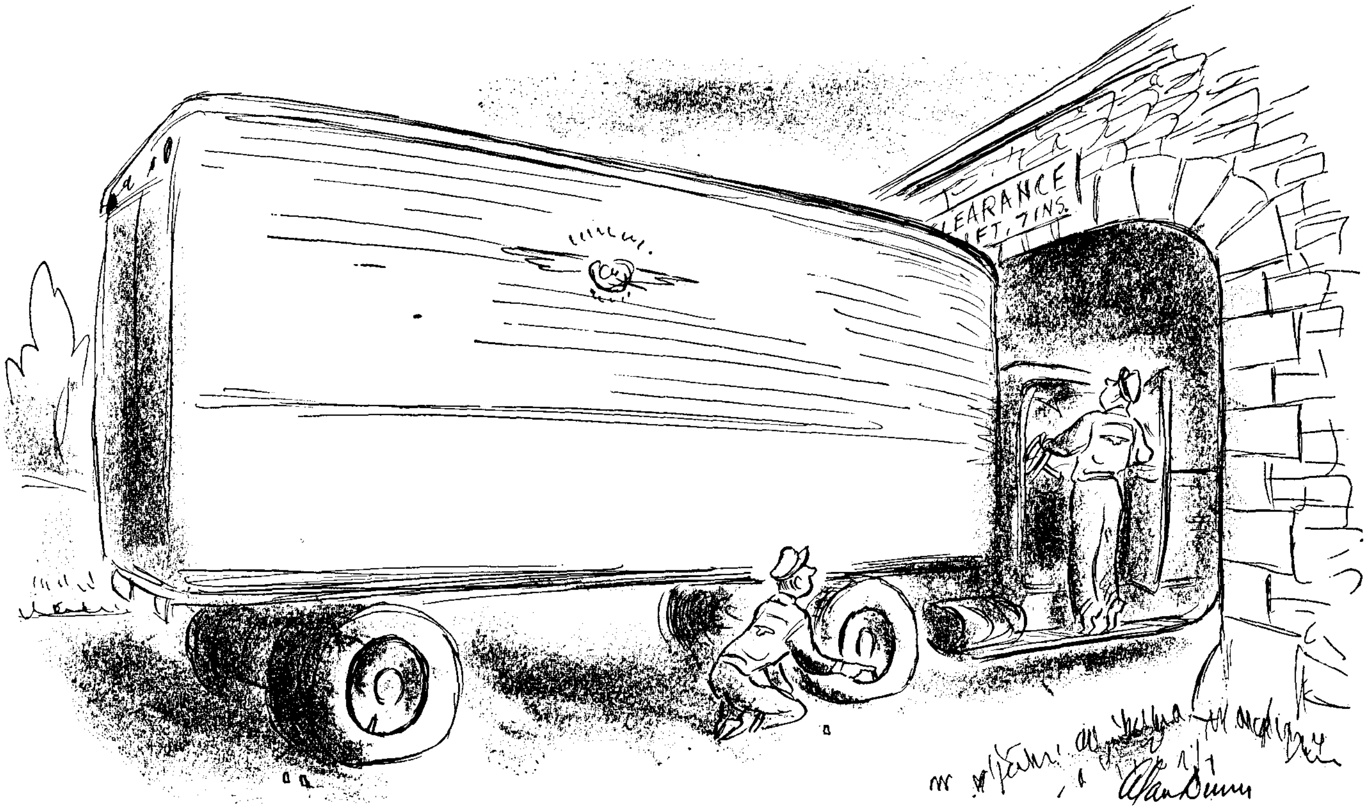
"Well, *I'm* going to have one," Grace said. "I've been staring at myself all afternoon, and it's just about time I had a drink. Come on—just a quick one, and then you can go."

"No, really," Eleanor said. "Jim ought to be home by now, and I've got a lot to do. Thanks just the same."

"Oh, they won't be home for an hour yet," said Grace. "They're playing with Nick and Foster, and you know how long Foster takes. Just one. Please."

"We honestly can't," Eleanor said, and got into the station wagon. "Really." She started the engine.

"All right, then," Grace said. "If



I'm a solitary drunk, it's all your fault." She smiled. "See you around seven." She waved to them as they drove off.

THE Burrages' house was made of gray field stone and had white shutters, and it was one of about a dozen houses on a road that wound through a small patch of woods. Eleanor showed the Millers to their room, then went down to the kitchen and began emptying ice trays into Grace Beckwith's vacuum jug. After a few minutes, Miller joined her and offered to help.

"That would be wonderful, if you would," she said. "When that's full, use our ice bucket, over there, and I'll get to work on the hors d'oeuvres."

"How many people are coming, anyway?" Miller asked, running an ice tray under the hot-water faucet. "This looks like quite a production."

"There'll be fourteen, counting us," Eleanor said. "I tried to keep it down, but once the word gets out that you're having a party, people are offended if you don't ask them. It'll be something of a rat race, I'm afraid."

Frances came into the kitchen and looked around. "What can I do to help?" she asked. She put a bottle of Scotch beside the sink. "This is a love token," she said.

"Oh, you didn't have to do that," Eleanor said. "Well, if you want to cut some bread, we can get this done, and then Nora will do the rest when she comes—if she comes. Last time, she didn't show up until I'd done most of the cooking myself."

A car crunched in the driveway, there was the sound of a door slamming, and after a moment James Burrage came into the kitchen. "Hello, people," he said. He kissed Frances and shook hands with Miller. "I'm sorry I'm late. That Foster Dillingham is one of the slowest golfers I've ever seen. God, what a golfer." He reached into the open refrigerator and took out a can of beer. "Want one?" he asked Miller.

"Thanks." Miller took the can, and Burrage got another for himself.

"Grace told us you were playing with him," Eleanor said. "She's probably half blind now, waiting for Arthur."

"On her, it wouldn't make much difference," Burrage said. "One way or another, she's about the same."

"I already warned the Millers about her," Eleanor said. "I told them she was coming tonight."

"Did you fill them in on the others?" Burrage asked.

"No, I didn't. I thought maybe you could, if you feel it's necessary."

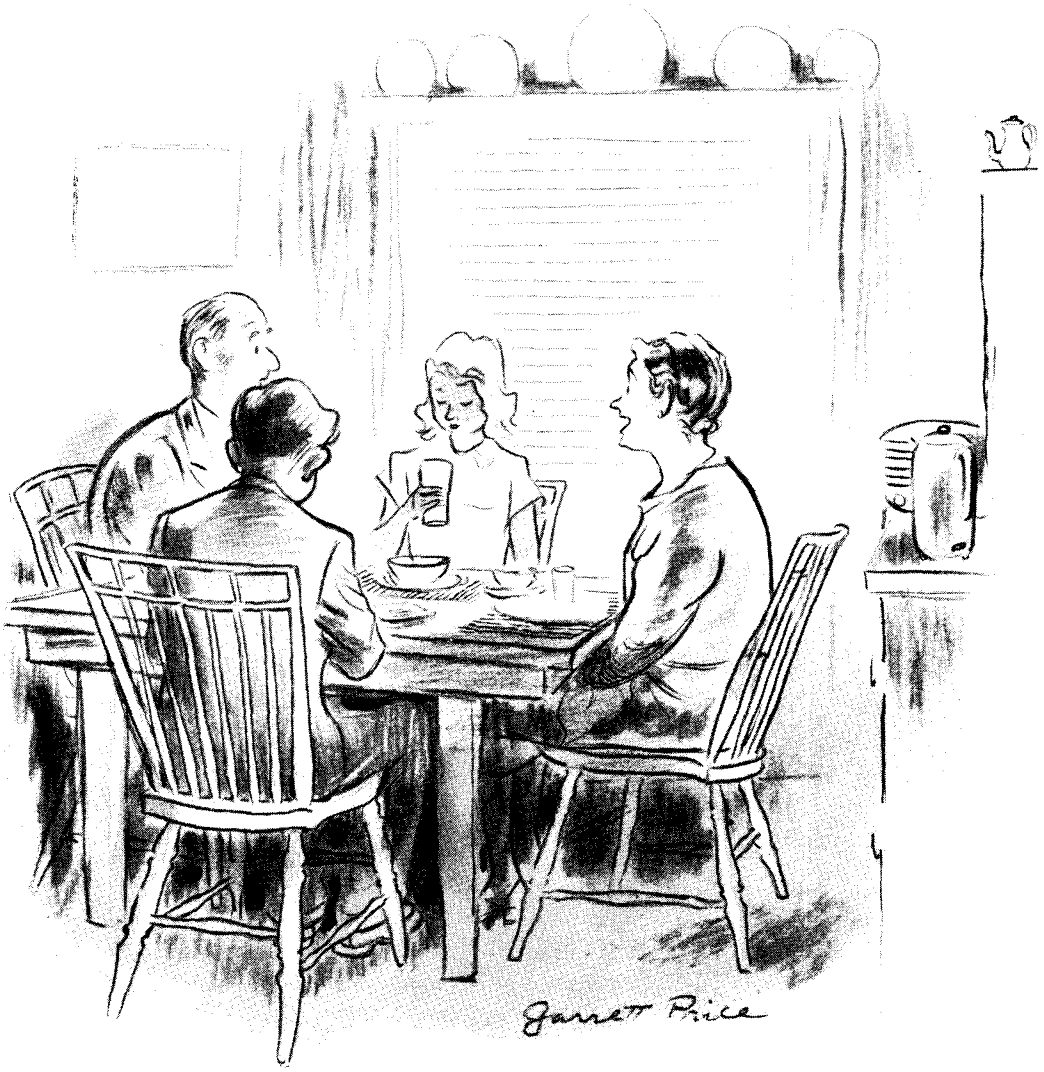
"Well, I think it's only fair they know what they're in for," Burrage said. He took a swallow of beer, and thought a minute. "Actually, Dillingham's all right," he said. "He means well, but he tends to get a little pompous every now and then. Just tell him to shut up and go to hell, and he's not too bad. Lucy, his wife, is strictly a nothing. I don't think I've heard her speak five words in as many years." He paused. "Then, we have Nick and Adele Prescott," he went on. "Nick is one of those heavy-handed jokers who's always trying to be a good egg. He'll drive you crazy if you listen to him too long. Just ignore him and you'll be all right. His wife is something of a dish, though. All the girls around here are suspicious of her. That's a tip for you, George—don't let Frances see you hanging around Adele too much. Frankly, I don't think there's anything to it, but she certainly puts on a good act. I'll say that for her."

"Oh?" said Eleanor. "How about her and Don Whiteside?"

"Oh, that," Burrage said. "I don't think that's what it's cracked up to be. I think Whiteside just does that to needle Alice. Alice always wants to be the center of attention, and he does that to kind of take it out of her. I know *I* would if *I* were married to her." He reached out and knocked gently on the breadboard. "Who else is coming?" he asked.

Eleanor thought a moment. "The McIlvaines," she said.

"Oh, God," said Burrage. "Roland and Pamela McIlvaine. There's a couple you have to watch. Keep her away from him if you can, because she tends to beat him up after she's had a few drinks. She walked out on him once, but I guess her family wouldn't have her, so she came back to heckle



"What happened seventeen years ago today? I'll give you a hint. I was wearing a veil."

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him. He's a nice little guy, really, although he's a little on the dull side." He hesitated. "As a matter of fact, it's a pretty dull group, everything considered. I hope you won't be too bored."

"It doesn't sound that way," Miller said. "I just hope I can remember all you've told me."

Burrage smiled. "Don't worry about it," he said. "You'll find out for yourself soon enough. You won't be able to avoid it."

"Oh, by the way," Eleanor said to Burrage, "I meant to tell you—don't turn on the outside light tonight. I didn't ask the Thorndikes, and if they see the light, they'll know there's a party on and they'll be hurt."

"O.K." Burrage drained his beer can and threw it in the wastebasket.

The doorbell rang twice, and then there was the sound of the front door opening, and a voice called, "Yoohoo!"

Eleanor looked at her husband. "Bettina Perkins," she said, and left the room. She could be heard saying, "Hi, Perkinses—" and then Bettina's voice broke in with "We were just out for a walk and thought we'd stop by and chat for a while," and Eleanor said, "Fine. Sit down, and I'll get you something. What would you like?"

Burrage sighed, and turned to the Millers. "Well, here we go," he said. "This is that secluded country life you hear so much about." He picked up the ice bucket, and they went into the living room, and Burrage said, "Hi ya, Granville—hi, Bettina," and Eleanor introduced the Millers. Burrage made drinks for everybody and then sat down and listened while Bettina told an involved story about her husband's attempt to fix their wisteria trellis.

At six o'clock, Bettina saw Eleanor look at her watch, and she stood up. "Come on, Perkins," she said. "We're off. Down the hatch."

Burrage said a perfunctory "Oh, don't rush."

Perkins looked at his glass, which was about half full. "Just a minute," he said to his wife. "Be right with you." He turned back to Miller, with whom he had been discussing the way to rig a jeep to a rotary saw, and Miller noticed that Perkins' eyes were not in complete focus.

Bettina sat down and looked at her empty glass. "Well, the hell with it," she said. She held the glass out to Burrage. "Jim, dear," she said, "be a lamb and make me a short one—just to match old Granville's, there. No more."

Burrage rose and took her glass, splashed more whiskey than he had intended into it, and put in enough water to make the glass half full. Bettina tasted it and shuddered. "I didn't say to knock my head off," she said, handing it back to him. "Just a little more water, please." Burrage added more ice and water, and returned the full glass to her. She sipped it. "Thanks," she said. "That's more like it."

At six-thirty, Eleanor looked at her watch and then rose. "Don't anybody move," she said. "I have to go and change, but I'll be back shortly." She went into the kitchen, then came back to the living room. "Jim," she said, "would you please call Nora and ask her what the hell is keeping her? She was supposed to be here at five-thirty."

Burrage went to the telephone, and Bettina said, "We really are going. I promise." She looked at her husband, who was holding a full drink in his hand. "Come on, you," she said. "Either finish that or don't, but come on. We're going."

"Hold your horses," Perkins said. "Don't get all steamed up." He went back to his conversation with Miller, a conversation of which Miller had been able to understand only about a third. Bettina stared at him for a moment and then walked silently to the bar.

At seven o'clock, Eleanor came downstairs, wearing a long plaid silk skirt and a low-necked black blouse. Perkins was standing unsteadily near the door, Bettina was giving the Millers a detailed description of her son's most recent illness, and Burrage was standing quietly at one side, looking at absolutely nothing.

"We're off," Perkins said to Eleanor, "as soon as I can pry that old bitch loose." He turned to the living room. "Bettina!" he shouted. "Come on! I'm going, goddam it!"

"Go ahead," Bettina said over her shoulder.

Eleanor walked across to Burrage. "Did you get Nora?" she asked.

He nodded. "She's here now," he said. "She's feeding the kids."

Eleanor lowered her voice. "You'd better go up and start changing," she said. "People will be coming any minute."

Burrage left the room, and Bettina looked up at Eleanor. "Oh, my," Bettina said. "You didn't tell me you were having company." She got slowly to her feet.

"Just a few people," Eleanor said. "I'd love to have you stay, but I'm afraid we haven't got enough food."

"Bettina!" Perkins called from the doorway.

She ignored him and said, "I was going to suggest that we all pool our food and eat it at our house. Why don't we do that? Why don't you bring your crowd over to our house?"

"Oh, no. We can't, thank you," Eleanor said. "It's all set up here, and there would be too many people. I'm awfully sorry we can't ask—"

"Come on, goddam it, Bettina!" Perkins shouted. "I'm leaving!"

"Go ahead, I told you," Bettina snapped. To Eleanor, she said, "Well, maybe after dinner, then. Why don't you all come over after dinner?"

"We'll see," Eleanor said. "We'll see how things work out."

Bettina said goodbye to the Millers, and then she and Perkins left, and Eleanor began to empty the ashtrays and pick up the dirty glasses. Frances rushed upstairs to change, and Miller stayed behind to help Eleanor. As she carried the glasses into the kitchen, she said, "You may not believe it, but for the Perkinses that was a quick getaway."

ON THE TWELFTH DAY OF CHRISTMAS I SCREAMED

(A LETTER FROM HIS GIRL TO A G.I. IN TOKYO)

Now April's here, what ever can I do
With those fantastic gifts I got from you?
Spring's in the air, but, honey, life is hard:
The three French hens are pecking in the yard,
And the turtledove, the turtledove
(One of them died)—
Ah, love, my own true love, you have denied
Me nothing the mails or the express could bring.
But look: we're into spring;
The calling birds are calling, calling;
The pear tree's leaves are slowly falling;
I sit here with those cackling geese
And never know a moment's peace.
My memories are mixed and hazy,
The drumming drummers drive me crazy,
The milking maids enjoy canasta,
The lords are leaping ever faster,
The pipers—God in Heaven knows
I've more than had enough of those.

My love, you do such wondrous things
(Who else would think of *five* gold rings?)
I know you send me all you can
Of spoils of occupied Japan,
But you remain on alien shore
And waiting here is such a bore.
My love, the lively lords are leaping:
Some things will not improve with keeping.

Now April's here, the weary days go by;
I watch that wretched dove attempt to fly;
The partridge smells; the geese are getting hoarse;
My diction's growing positively coarse.
You must forgive my gestures of rejection—
I'm crazed with all your tokens of affection.
Enough's enough; next time be less romantic
And don't send gifts that drive a lady frantic.
Send me a postcard with a pretty view
And I shall look at it and think of you.

—DAVID DAICHES

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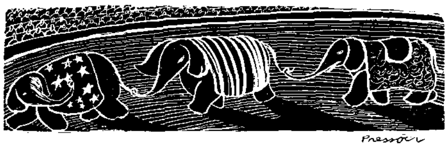
THE first people arrived about seven-fifteen, and Eleanor introduced them to Miller as Don and Alice Whiteside. Miller tried to remember what Burrage had told him about them but couldn't, so remarked to himself that they were a nice-looking couple, and let it go at that. Then more people began to come, and Miller lost track of the names, although he recognized Grace Beckwith when she and her husband came in. If she's been drinking, he thought, she certainly doesn't show it. He made drinks for the newcomers until Burrage came down, and then, a little later, Frances came into the room and Miller was able to recheck the people's names as she was introduced around. Within ten minutes, he had forgotten most of them again.

With the exception of the Millers, everybody knew everybody else intimately, and there was therefore no sparring around to find topics of conversation. As Miller wandered about the room, he heard a woman say, "Well, I can tell you—that's the last time she comes in *my* house," and from somewhere else another woman said, "Ha! You think *you* have post-nasal drip. I just wish you . . ." Her voice was lost in the general hubbub, and Miller stopped next to two men who appeared to be in relatively aimless conversation. The shorter of the two was saying, "Anybody who uses an iron on that hole is out of his mind," and at that moment they were joined by another man, who nudged the speaker and said, "Say, did you get home all right last night?"



"Sure," said the short man. "Why?"

"I never thought you'd make it," said the other. "Boy, were you funny!" He turned to the third man in the group and said, "You should have seen old Roland, here. Laugh—I thought I'd bust a gut." He launched into a hilarious account of Roland's activities, while Roland looked slightly displeased and the other man just listened. Miller listened, too, for a while, and then he turned away to look for his wife. She was sitting in a corner, in animated conversation with a man Miller recognized as Don Whiteside. Miller circled back to the bar and made a fresh drink for himself. He sipped his drink and stared at the room, and suddenly noticed that Grace Beckwith was standing beside him. "Oh, hello," he said. "I didn't see you there."

She laughed. "I'm just edging up to the bar," she said. "I know it's forward of me, but I'd like another drink."

"Easiest thing you know," Miller said, and took her glass and refilled it. "Here." He handed the glass to her.

"Thank you so much." She tasted the drink, then looked straight at Miller. "It occurs to me," she said, "that there are no intellectuals left in America. Don't you agree?"

Miller was startled. "I guess I hadn't thought much about it," he said. "Let's see, now." He thought for a moment.

"I mean *real* intellectuals," Grace said.

"Yes, I know," Miller said. He thought some more. "Well—" he began, but Grace interrupted him.

"There just aren't any," she said. "Not a one."

"Well, maybe you're right," Miller said. He looked around the room and saw that Eleanor was trying to attract his attention. "Excuse me a minute," he said. "I'll be right back." He went across to where Eleanor was standing, and she took him by the arm.

"Watch out for Grace," she said. "Don't give her any more to drink. She was stinking when she arrived, and I'm afraid she'll pass out if she keeps going at this rate."

"Oh," Miller said. "O.K." He drifted over to where two men were talking together, and they smiled in recognition and turned so as to let him in. One of them was Roland, but Miller couldn't remember if his last name was Dillingham or McIlvaine.

The other, a medium-sized man with a pleasant face and a pointed nose, said to Miller, "You live in New York, don't you?"

"Yes," said Miller. "That I do."

"Lucky you," the man said. "I wish to God I was a subway commuter again."

"Oh, I don't know," Roland said. "I read somewhere that they've discovered a cure for imbecility. Things won't be so bad out here once they get it in mass production." They all laughed, and then Roland added, "Except for that Prescott—nothing's going to cure him except a kick in the eye. And I may be the one who does it."

"Oh, he just doesn't know any better," the other man said. "He's perfectly harmless."

After a while, Eleanor called out that dinner was ready, and people started moving toward the dining room. The food was served buffet style, and after filling their plates the guests returned to the living room and sat either in chairs or on the floor. As Miller lifted a slab of roast beef onto his plate, he heard Alice Whiteside, ahead of him, say, "Of course, you know his sister-in-law was an alcoholic, but I can't say that I blame her. I'd be one, too, if I had to put up with *that* family." She was talking with a man whom Miller didn't recognize and ahead of them was her husband, who was holding two plates in one hand and selecting food with the other. Alice looked briefly at Whiteside, said "Adele doesn't eat potatoes—you ought to know that," and then turned back to the man next to her and remarked, "I think it's about time somebody told her. For her own good, if you know what I mean." Whiteside glanced at her and said nothing, then carried the plates from the room.

Miller filled his plate, and then wandered into the living room and looked for a place to sit. All the chairs were occupied, and he noticed that Roland had balanced himself on an arm of Lucy Dillingham's chair. Lucy, whose expression had thitherto been a complete blank, was looking up at Roland and ignoring her food, and she spoke quietly and happily to him while he ate. Then Miller saw Whiteside, sitting cross-legged on the floor nearby with a good-looking dark-haired girl, who, Miller assumed, was Adele Prescott. She looked up at him and said, "Hi—sit down and join us," and Miller gratefully put his plate on the floor and descended into a half-sitting, half-reclining position.

"Well, what do you think of life in the country?" Whiteside asked. "Stimulating, isn't it?"

Miller laughed. "I'm not really in a position to know," he said. "Yet."

"Well, it's not always this hectic, I can promise you that," Adele said. "Only on weekends."

"Oh, I don't know," Whiteside said, and Adele looked quickly at him, but he was intent on cutting a piece of meat and didn't look up. He took a mouthful, and continued, "Anything you want to know about anyone here, I can tell you. Height, weight, family history, birthmarks—anything at all. Just ask me."

"Jim already gave me a rundown," Miller said. "But it was pretty brief."

"Oh, dear," said Adele. "I'll bet it was good, though."

"Fair," Miller said, and smiled. "Only fair."

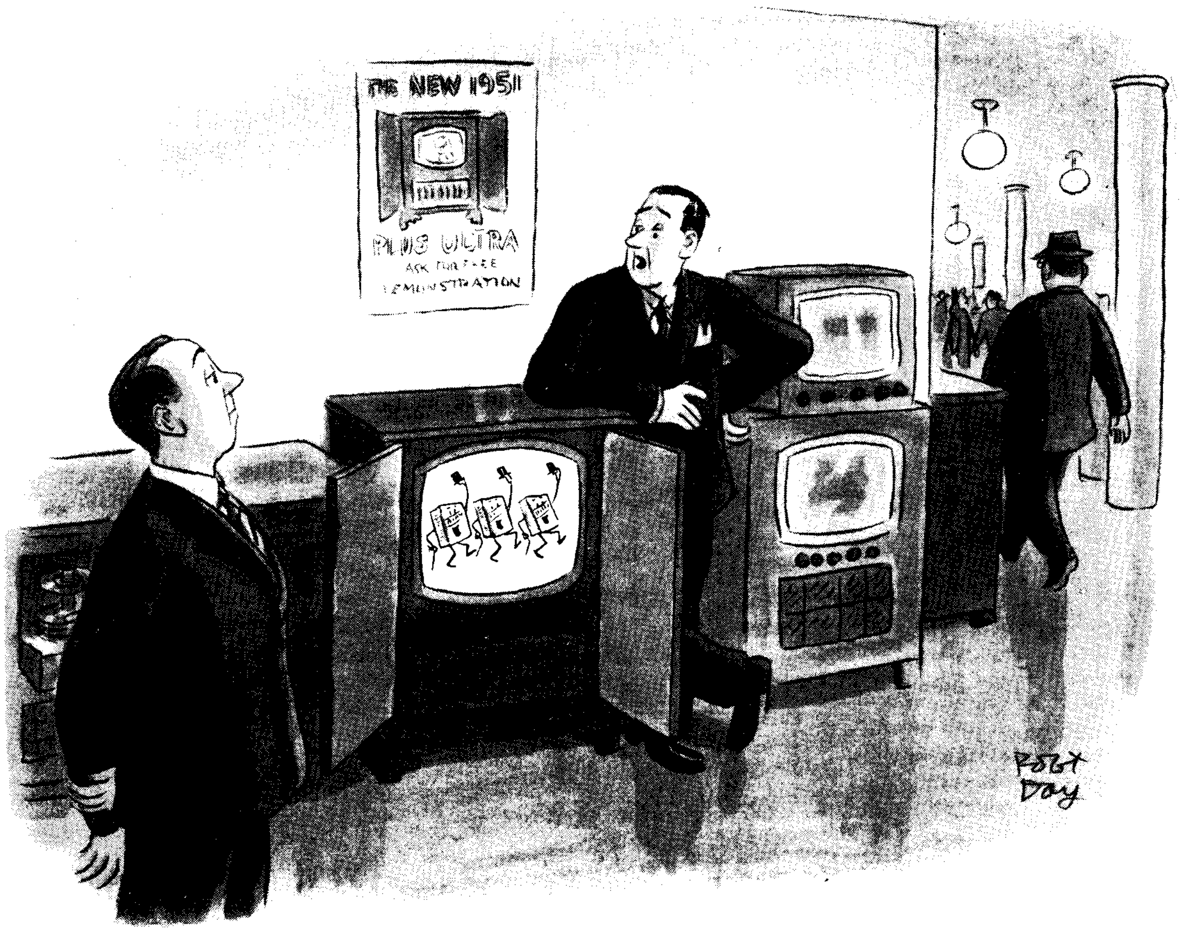
"He shouldn't have done that," she said. "He should have let you find out for yourself."

"I still have an open mind," Miller said. "I can be swung either way."

Adele stared at him for an instant, and Miller thought to himself, watch it up, boy. Don't go getting kittenish at your age. But a faint warmth began to creep over him, and all at once he felt quite friendly. Then, abruptly, Adele changed the subject by asking Miller a couple of questions about the theatre, and after a few minutes she and Miller and Whiteside were trying to see who could remember the oldest musical-comedy song.

"May I join the *Sängerverein*?" a voice asked, and Miller looked up and saw the man with the pleasant face and the pointed nose.

"Sure," Whiteside said. "Come on in. Foster, you know Mr. Miller, don't you? Foster Dillingham. What's



"I had him sold right up to the second I turned the damn thing on."

your first name, Mr. Miller? I'm sorry."

"George," Miller said. "Yes, we've met."

"Sure," Dillingham said, and smiled and sat down.

They had by this time finished their food, and Miller sang the first chorus of "Bimini Bay," which nobody else knew. "It's from the 'Follies of 1924,' " he said, then added, "How about 'Beautiful Lady,' or 'The Banks of the Saskatchewan'?"

"Really, you can't be *that* old," Adele said. "Those are ancient history."

"There's a guy in a saloon I patronize," Miller said. "He knows every show tune since 'Cymbeline.' "

"That's what we need out here," Whiteside said. "A good saloon. Lord, how I miss them."

"I guess I never told you about the time I played with Pinza," Dillingham said, examining his fingernails with elaborate nonchalance. Everyone stared at him, and he proceeded to describe how, when he was a mounted extra in a San Francisco production of "Carmen," his horse had almost made a shambles of the star's song, and when he finished, his listeners were all but hysterical.

"You've never told me that before," Whiteside said, wiping his eyes. "That's the funniest thing I ever heard."

"I guess the subject never came up," Dillingham said. "Mostly, I try to forget about it."

Miller, who was enjoying himself thoroughly, offered to get drinks for everybody, and took their orders and went to the bar. As he did, the telephone rang, and he saw Burrage go over and answer it. By the time Miller had made the drinks, Burrage came back, and Miller heard him say to Eleanor, "That was Bettina. She wanted us to come over."

"What did you tell her?" Eleanor asked.

"I said we couldn't. I told them to come on over here."

"Oh, *no!*" Eleanor said. "What were you thinking of?"

"Well, what else could I do? I couldn't just hang up on her."

Eleanor sighed. "No, I guess not," she said. "Oh, well, the hell with it. Listen, will you see if you can lure Lucy away from Roland? Pamela's going to get sore in a minute."

"Oh, I don't think so," Burrage said. "Let them alone."

Eleanor shrugged and turned away, and as Miller went back to his group, he heard Grace Beckwith say "Well, I think that after sex a sense of humor is the most important thing, don't you?" but he couldn't hear the reply. That girl has remarkable stamina, Miller thought. You have to give her that. He distributed the drinks, and sat down just as Dillingham was concluding a story about having got on the wrong train after an office Christmas party. Miller joined in the laughter, more because he liked Dillingham than because he had heard much of the story.

GRANVILLE and Bettina Perkins arrived about a half hour later, by which time the party had taken on a more or less fluid aspect. A crap game was in progress at one end of the room, and at the other end Miller and his group were playing old phonograph records. A core of two or three people stayed in each group; the others drifted back and forth as the mood struck them. Bettina immediately joined the crap game, and Perkins, after asking Burrage for a beer, settled down near the phonograph. His hair was still wet from having been combed, and his eyes were misty with sleep. He looked at Miller and smiled.

"Hi," he said. "I seem to remember you from somewhere."

"Yes," Miller said, also smiling. "Kiska, wasn't it?"

"It might as well have been," Perkins said. Burrage handed him his beer, and Perkins thanked him and went on, "My God, what an afternoon! We were two other places before we came here. I hope I didn't disgrace myself."

"Not that I could see," Miller said. "I thought you were fine."

Perkins shook his head, and sipped his beer. "That's not the story I get," he said.

"Well, I'd be the last one to judge," Miller said.

Dillingham turned to Miller. "How

about trying that crap game?" he asked. "I feel lucky."

"You're on," said Miller. They went to the other end of the room and joined the circle, composed of Bettina, Frances, Alice Whiteside, Nick Prescott, and Arthur Beckwith. Miller noticed that Frances had a pile of dollar bills in front of her, and as he sat down, Beckwith said to him, "Your wife is cleaning us out. If these weren't my dice, I'd suspect her." Miller laughed, and when it came his turn to roll, he lost almost immediately. "You can see it doesn't run in the family," he said.

"For this relief, much thanks," Beckwith said cheerfully, and took the dice. He put down a dollar, which Prescott covered, and Beckwith rolled a three.

Prescott took in the money. "The trouble with you is you don't drink enough," he said, and laughed.

Beckwith looked at him coldly. "And would you like to know the trouble with you?" he asked.

Before Prescott could reply, Eleanor had appeared between the two men. "Is everything under control?" she asked. "Anybody need a drink?"

"No, thanks, dear," Beckwith said. "Not I, anyway."

Just then, Pamela McIlvaine got up from her place near the phonograph and strode across to where her husband was sitting with Lucy Dillingham. "Come on, Roland," she said. "We're going."

Nervously, Eleanor straightened up as Roland said, "What for? It's still early."

"I have a headache," Pamela said. "Come on."

Eleanor moved toward Pamela, and as she did, Miller noticed that Lucy's face was once again as blank as a pie plate. "Pam—" Eleanor began, and at that moment the doorbell rang. "Oh, *no*," Eleanor said, half aloud, then called to her husband, "Jim! Will you see who that is, please?"

The bell rang again, and Burrage opened the door and saw a man and woman in evening dress. "Well, hello!" he said. "Come on in."

"We can't stay," the woman said. "We just dropped by to see if you were going to the dance."

"No, I guess not," Burrage said. He opened the door wider. "But come on in anyway and have a drink for the road."

The woman hesitated. "Well, just one, maybe," she said, and walked into the hall. Her husband followed her, and they greeted the people in the living room. Eleanor went over and welcomed the newcomers in a strained, frantic voice, and then turned and said good night to Roland and Pamela McIlvaine, who had followed her across the room. When the door had closed behind the McIlvaines, Eleanor leaned against it for a second and took a deep breath, then came back into the living room. The woman in evening dress was talking with Burrage near the bar; her husband had gone to the phonograph and was sitting next to Adele Prescott.

THE crap game dissolved around midnight, and the more successful of its players switched to blackjack. Miller, who had lost about seven dollars, wandered back to the phonograph, where Dillingham, who had been cleaned out of the crap game earlier, was reminiscing about the Navy with Perkins, and Adele was chatting with Whiteside and the man in evening clothes. Eleanor was sitting with her back to the phonograph, in lively conversation with the man's wife. Suddenly, the woman looked at her watch and said, "Come on, Joe. If we're going to that dance, we'd better go now."

"Any time you say," the man said, and went back to talking with Adele.

Miller, who by this time knew all the original guests, found that he was able to talk easily and pleasantly with most of them. He felt relaxed and happy, and he was in the midst of an involved discussion with Beckwith when Grace came over and nudged her husband with her foot. "On your feet, lover boy," she said. "Remember, you have to drive the sitter home." As far as Miller could see, she was cold sober.

Beckwith got stiffly to his feet. "I sometimes wonder why we go out at all," he said. "Always it involves driving the sitter home." The Beckwiths said good night all around, and as they went out he muttered, "What the hell do you *talk* about with a sitter, anyway? Her homework?"

LB

The woman in evening dress looked at her watch again, then at her husband. "Do you realize what time it is?" she asked.

He looked at his watch. "Well, there goes that dance," he said, and settled back against the phonograph.

Gradually, more people began to leave. The groups separated and re-formed into couples, as they had arrived, and by two o'clock only the Millers, the Burrages, and the couple in evening dress were left. The woman in evening dress finished her drink and set the glass down on an ash-speckled end table. "How about coming over to our house for a nightcap?" she said. "I was all prepared for a big night tonight."

"Oh, we couldn't, thanks," Eleanor said. "I'm about to drop in my tracks. But you have another one here, though. I'm going to lie down and have my first relaxed drink of the evening." She sat on the sofa, kicked off her shoes, and lay back.

"Well, a quick one, then," the woman said. "Then we'll go."

IT was quarter to three when the couple left, and after closing the door behind them Burrage undid his tie and top shirt button and dropped into a chair. Eleanor was nearly asleep on the couch, and Miller and Frances were lying on the floor, with the watery remnants of their drinks in front of them. For a few moments, nobody spoke.

"Wow," Burrage said, and there was another silence.

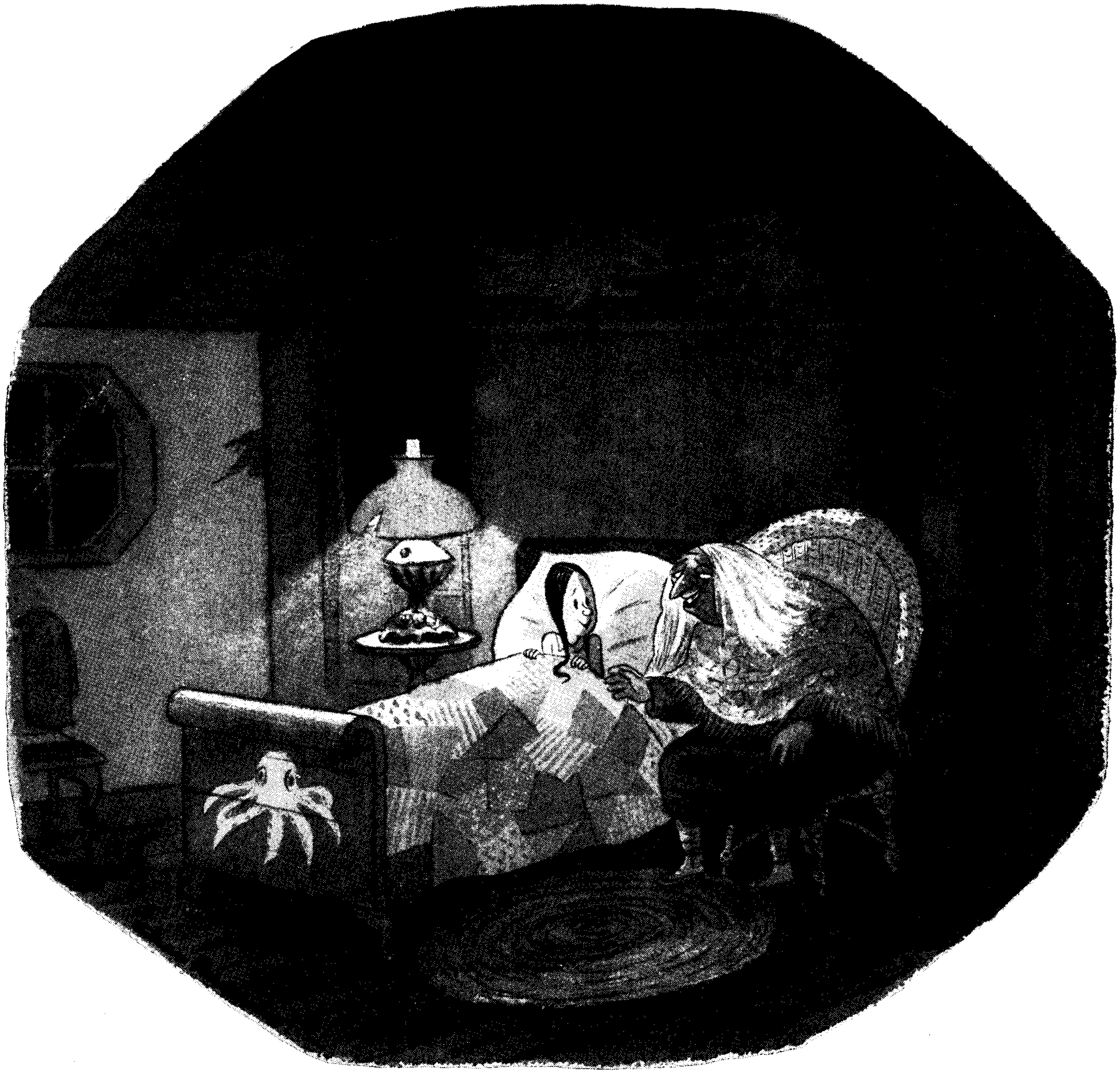
"I'm going to kill that Grace Beckwith someday," Eleanor said, her eyes closed. She paused. "And then I'm going to get Lucy Dillingham. That was almost a nasty little scene there. I hope you realize that."

"I think they could all be done away with," Burrage said. "It's a really drab bunch, if you ask me."

"Maybe I shouldn't say this," Miller said, "but I thought some of them were quite nice. I think that Dillingham is a hell of a nice guy."

"You don't have to live with them," Burrage remarked sourly. "Just for the fun of it, try seeing them *all* the time. You'll go nuts." He paused. "It's like living on a desert island with the same people around you all the time."

Again there was silence, and after a while Eleanor opened one eye. "Precious," she said in a musical voice. Burrage gave an inquisitive grunt, and she



"Then the dragon gobbled up the handsome young prince and his lovely young bride and lived happily ever after."

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went on, "Guess who drives the Sunday-school car tomorrow."

Burrage sat stunned for almost a minute. "Oh, no," he said, finally. "No."

"Foster did it last week," Eleanor said in the same voice. "I remember distinctly."

Burrage said nothing, and after a couple of minutes he rose slowly from the chair. Eleanor and the Millers got up, and Miller started to pick up the glasses.

"Leave them where they are," Eleanor said. "We'll get them in the morning."

They turned out the lights in the living room, and Burrage stood by the hall switch while the others went up the stairs. Then he flicked out the hall light and trudged slowly after them. In the darkness, Miller heard him say, "If one goddam robin so much as opens his beak this morning, I'm going to shoot. And, so help me, I'm going to shoot to kill."

The Millers went into their room, and Miller sat on the edge of the bed and began to unlace his shoes. There was a short silence.

"That was a complicated group," Frances said, at last. "I'll say that for them."

"Sure," said Miller. "Suppose all our friends lived in the same apartment house with us. Think of what would happen."

"Oh, my God," Frances said.

"Keep thinking of it," Miller said. "Especially the next time you feel like moving to the country."

—NATHANIEL BENCHLEY

•

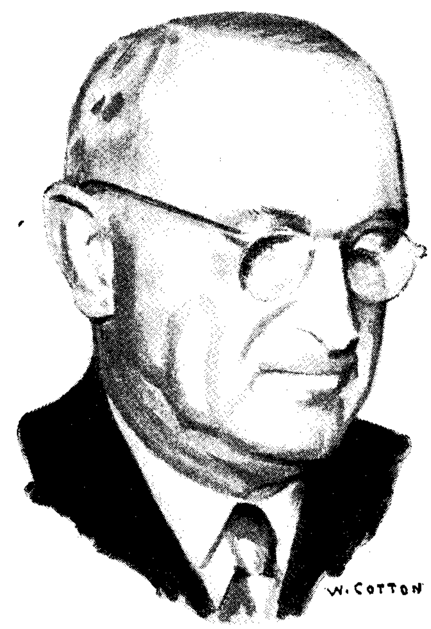
Miss Dorothy Stratton, national executive director of the Girl Scout program, primarily designed for peace time, could be adapted to any emergency.—*The Herald Tribune.*

Jolly good news!

PROFILES

MR. PRESIDENT

II—TEN O'CLOCK MEETING



Harry S. Truman

AT ten o'clock on Tuesday morning, November 28, 1950, President Truman, who has evidently never learned to ring summoning buzzers, appeared at the door between his office, in the West Wing of the White House, and its anteroom to call his staff in to their daily conference with him. Eleven members of the staff were waiting in the outer room for his summons: his Appointments, Press, and Correspondence Secretaries; his Assistant; his Special Counsel; three Administrative Assistants; his Military and Air Force Aides (his Naval Aide, Rear Admiral Robert Lee Dennison, was sick at the time); and his Executive Clerk. "Now, gentlemen," the President said, "I'm ready for you if you're ready for me." He put his hands on his hips, in an attitude of mock impatience he often adopts, but the exuberant, defiant mien he would normally wear under such circumstances was absent; he was grinning, but the grin was faint and formal.

The staff straggled into the President's office, and each man took his customary seat. The President sat in a swivel chair at his massive desk, within the southern arc of the oval office. Behind him, between the slats of a Venetian blind in a high French window, bars of cheery, haze-softened sunlight were stacked up, as if on glorious, tiny shelves. Facing him, on the curving north wall about thirty feet away, portraits of three American liberators—Simon Bolivar, George Washington, and José de San Martín—glistened in the pleasant light. On a hearth beneath the trio of portraits stood a terrestrial globe, nearly a yard in diameter, which Eisenhower used at SHAEF and later gave to his Commander-in-Chief and which the President occasionally pats just before he shows a visitor out, saying, "We won the war on this old globe; I hope we can win the peace on it, too." From where he was sitting, Truman could cast his eye at any one of eight timepieces: three ship's clocks on the mantel and walls, four clocks on his desk, and on his wrist a chronometer that Winston Churchill gave him, accurate not only as to second and hour but also as to phase of the moon and year under the sun. Furthermore, the President was surrounded by mementos that could tell him where he stood in his century and in history: on one end of the mantel, in a small case, stood, as a reminder of the hazards and the continuity of his station and nation, a piece of wood that had been built into the original White House, in 1793, and had been licked at by flames the redcoats touched off in 1814; on a pedestal, off to his left, reared a small equestrian statue of Andrew Jackson, Truman's favorite President and his political lodestar; all across a console table behind his desk were ranged photographs of his family, holding his every act under their vigilant stares; on the wall, to his right, to make him feel the weight of the mantle on his shoulders, was a portrait of Roosevelt, caped for the sea and stormblown; while before him on his desk, as a hedge against lapses in the wisdom of his own viziers, were various magic charms—a tiny totem pole, some monkeys shunning evil, a model of a French seventy-five, and a miniature electrotype plate of the *Chicago Tribune's* jubilant banner headline "DEWEY DEFEATS TRUMAN." Four of the staff took chairs grouped close around the executive desk. The seven others sat against the wall, flanking Truman—three in chairs beside a television set, to his left, and the rest on a leather sofa and, nearer him, in a chair against the opposite curve, under the portrait of F. D. R.

When the members of the staff were all settled, the President, without calling for order, began handing out papers from a huge folder on his desk to various men. He murmured a sentence or two in a low voice as he passed each document out: "John, here's some stuff for you that has accumulated. . . . Look this over, will you, Murph? . . . This is much too long, Elsey. Boil it down to a page. . . . Do you know what we did with that thing the Attorney General gave me, Matt?"

Then suddenly the President turned to Charles G. Ross, his Press Secretary (who died at his desk of a coronary thrombosis not many days after this meeting), and said, "What've you got, Charlie?"

Ross was sitting close to the desk, at the President's left. Eighteen months younger than the President, Ross was born and brought up in Truman's home town, Independence, Missouri. They were both in the Independence High School class of 1901. Ross was the valedictorian and all-round big man of that class, and from high school he went on, as Truman was unable to do, to college. (Truman passed examinations for West Point but was rejected because of poor eyesight.) After graduating from the University of Missouri, Ross taught journalism there for ten years; then he practiced it for twenty-eight on the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch*. Truman took him on as his Press Secretary in May, 1945. Ross was a tall, slender man with a long and weary face, so thin that instead of circles or puffs under his eyes, he had curious little purses perched on his cheekbones; these made him look sadder than he ever was. Besides handling the President's press relations, Ross, a gentle and quiet man who had long suffered from arthritis and heart trouble, considered it his duty—and he had the ability—to make his friend feel comfortable, to ease the tautness of office. He always carried into staff meetings, together with his regular business, two or three trivial, entertaining items that he might or might not bring up, depending on how the President was feeling. This morning, apparently mindful of the wan grin with which Truman had greeted the staff, Ross shuffled his papers, picked out a clipping from the Washington *Post*, and said, "Mr. President, did you see this item this morning? It's the column called 'Town Topics,' and it has one delightful bloomer in it that I thought you might enjoy. It describes a cocktail party given yesterday by Mr. and Mrs. Morris Cafritz, and it says here, 'It was good to see Secretary of the Treasury John W. Snyder and Mrs. Snyder in silver blue mink.' "

The staff all laughed. So did the President, but without much heart. It almost seemed as if he were trying to please Charlie Ross, who was trying to please him. "That's a good one, Charlie," the President said.

Now Ross got down to work. "Is there anything that can be said about the appointment of an Ambassador to Spain?" he asked. "Smitty [Merriman Smith, the White House correspondent of the United Press] was questioning me about it yesterday, and I promised to check up."

"We're going to appoint Stanton Griffis on January 15th," the President said, "but we don't want to announce it just now."

"Then there is no information on that subject?" Ross said.

"Not a word," the President said.

Truman seemed preoccupied. In staff conferences, he usually speaks in a low, patient, easy voice, and not with the brisk, belligerent stridence of his press-conference utterances or with the earnest, primer-reading care of his radio speeches; this morning he was speaking quietly and with his customary grave politeness, but he was obviously thinking about something else. Ross came up, therefore, with another playful triviality. "Did you see, in the column of Roosevelt's letters the *Post* is running," he asked, "that one complaining to Sumner Welles about leaks in the State Department and telling him to tighten up over there?"

At this, the President brightened a little. "Did it cure the situation permanently?" he asked with faint irony.

"Oh, but did you see the next one?" said William D. Hassett, the President's erudite Correspondence Secretary, who is seventy years old. Hassett was sitting by the television set, and the President swung slightly to the left in his swivel chair to face him. Hassett, the only holdover from Roosevelt's staff among the men in this meeting, has under Truman—as he also had under F. D. R.—two important functions: he nourishes and delights the President's aesthetic side, and he tries, manfully and humorously, to persuade the President to let his Correspondence Secretary do all his corresponding for him. "The next letter," he said, in his granitic Vermont accent, "concerned a matter of some import that F. D. R. sent over to Sumner with *instructions* to leak it."

"In other words," the President said, smiling, "it was one of those two-way streets that don't really lead both ways—was that it, Bill?" Then Truman turned back to Ross. "Go on, Charlie," he said.

Ross picked up a document and began, "I have this memorandum—"

"Yes," the President said, interrupting; he had looked at the papers in Ross's hand and had evidently seen what they were—a list of legislative recommendations for the lame-duck session of the Eighty-first Congress, which had just convened. "I'd like to put that out. That's the memo for the leaders in Congress on things we want to have done. They're the matters I discussed yesterday with the Big Four [the Vice-President, the Speaker of the House, and the Majority Leaders of the Senate and the House, with whom the President confers on Congressional strategy once each week]. I think we ought to let the public know what we're trying to do. Those things are listed in the order in which we want to see them done. Yes, I'd like to make all that available."

The President swung around to his right, toward Charles S. Murphy, his Special Counsel, who was sitting on the chair beside the sofa. "Murph," Truman said, "can you see any reason why we shouldn't put that out?"

Murphy, who is, in effect, the President's lawyer, is charged mainly with helping to prepare plans and recommendations for legislation—an assignment to which he brings the benefit of twelve years' experience in the office of the Legislative Counsel of the Senate. He has, however, like every member of the President's staff, other duties by the dozen; they include, most importantly, the supervision of speech- and message-drafting. A forty-one-year-old North Carolinian, Murphy is husky, nearly bald, stolid, cautious, unhurried, and systematic, and he talks a jurisprudential language slowly, with a mild Southern accent. "Sir," he now said, "there are two categories of legislation on that list—matters of considerable urgency and others that are less pressing. The only trouble I can see in releasing the list might come in the second category. That matter of education benefits for disabled veterans, so far as I know, hasn't been made public in any way."

"We could leave that item out," the President said. "Anything else?"

"I wouldn't like to be too definite about it in an offhand way," Murphy said. "That's a long list."

"I can get together with Murphy," Ross suggested, "and go over it with him."

The President said, "You do that—but let out everything you can on that list."

Ross shuffled his papers again. "We have a long draft of a proposed statement on the naming of a Point Four Committee—"

"It's terrible!" the President said. "I read it last night and I wanted to tell you to redraft it. You can cut out every other paragraph without losing anything."

George McK. Elsey, one of the President's Administrative Assistants, an alert Jack-of-all-trades who, at thirty-two, is the youngest man on the staff, sitting now on the sofa, to Murphy's right, said, "Mr. President, I ran across that draft, saw it was unsuitable for you, and briefed it into a more concise statement for you to work on." He handed up two typewritten pages.

"That's much better," the President said after glancing at Elsey's draft. "I'll go over this. All we need to say about Point Four is that I've been for it, I'm still for it, and I'm going to stay for it."

"That's all I have," Ross said.

The President turned to Dr. John R. Steelman, his Assistant, who had pulled his chair right up to the desk and spread out a folder and a number of papers on its outer edge. Steelman, who was born in Arkansas, was a professor at Alabama College before he entered the United States Conciliation Service, in 1934. He helped Truman out in the lacklustre days of late 1945 and early 1946 as a special assistant on labor matters, and in December, 1946, was given the title The Assistant to the President; he still keeps his "The," though W. Averell Harriman has since been made "Special" Assistant to the President. Steelman serves mainly as the President's liaison man with Cabinet members, but his many other functions make him the closest thing to an alter ego that Truman has. Although Steelman is fifty, he maintains an eager, hyper-cheerful, undergraduate look. He now handed a document of several pages across the desk to the President and said, "Here's something to look at when you get a chance."

The President, glancing at the document, saw that it was a digest of the opinions of labor leaders as to why the Democratic Party had suffered such reverses in the Congressional elections earlier in the month. "I'll be glad to read this," he said. "Say! Did you fellows see the ad on the back of the *Post* this morning? That gives one answer to why we lost in some places."

This was an instance of the inconvenience to his staff of the President's industrious use of the early-morning hours. Most of the staff members had to go out after the conference and look for the ad the President spoke of: it was a full page paid for by the pro-Taft Toledo *Blade*, warning Senator Taft not to take his victory in Ohio as a sign that he was now the undisputed leader of his party—or even that he was particularly popular in his home state. His victory, said the *Blade*, was due largely to the circumstance that the Democrats had put up such a pitiful hack against him.

Steelman began his next point: "On that price-increase matter—" (He was referring to the fact, previously discussed in a staff meeting, that the big steel companies had asked authorization to raise their prices, in anticipation of future wage raises. At the time of the present staff meeting, wage and price controls had not been decided on. The companies had alleged that general wage increases, when they came, would have many immediate, costly secondary effects—increased prices of materials, for instance—but that their own price increases would not recompense them for the labor costs for a long time, since they habitually operate on future orders and would not make collections on orders at the new prices for several months.)

The President broke in quickly. "Stu [W. Stuart Symington, Chairman of the National Security Resources Board] started to talk with me about that, and I expressed such a violent opinion"—Truman smiled—"that I don't think he dared go any further with the thing."

Steelman, seeing that the President's mind was made up, dropped the matter. He then said, "Senator Kilgore [of West Virginia] is very worried about the big snow-and-ice storm these last few days in the Alleghenies. He says if we get a sudden thaw there'll be a dreadful flood—the worst we've known."

Elsey spoke up. He said, "Does he propose that we turn off the sun?"

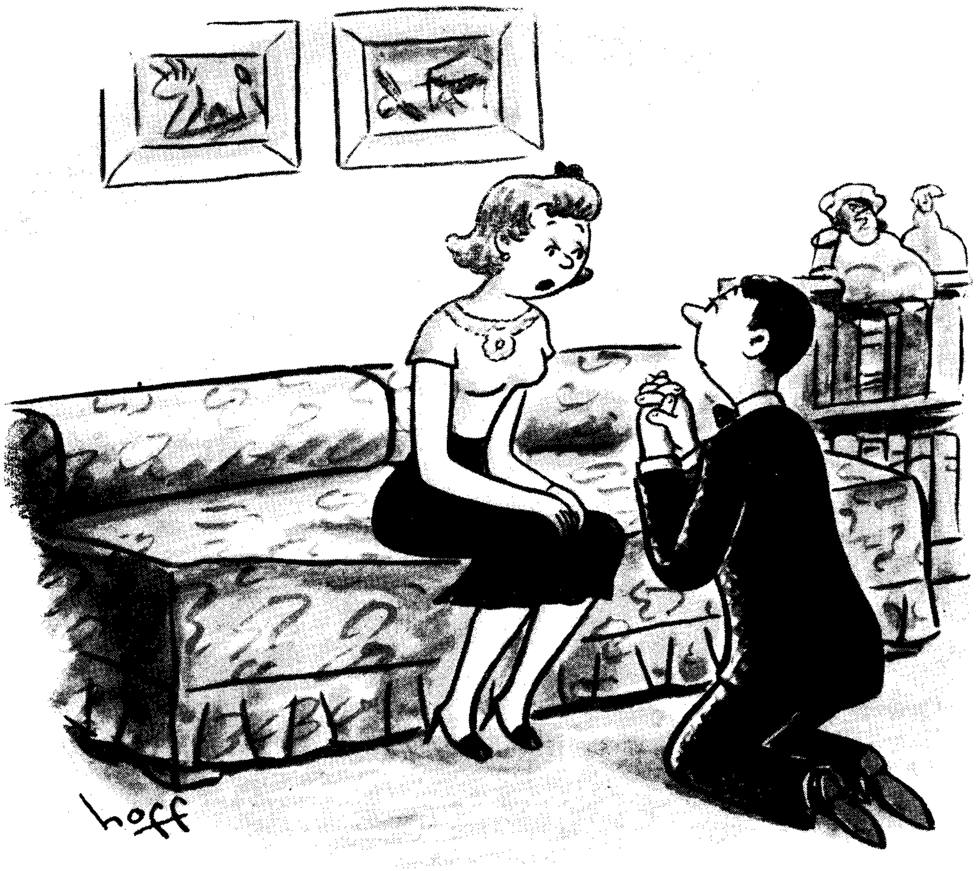
The President laughed and said, "I think maybe the Senator places too much confidence in the powers of the Chief Executive. Anyway, that's one power the Congress hasn't ceded me." Truman, who worked closely with Harley M. Kilgore on the Truman Committee and is intensely loyal to him, broke off the levity. "But the Senator has a point there," he said. "Will you see that we take whatever precautionary steps we can, John?"

"That's all," Steelman said, squaring off and putting away in a folder several memoranda on other points he might have raised but now had apparently decided to hold for some other day.

"Matt?" The President had turned to Matthew J. Connelly, his Appointments Secretary, who was seated at the right end of the desk.

Connelly, a Massachusetts man, spent several years working as an investigator for the W.P.A. and then for a number of Congressional committees; it was when he was an investigator for the Truman Committee that he caught Truman's eye. He has been secretary to the Boss, as he and the other staff members call Truman, since 1945. He is slender, dark, quick, neat, gay, and shrewd. His job is to arrange the President's schedule and make sure it's adhered to. He sees more of Truman, face to face, than anyone else, and, as Ross was, he is sensitive to the President's moods. Seeing that the President was oppressed this morning, and knowing that friendly ribbing is one of the President's principal amusements and that Hassett is a good-humoredly cantankerous goat for pranks, Connelly now said, "Mr. President, Bill Hassett has got you in for a full-blown production on this Wilson deal." The "Wilson deal" was that Truman was soon to receive the Woodrow Wilson Foundation Award for efforts to achieve a lasting world peace, which had been given in previous years to Lord Robert Cecil, Elihu Root, Cordell Hull, Thomas Masaryk, Henry L. Stimson, Jan Smuts, and Bernard M. Baruch; the award to Truman, the first President to receive it, was to be, in the tentative words of the citation, "in recognition of his wisdom, courage, and leadership, by his action of June 25, 1950, in strengthening the United Nations as an effective instrument of world law." "Thanks to Mr. Hassett," Connelly went on, his eyes twinkling with malice, "they're all set for an evening broadcast, with a reception for some two hundred people, and now they have come in with a proposal for a big dinner."

Hassett snorted. "I wish to be heard,"



"It's not that I don't know whether I love you or not, Herbie, it's just that I never thought of you in this connection."

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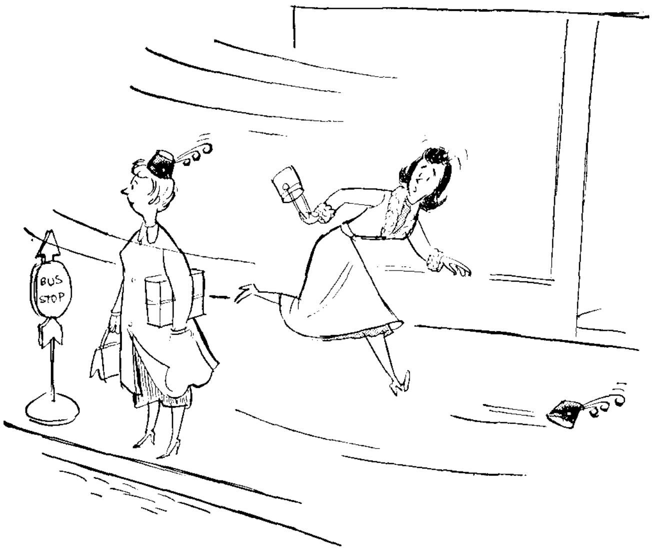


3.

Dana Fradon

he said, “and I will express myself in language as restrained as I can command. When this whole business first came up, I let loose the opinion upon Louis Brownlow that it might be possible to set up a dignified ceremonial of some nature here on these premises. ‘Who shall be present,’ I then said, ‘shall be mutually decided between your group and Mr. Matthew Connelly.’ Next, Arthur Sweetser came to me with a more ambitious plan. Assuming that you share my detestation of banquets—”

“I do! I do!” the President said. Now he seemed to be enjoying himself a little.

“—I told Sweetser that we’d better start all over again, for it was one thing to honor a private citizen with a public spread; such formalities for a busy President, even considering the exceptional honor of this award, would be unbecoming in these times. I urged him to consider a simple ceremonial in this room—something that wouldn’t require the use of a flying trapeze.”

“In daylight hours,” Connelly put in.

“In daylight hours,” the President agreed, already serious again. “That’ll be all right.”

“I’m very glad I happened to be here to defend myself this morning,” Hassett said.

Connelly then said, “A—— says you have made him a commitment to see B——”

“I made no such commitment,” the President said.

“That’s good,” Connelly said. Then he handed across a letter from a friend of the President’s in Missouri, and said, “This will interest you.”

Truman looked at the signature, said “What’s biting C——?,” and tucked the letter into his folder for later reading.

“You won’t forget,” Connelly said, “that you’re to make a speech on December 5th, at ten in the morning, to the Mid-Century White House Conference on Children and Youth.”

“Oh, yes,” Ross said. “I’ve been asked whether radio facilities would be available, and I’ve made tentative arrangements. I assume that is your wish.”

“That’ll be all right,” the President said.

“I suppose that it will be a prepared speech,” Ross said.

“Yes,” Truman said, “it will have to be a prepared speech. I think we’ll have a chance then to discuss public morals a little bit. I think we could say something on that subject, and it certainly is needed. I was talking to Scott [Senator Scott W. Lucas, of Illinois, then Majority Leader of the Senate, who had been defeated in the November election] the other day, and he was telling me what a dirty, rotten, lying campaign the D—— E—— [an organization] and F—— [a man] put on against him out there in Illinois. It was a vicious, libellous campaign. It seems that candidates for public office and their followers in this country won’t stop at saying anything. I tell you, it’s pretty bad. Look at what happened to Tydings, with that scurrilous, fraudulent composite photograph his opponents put out that made it seem as if he’d been talking as a friend to Earl Browder. And look at the lies and hints and all that they used on Graham and Myers and Elbert Thomas and the others. I tell you, we're liable to run into a situation where we'll repeat the mistakes our people made, beginning with the eighteen-thirties, in the anti-Masonic campaign and all the Know-Nothing business that led to the line of weak Presidents we had up until the Civil War. It's exactly the same kind of thing. We ought to learn by our mistakes. We've repeated this sort of hysteria over and over in our history—in 1692, 1798, 1832, 1855, 1866, and again in 1920 to '22. Those were waves of ignorance and prejudice and anti-religion." (The dates referred to the Salem witch hunts, the Alien and Sedition Acts, the year the Anti-Masonic Party ran a Presidential candidate, the height of the anti-Catholic Know-Nothing movement, the organization of the Ku Klux Klan, and the Red scare and reappearance of the Klan after the First World War.)

Hassett, like the President a lover of the past, chimed in, "The reign of D. C. Stephenson all over again!"

"That's right," the President said. "With Stephenson you had the revival of the Klan. I think we ought to try to put some of that into a speech, and try to help people keep level heads. We have to recognize subversion for what it is, and stamp it out when it appears, but that doesn't mean we should turn on each other with a lot of hatred and lies. I tell you, we've got to stop this name-calling. It weakens us here in this country. What we've got to do is persuade people to lay off personalities and talk about issues. Anything else, Matt?"

"That's all," Connelly said.

THE President swung to the right again and asked, "What do you say, Murphy?"

"Well, Mr. President," Murphy said, "in mapping the legislative program for the next Congress, it seems evident that we're going to have to reëxamine the existing legislation on manpower. It's a matter that will need considerable groundwork and talking around and coördination between the various departments and agencies of the government. John [Steelman] and Dave [David H. Stowe, an Administrative Assistant] and I have talked the question over, and we agreed that Dave would be admirably qualified to receive your appointment as informal coördinator on manpower problems."

"Yes," said the ebullient Dr. Steelman. "We three settled on Dave. It was unanimous, by two to one."

"That's all right," the President said, not laughing. "I guess Dave can handle that."

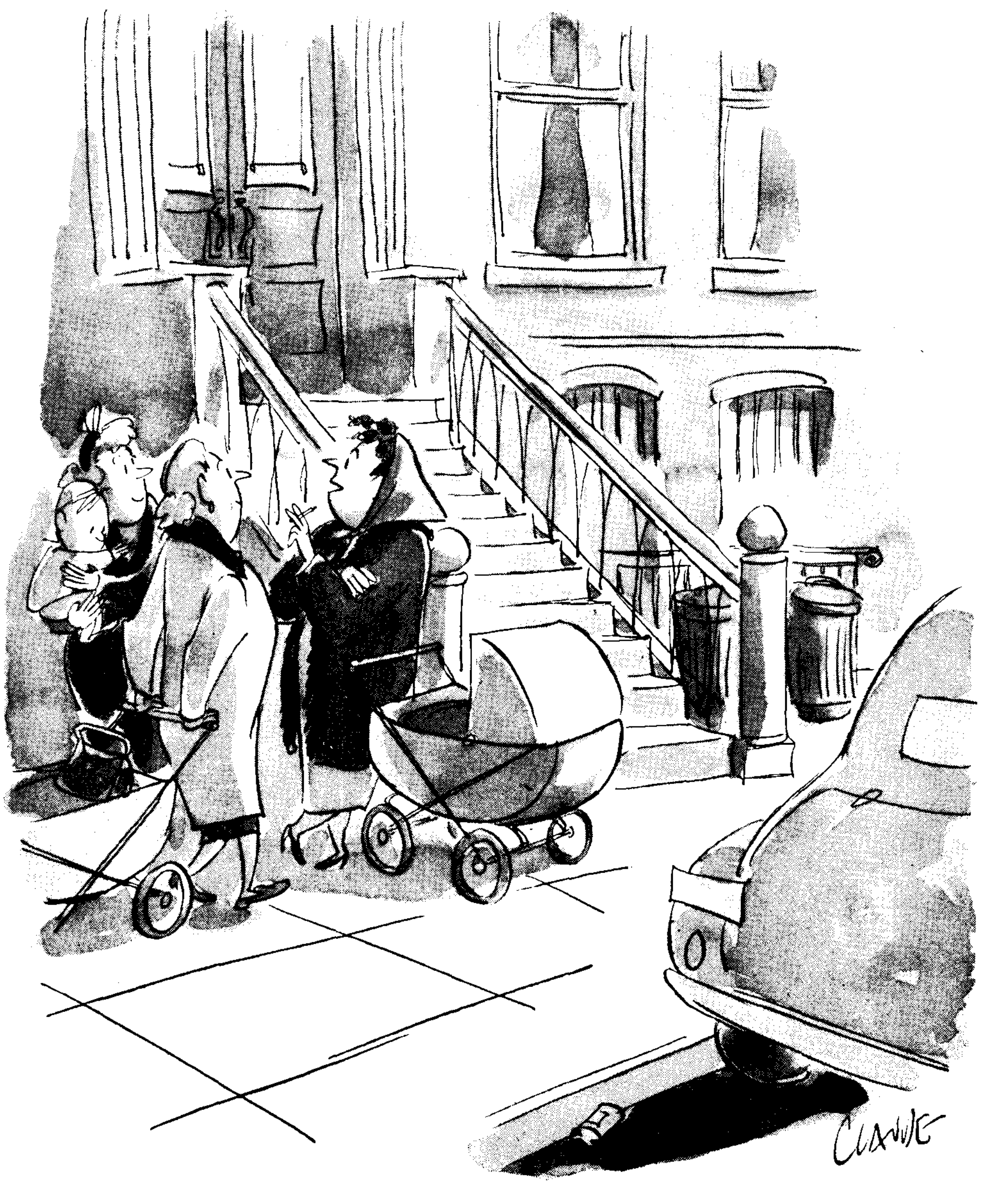
"Now, as to the present Congress, Mr. President," Murphy went on, "I'd like to ask how you feel about the advisability of meeting the principal members of both parties in Congress, especially the foreign-relations people, in the near future. It would give those gentlemen an opportunity to blow off some steam before we go at them with our proposals for this session. It appears that next Monday morning might be a suitable time to have a meeting. That's when you'll be seeing the Big Four; then you could take the Big Four in and talk with the others. Both Mr. Harriman and Senator McMahon have called to say that it would be helpful to convene such a meeting as soon as possible."

"The main value of having them in here," the President said, embodying assent in his comment, "is to have people from both parties come down to the White House, so they'll feel we all belong to one country, after all." A shadow crossed his face, and he added, "But I want to say something more about that a little later on. Hold your horses on that."

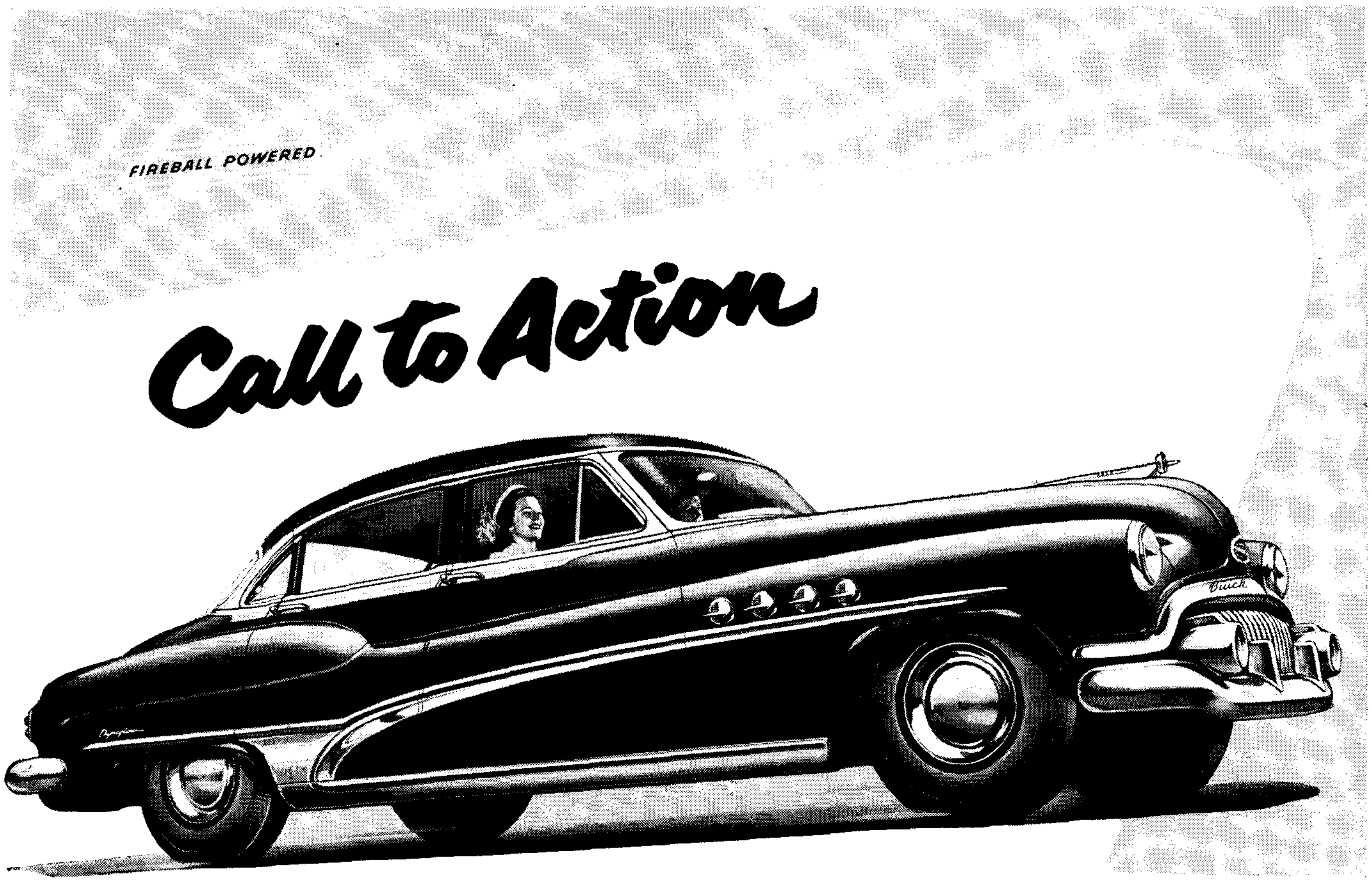
"That's all I have," Murphy said.

"Dave?" the President said, turning to Stowe, who was sitting at the far end of the sofa.

Stowe, a native of Connecticut who was for some time a college professor, and then a civil servant in North Carolina, went to work in Washington, in the Federal Bureau of the Budget, in 1941, and eventually became Chief



"Saw my first Good Humor wagon today."



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Budget Examiner. Truman, who keeps as close and anxious a watch on the federal budget from month to month as most men do on their own domestic accounts, liked Stowe's work. Steelman took Stowe into his office, and in 1949, the President made Stowe an Administrative Assistant. Stowe, who is forty, has a talent for detail work, and the President gives him, for the most part, complicated operational assignments—like the coördinating of manpower problems, which had landed in his lap just a few minutes before.

"We have a problem in civil defense," Stowe said. Because of Murphy's slow speech, Stowe seemed to have the loquacity of a flock of starlings; his sentences and facts were run tightly together in a rapid murmuration. "You may be aware that we've had a barrage of adverse editorials coming down on us, making invidious comparisons between what we've done in civil defense and what they've done in Great Britain, but don't forget that the British were making plans from 1927 onward, and then they had the breathing spell of the phony war, from 1939 forward, and then they had several years of unpleasant laboratory experience, with the blitz and all, while we're building on mere plans and theories, and have only recently had our first realization that this isn't just fancy dancing. Up to now, our main troubles have been vagueness and generalization. Symington and Lawton [Frederick J. Lawton, director of the Bureau of the Budget] and I met at nine this morning to put some specificity into the setup." And Stowe went on to outline, at some length, details the three had agreed upon. The most important decisions had to do with the division of cost between federal and local governments on such things as stockpiles of medical supplies.

"That's all right, Dave," the President said when Stowe had finished. Truman had hardly seemed to be listening. Members of the staff told me later, however, that the President, who has trained himself to listen carefully, very likely had absorbed ninety per cent of this swift lecture, and that they confidently expected him to purl out most of Stowe's facts on some occasion when they would be needed—at a meeting of the Cabinet, or of the National Security Council, two or three months later.

"What do you say, Elsey?" Truman then asked.

Elsey said, "The letter to Congress on the appropriation for assistance to Yugoslavia will be ready this afternoon. The over-all requests for supplemental appropriations won't be ready until tomorrow morning. The supplemental-appropriations message is a cat-and-dog message that doesn't include defense requirements; the Yugoslav appropriation will be the most important part of these requests. Should the letter go up ahead of the message?"

"No," the President said. "The supplemental message ought to go up at the same time the letter does. Hold the letter until morning."

"That's all," Elsey said.

The President turned next to Donald S. Dawson, another Administrative Assistant, who is charged with screening and liaison work on Truman's governmental appointments. Before the President put him into his present delicate job, Dawson worked for fourteen years on the administration of government loans; for some time he was Director of Personnel of the lately controversial Reconstruction Finance Corporation. Dawson, who was sitting on the sofa with Stowe and Elsey, had returned the day before from a week in Florida, and his tanned face, framed in silver sideburns and split by a habitual, handsome grin, made him look like a prosperous banker among a number of pale, workaday, cage-dwelling tellers and clerks. He began to discuss some intricate maneuvers on important appointments. An implication of the conversation between Dawson and the President that followed was that it had proved hard to persuade prominent men to go to work for the government, even in crucial times—partly, it seemed, because so many important men were Republicans, and partly because so many were distinguished liberals who, whichever their party, were jealous of their reputations and their privacy and were unwilling to subject themselves to the humiliations of the Congressional investigation preceding confirmation. At one point, the President, speaking of his own current efforts to get one extremely famous American, who happened to be a Republican, to take a very big job, said, "I tried to get him on the phone for two days, but he was always out, so last night, at one o'clock in the morning, I sat down and wrote him a longhand letter and mailed it right away, special delivery. He ought to have it on his desk today. I expect I'll hear from him tomorrow." At another point, speaking of a far lesser, bureaucratic post, the President said, "I think I'll reappoint G——. He's

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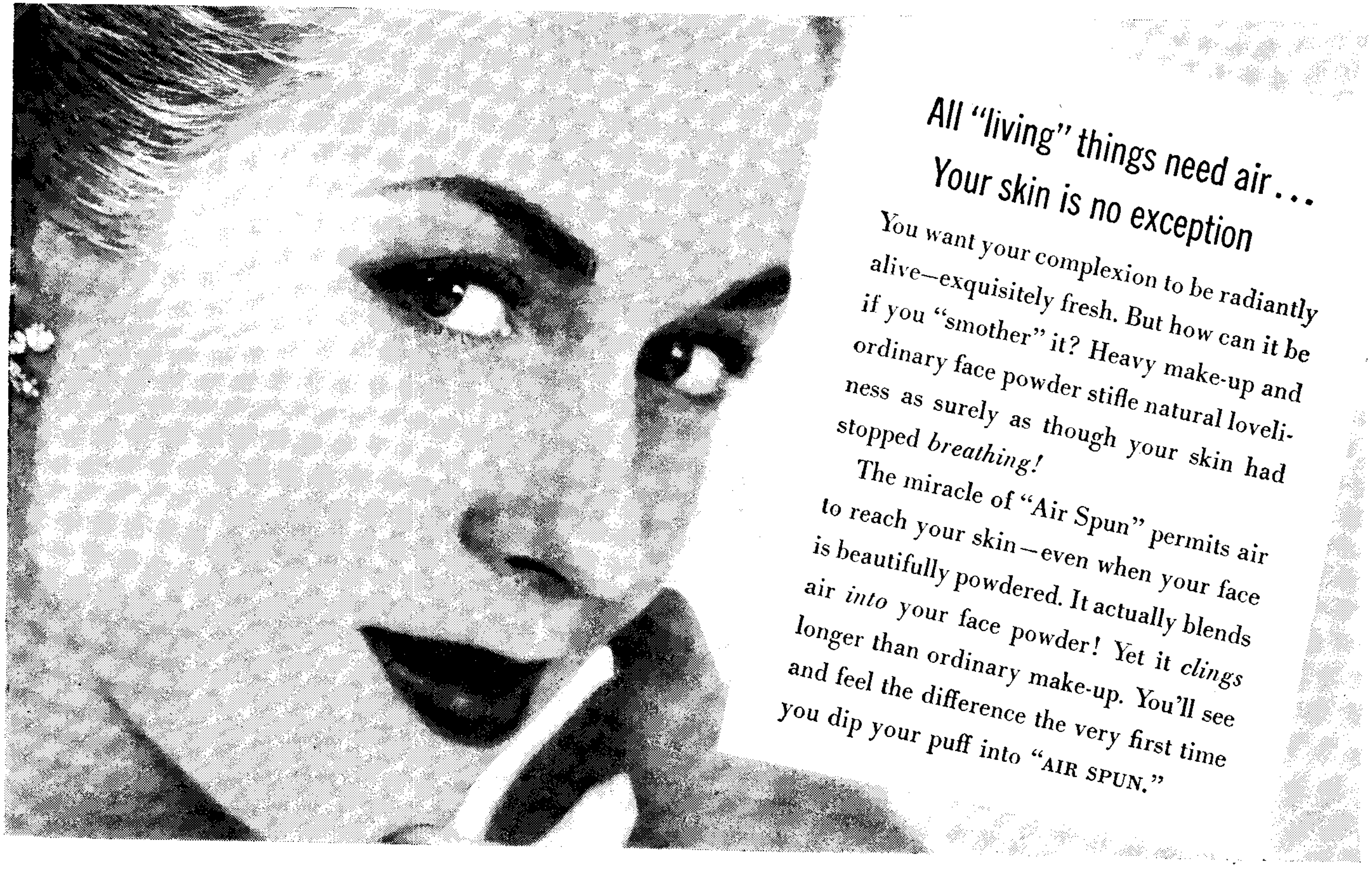

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always been right." Then he smiled, and added, "He's always been on our side."

Next, the President called on Hassett.

"I hold in my two hands," Hassett said, lifting a bundle of papers from his lap, "some material from the H—— I—— [*an organization*]. It contains recommendations on how to dispose of the Communists. I have no idea how this matter reached my lowly desk, unless it was by the White House belt conveyor. I would like to take this occasion to pass it along, as it was passed to me, to the Messrs. Murphy, Steelman, Ross, Elsey, and others. As far as I'm concerned, they can forward it to each other for the rest of their born days."

The President and the staff laughed. Evidently thinking back to the way Murphy and Steelman had unloaded manpower onto Stowe, the President said, "Well! There seems to be a fair amount of buck-passing going on here this morning."

"Seriously, though, Mr. President," Hassett said, "I've studied this material, and it's not for you. I have also one thing to pass on to you. Yesterday, you handed me this book, offering to endorse it over to me as a Christmas gift." Hassett laid on the television set beside him a huge, boxed volume—"The Mystery of Hamlet, King of Denmark," by Percy MacKaye, four neo-Elizabethan plays written in the twentieth century in Shakespearean blank verse, set in Elsinore, Denmark, and concerned with events preceding those of "Hamlet." "I have perused, though sketchily, the eight hundred pages of this work," Hassett said, "and I'd like to turn it in for a new model."

"All right," the President said. "I have something else for you. I brought it in specially for you this morning." He picked up and handed to Hassett a copy of "Kon-Tiki," by Thor Heyerdahl.

Hassett opened the front cover and smiled when he saw, on the end paper, in the President's hand, this inscription:

HARRY S. TRUMAN
Bought and Paid For.

"It's not going to be easy for you to endorse *this* over to me, I see," Hassett said.

"You seem to have the idea that everything I own has been given to me," the President said. "But you're wrong. Every once in a while, the Madam and I will order a book that we've read about in the *Saturday Review of Literature*

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or in one of the Sunday book sections, if it looks interesting. I think you'll like that one, Bill."

"I thank you," Hassett said.

"Anything this morning, Harry?" The President addressed this question to Major General Harry H. Vaughan, his Military Aide and old friend, who was sitting next to Hassett. Vaughan made Truman's acquaintance during the First World War, in which Vaughan ultimately commanded a battery of the 130th Field Artillery Regiment, while Truman had a battery in the 129th Regiment. They became close friends as fellow reserve officers, along with John Snyder, now Secretary of the Treasury, in summer training camps in the twenties and thirties. As Military Aide, Vaughan's function is mainly social; he is really a kind of court jester. He seldom speaks at staff meetings except to crack jokes. This morning, responding in his own way to the President's serious mood, he was subdued and matter-of-fact as he said, "Frank Pace [Secretary of the Army] tells me they announced the decision on that Gilbert case yesterday."

"I know," the President said. "That's the colored officer in Korea who ran away in the face of the enemy. First they were going to shoot him. Then they were going to give him life. Then they were going to give him thirty years. What did they finally decide to do?"

"They've reduced the sentence to twenty years," Vaughan said. "Here are the final orders for you to sign." He put some papers before the President.

"I know one thing—" Truman said. Then he broke off and stared into space for a moment. (He might have been thinking—since the parallel was so close—of the first important test of his own courage, the episode that in reunions of his Battery D is now known as the Battle of Who Run. On the night of August 29, 1918, on a mountain called Herrenberg, in the Vosges, some near misses by German artillery caused Captain Truman's battery to panic and flee for cover under the screaming leadership of a terrified sergeant. Only Truman's rare virtuosity in Missouri cursing drove the men back to the guns. Afterward, Truman refused to court-martial, but tried instead to salvage the disgraced sergeant as a private.) "I know one thing," he resumed. "If this had happened in the other war, and if I'd been this fellow's commanding officer, we wouldn't have needed any trial at all; we would have handled it in our own way. That's a serious thing, to

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run away in the face of your country's enemy." The President hesitated, then quickly took a pen, signed the order, and handed it back to Vaughan.

"Do you have anything, Bob?" Truman asked, turning to Brigadier General Robert B. Landry, his Air Force Aide, who was in the chair next to Vaughan's. Landry, who is forty-one, commanded groups of both fighters and heavy bombers in Doolittle's Eighth Air Force in England. "Nothing," Landry said, "except Nick Bez sent you some fresh salmon, but the plane was held up and the fish spoiled. He just wanted me to tell you that he would try to send some more along to you, and he'd hope it would get through."

"That's too bad," the President said. "Thank Nick for me."

NOW, having gone once around the figurative council table, the President centered himself at his desk. For a few moments, he shifted papers back and forth and straightened a pair of scissors and two paper cutters lying on the leather margin of his desk pad. He had suddenly drooped a little; it appeared that something he would have liked to forget was back in his mind, close behind his hugely magnified eyes.

"We've got a terrific situation on our hands," Truman said in a very quiet, solemn voice. "General Bradley called me at six-fifteen this morning. He told me that a terrible message had come from General MacArthur. MacArthur said there were two hundred and sixty thousand Chinese troops against him out there. He says he's stymied. He says he has to go over to the defensive. It's no longer a question of a few so-called volunteers. The Chinese have come in with both feet."

The President paused. The shock of this news—for this was the first that any of the other men in the room had heard of the all-out intervention of the Chinese Communists in the Korean war—made everyone sit stiff and still. The success in Korea that had seemed to be so nearly achieved was abruptly snatched away by that word "defensive." The entire policy since June, which had seemed to be turning out for the best, was now to be more heavily tested than ever; hopes of imminent peace were gone; the willingness of the Chinese Communists, and therefore, obviously, of the Russian Communists, to risk a general war for the stake in Korea was suddenly palpable. All of the staff must also have realized instantly what this news meant to the President, who would be answerable, quite alone and inescapably, for the outcome in Korea. Yet he had dealt patiently, throughout this conference, with each man's affairs, holding back his dreadfully heavy knowledge until all had had their say.

"Now," the President went on, "I'm going to meet with the Cabinet this afternoon. General Bradley will be there to discuss the situation. General Marshall is going to meet with the State and Treasury people. Acheson is informing the Congressional committees. It may be necessary to deliver a special message in a few days declaring a national emergency. When things are settled down a bit and we know exactly what our policy in answer to this thing will be, we'll talk to the people—a simple, four-network hookup from right here, about ten days from now, I would say. I want to have that meeting with the Congressional leaders you were talking about, Murphy. Let's not wait till Monday; let's arrange it for Friday. I don't think a personal appearance before the Congress would be desirable just now; the military-appropriations message will give us a chance to say whatever needs to be said to the Congress."

In outlining his concrete plans and acts, the President had hidden, as indeed he had all through the staff meeting up to this point, his feelings about this new development, with which he had lived for only about four hours. Now he paused for a few seconds, and suddenly all his driven-down emotions seemed to pour into his face. His mouth drew tight, his cheeks flushed. For a moment, it almost seemed as if he would sob. Then, in a voice that was incredibly calm and quiet, considering what could be read on his face—a voice of absolute personal courage—he said, "This is the worst situation we have had yet. We'll just have to meet it as we've met all the rest. I've talked already this morning with Bradley, Marshall, Acheson, Harriman, and Snyder, and they all agree with me that we're capable of meeting this thing. I know you fellows will work with us on it, and that we'll meet it."

Quickly, again, and characteristically, the President brought himself back to thoughts of concrete plans. "I'll have to ask you all to go to work and make the necessary preparations—the declaration of emergency, if we decide to go ahead with it; the appropriations message; the speech to the people. Matt, I may have to cancel all my appointments

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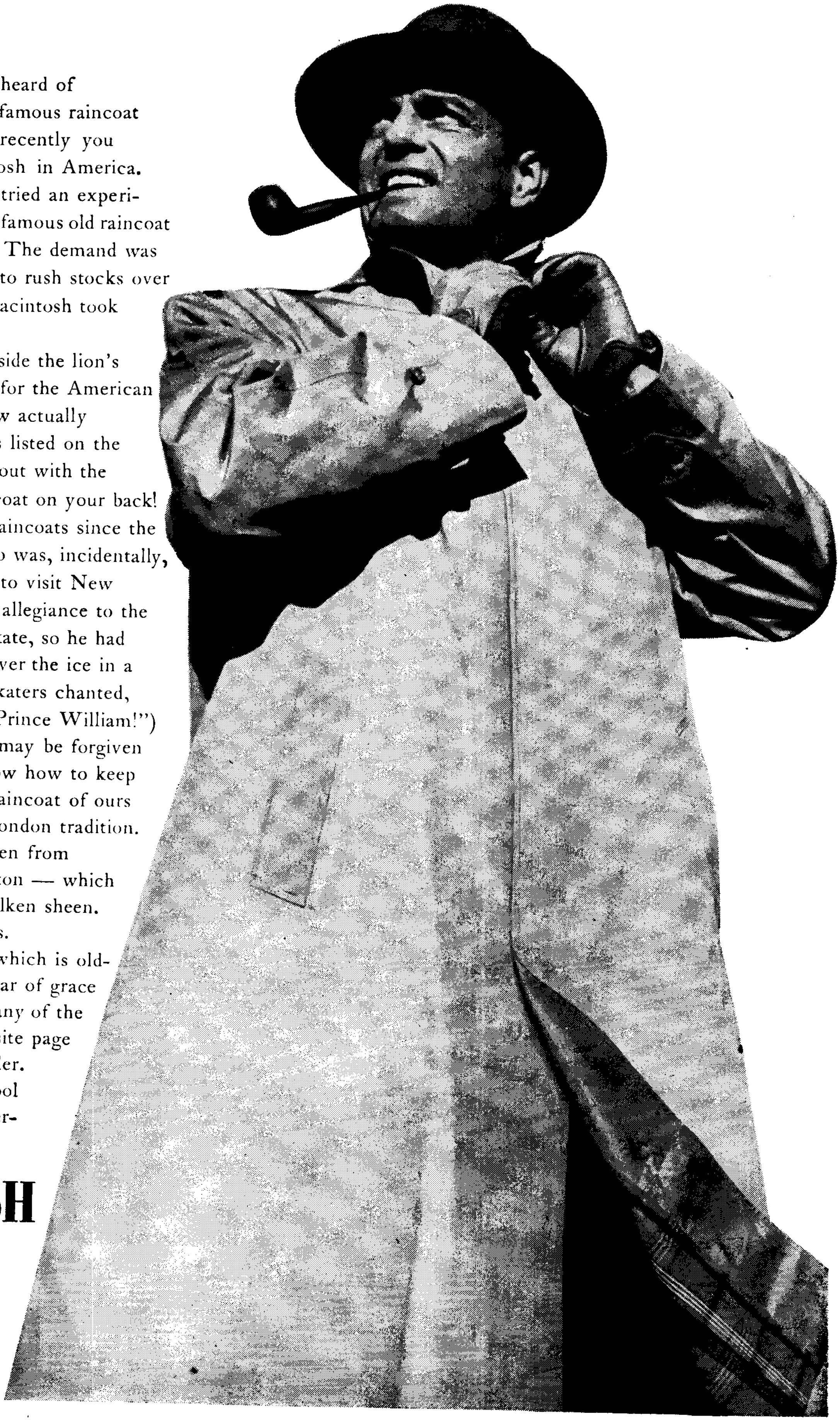

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tomorrow. You be ready for that, will you?"

"Sure," Connelly said.

"Did you say two hundred and sixty thousand Chinese troops?" Landry asked incredulously.

"That's right," the President said. "They have something like seven armies in there. Of course, what they call an army isn't the same as ours. Their armies are about the same as our corps."

"I don't suppose you want me to announce anything yet," Ross said.

"Charlie, there's nothing to announce," the President said. "I don't know what can be said. We don't have to say anything about the Cabinet meeting, because it's our regular Tuesday meeting."

"That's true," Ross said. "We wouldn't want to call special attention to it, since it's a regular meeting."

The President nodded to William J. Hopkins, his Executive Clerk, who was sitting next to Steelman, and Hopkins, a self-effacing, taciturn man of forty who has been a clerk in the White House since 1943, stood up and handed across the desk to the President a pile of documents for signature. Truman pulled out the left leaf of the desk, put the papers on it, and began to sign them. (Most of them were letters drafted by Hassett, answering expressions of regret at the assassination attempt, which had taken place not long before; there was one official document, on a public-housing matter.) While the President was signing the papers, he said, "Well, the liars have accomplished their purpose. The whole campaign of lies we have been seeing in this country has brought about its result. I'm talking about the crowd of vilifiers who have been trying to tear us apart in this country. *Pravda* had an article just the other day crowing about how the American government is divided, and how our people are divided, in hatred. Don't worry, *they* keep a close eye on our dissensions. We can blame the liars for the fix we are in this very morning. It's at least partly the result of their vicious, lying campaign. What has appeared in our press, along with the defeat of our leaders in the Senate, has made the world believe that the American people are not behind our foreign policy—and I don't think the Communists would ever have dared to do this thing in Korea if it hadn't been for that belief. Why, J—— [a newspaper publisher] had an editorial just yesterday claiming that he was personally responsible for the defeat of our foreign policy. He

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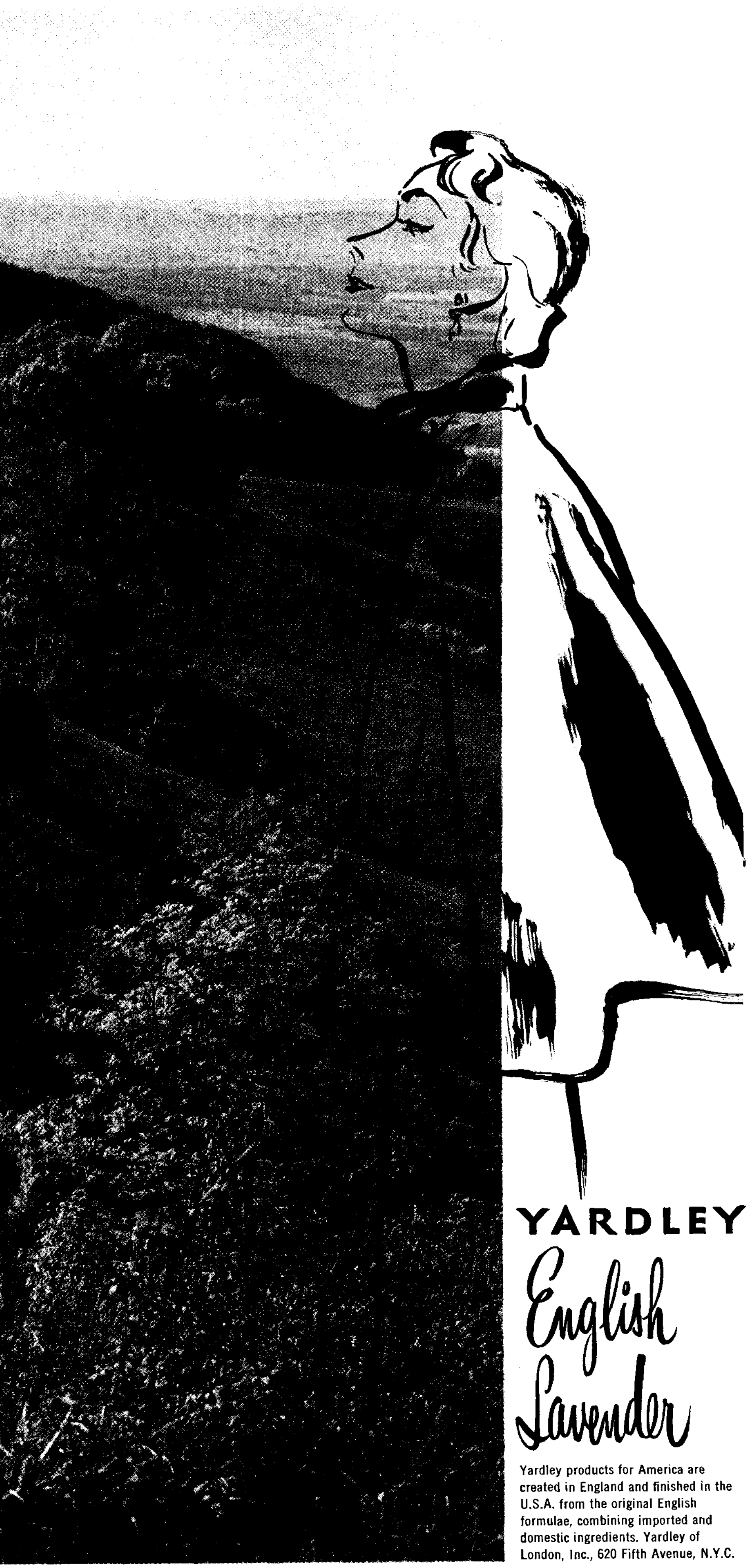

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boasts about it! And the result is this news we got this morning."

The President handed the papers he had signed back to Hopkins. Then he sat squarely in his chair again, and again his mood quickly changed. He suppressed every sign of the anguish that had been so visible on his face a few minutes before and of the irritability and disgust he had shown during his last remarks; his voice, though still quiet, took on a confident tone, and as he spoke now he struck an intensely personal note, seeming by his use of the first-person-plural pronoun to be remembering and resummoning the deep loyalty of these men around him. "We have got to meet this thing just as we've met everything else," he said. "And we will. We will! Let's go ahead now and do our jobs as best we can."

Then the President, with still another sudden shift of mood, closed the meeting with a playful formula he was then using, with slight variations, nearly every day, and as he did so he appeared to have recovered at least a measure of the exuberance with which he normally confronts life. "Well!" he exclaimed pleasantly. "If none of you gentlemen have any more non-controversial items, I'll declare myself satisfied, and the meeting can adjourn."

—JOHN HERSEY

(*This is the second of a series of articles on President Truman.*)

•

A sequel to that popular story "The Egg and I" might well be written by Mrs. C. F. Wilson, 4160 McGinnis road, who has a pullet's egg measuring 9¼ inches in the long circumference and 6½ inches around. Eggs of a comparable size are becoming an every day occurrence at the Wilson farm. The eggs are being laid by young hens which are a cross between Barred Rock and New Hampshire. The young chicks were purchased from the Holly Farms & Garden, but N. C. Van-Natta, owner of the firm, refuses to accept any credit for the phenomena. Instead, he says the over-size eggs may be due to some experimental feed which Mrs. Wilson has been using. Unfortunately most of Mrs. Wilson's hens are dying as a result of the freak situation.—*Oxford* (*Mich.*) *Leader.*

But think of the fun they've had!

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THE ART GALLERIES

Signs and Symbols

THIS week, we are faced with a trio of artists—Fernand Léger, Max Beckmann, and the sculptor David Smith—whose highly developed, original styles are marked by a considerable use of personal symbolism, which, though it may make them seem difficult at first to some people, may in the end make their work more rewarding. Léger, who is now celebrating his seventieth year with a miniature retrospective at the Louis Carré, is in some respects the most uncompromising of the three men, and his show, though fairly small for the ground it covers (seventeen pictures to span the thirty-seven years from 1913 to 1950), is valuable as a brisk summary of the man's development. There are "Femme Couchée sur un Canapé" and "Nature Morte aux Cylindres Colorés," both all cones, discs, and cylinders, to illustrate his early preoccupation with mechanistic elements and his effort to use them to portray all phases of life, in conformity with his view that our age is essentially a machine one. These, one must admit, seem a little thin now, not only because the idea itself has lost its novelty but, more importantly, because the treatment is tentative and inconclusive. But they are followed, on the one hand, by a preliminary version of "Les Disques" (one of his first really major paintings), in which the mechanistic style is employed abstractly, and, on the other, by a study of an interior with figures, called "Les Trois Femmes aux Fleurs," in which it is applied to human subjects, and in both these the method is used with a great deal of forcefulness, validity, and assurance.

Léger, though his approach is rather solemn, has always been a vigorous experimentalist. There was a period in the middle nineteen-twenties—exemplified in the show by his "Peinture Murale"—when he seems to have been influenced slightly (and belatedly) by the Purist style. But this was only transitional, and around 1930 he embarked on a series of organic abstractions, based on natural objects instead of machine ones. These, together with his big, formalized figure studies, such as his "Cyclists" series, have occupied him ever since. This last phase, I'm afraid, is skimped in the show, in that the pieces chosen for this section are far from being his top ones for the period. But there is enough to suggest the extraordinary feeling of serenity and strength Léger has been able to convey in the paintings of his maturity. As one looks back over the collection, one perceives that he has always been seeking a classic monumentality. Even in his earliest examples the impulse was there, and though it is obscured at times by the demands of the rather arbitrary technique he had adopted, it emerges in the "Les Trois Femmes aux Fleurs" and in "Le Petit Déjeuner," which is of about the same epoch. It is even clearer in his more recent "Papillon et Fleur," a landscape study; the sculptural "Les Deux Sœurs;" and the charming "Deux Figures et une Fleur," in which it is worth noting how subtly the artist has used broad black outlines around large areas of luminous color to create a feeling of medieval calm, almost of a stained-glass window. Léger has faults, or perhaps one should say limitations, most of which can be summed up in the statement that there is a certain want of lightness and animation about his work. But if he's too ponderous now and then—if he lacks, say, the amiability of Braque, the verve of Matisse, and the elasticity of Picasso—he still possesses a sober force and a sturdy assurance that are valuable in their own right. I have a feeling that he may, so to speak, have crept up on us artistically, and have become one of the modern Old Masters without our quite knowing it.

MAX BECKMANN, who died in New York last December, is being shown at the Buchholz. His roots—in Impressionism and, to a considerable extent, in German Expressionism—are more easily established than Léger's, and for this reason he is more easily approached. Yet he has something of the stubborn, bristly quality of the other man, and I was a long time getting to appreciate the painterly qualities that lie beneath the turgidly dark, almost too "worked" surface appearance of his paintings.

The new show, which is made up entirely of pictures done in the last year or so of his life (one, the large triptych called "The Argonauts," was completed just the day before he died), reveals at once his best qualities and his weaknesses. Some, like "City Night," with its tangle of figures and grotesque symbolism, and the heavy-handed

"Still Life with Pigeons," seem to me merely confused. But these are few, and in compensation there are a number of others that show this artist at just about the height of his performance. "The Argonauts" (here again, however, the symbolism is a trifle misty; as I understand it, the lesson is that the artist's life must be one of continual search, though he is beset by sirens) has an Attic serenity that is infinitely charming, while in such pieces as the cool, sunny "Still Life with Musical Instruments," the darker "Backstage," and the tenderly sensuous "Dreaming Girl," he indicates a capacity for emotional suggestion that is truly commanding.

DAVID SMITH, who is showing a new set of his abstract sculptures at the Willard, is possibly the thorniest of the lot. Every artist, even the most "representational," has to create a symbolic language to express his ideas, and—if he is to succeed—make the world accept it. Smith, still fairly young as artists go, has perhaps not had time to make his own language valid. I also think that he sometimes stacks the cards against himself—as in "The Letter," which is in the show—by indulging in too personal and private references, to the confusion of his audience. But in others the symbolism is clearer, and in most of these, if one takes the trouble to study them, one finds beneath their slight surface difficulties a wealth of deep philosophic insight, compactly expressed and set forth with great sculptural ingenuity and power. I especially liked "The Forest" and "The Cathedral," as well as the flowing and poetic "Song of the Landscape." —ROBERT M. COATES

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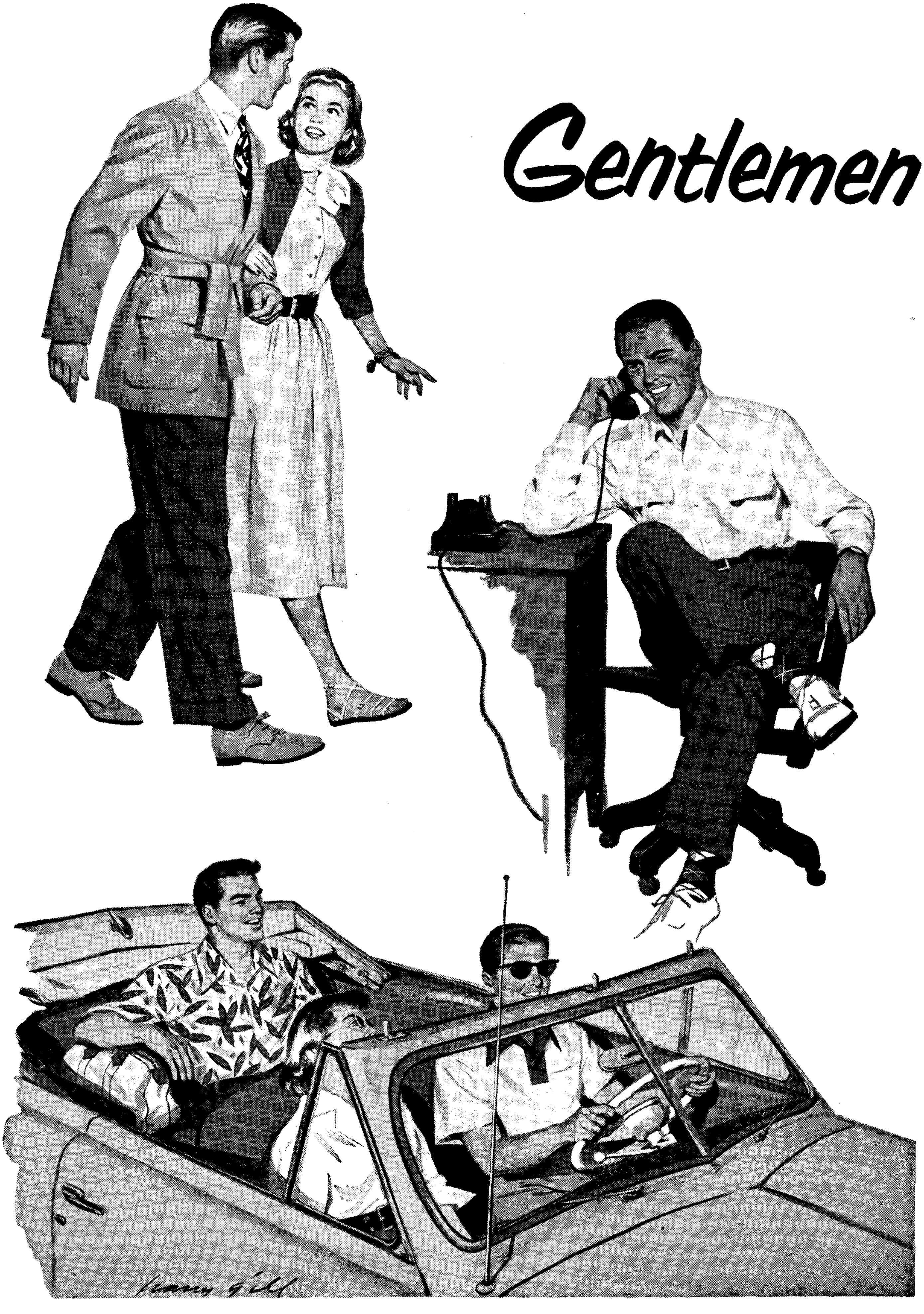

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VISITING DAY

IN No. 6 ward of a London general hospital, Mrs. Matthews, from her bed near the far corner, saw little Sister Walsh standing tensely by the locked doors and watching the clock on the wall. A young probationer, who had just been distributing canvas campstools, marched down the ward again on rubber-soled feet, glancing at the two trim rows of beds, giving a final twitch to a counterpane or moving a bed table an inch to get it exactly in line with the others. The four patients who were very sick, and so were in the beds nearest the doors, lay on their sides, shoulders hunched, knees drawn up, as though they were trying to get back to the beautiful life of the unborn. Apparently they no longer cared whether they were visited or not. But the twenty who were on the way to recovery sat up expectantly, propped by massed feather pillows, and watched the great doors. There was the peculiar silence in the ward that Mrs. Matthews always noticed just before the visitors were admitted. It was not the nervous quiet that prevailed while the doctors were making their morning round or attending, behind screens, to an urgent case, or the awed silence that filled the ward when somebody was known to be on the point of dying. It was charged with the sort of apprehensive joy that a woman feels while waiting to meet a lover, though, as far as Mrs. Matthews knew, only one of the patients was expecting a lover; the rest were waiting merely for husbands, parents, brothers or sisters, adolescent or full-grown children, or for nothing closer than an acquaintance.

Mrs. Graves, the merriest creature in the ward (and probably, Mrs. Matthews thought, the happiest hospital patient in England, though both her legs were in plaster), put a final dab of powder on her nose, looked at the clock on the wall, and shouted, "Zero hour!" At that precise moment, little Sister Walsh turned the key and flung the doors wide.

It was always exciting to watch the crowd come in, Mrs. Matthews thought. Most of the visitors this Sunday knew the beds they were to sit beside, and they made for them with the speed and purposefulness of homing pigeons. A few appeared bewildered by the two long rows of beds and terribly afraid of slipping on the glassy green linoleum that the nurses, in rubber-soled shoes, sailed over so confidently. Every visitor carried a brown paper package, a basket, or a bunch of flowers, and some had all three. The packages, Mrs. Matthews knew from six weeks' experience, almost always contained clean nightgowns and bed jackets. The younger patients, especially, couldn't bear to be seen in the hospital's white flannel, and even forty-year-old Mrs. Sims, who had a gastric ulcer, weighed a hundred and ninety pounds, and told the whole ward, in a voice like a trumpet, what she thought of husbands, greeted her cynical-looking spouse in blue art silk and an embroidered bed jacket.

Within five minutes, the ward was full of gaiety and animation. Even the women who were very sick smiled wanly up at their visitors. Now there were only two patients without hovering relatives or friends—Mrs. Matthews and her neighbor on the left, Miss Spencer, a diabetic old maid who had been brought in unconscious the previous week.

"Isn't your son coming?" Miss Spencer asked maliciously, and craned her neck from the pillows to see just how Mrs. Matthews was looking.

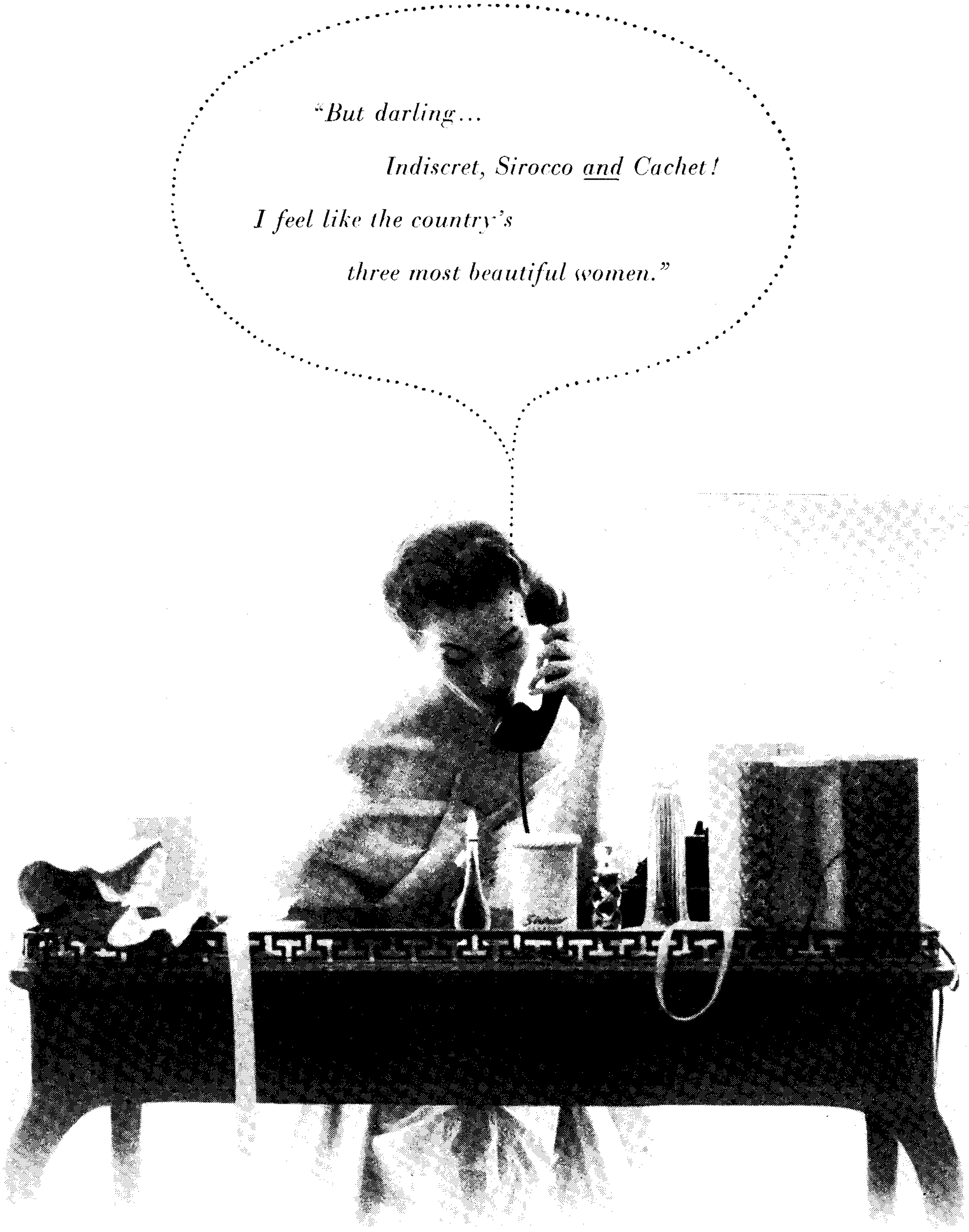
"Peter will turn up. He has a long way to come," Mrs. Matthews said, smoothing her neatly braided gray hair with her unparalyzed hand. She had begun to detest Miss Spencer, who, after being diabetic for ten years, had suddenly decided she wasn't diabetic at all and had brought on a collapse by abandoning insulin and consuming cakes and candy.

"Young people are so inconsiderate," Miss Spencer said. "My sister has three children, and their selfishness is frightful. She's an absolute slave, I tell her."

"My son has been wonderful," Mrs. Matthews said proudly. "He's never yet missed a visiting day, except Wednesday afternoons, when he's working."

"I haven't seen his wife. You said he was married, didn't you?"

Mrs. Matthews regretted confiding in Miss Spencer, but she had seemed so pleasant at first, while she was still weak. It was only during the last two or three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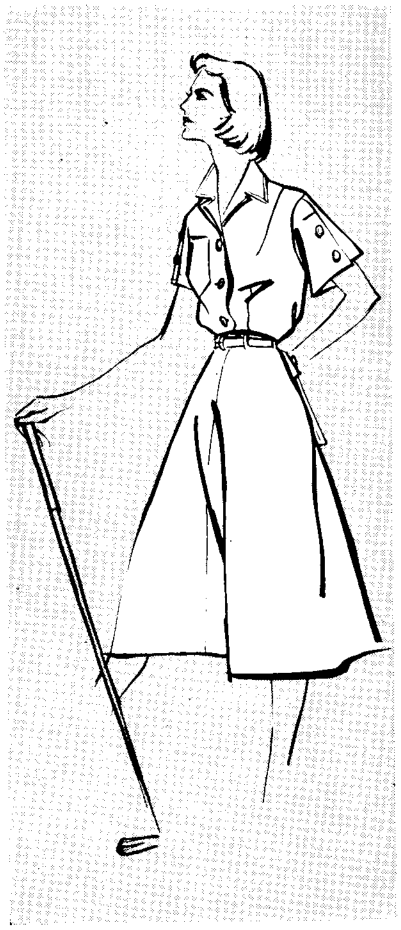

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days, when she was almost ready to be sent home, that her spiteful nature had showed itself. That morning, when Mrs. Matthews' bed was wheeled almost to the foot of the ward, because she now needed very little attention, her first thought had been that she would no longer be next to Miss Spencer, but five minutes later Sister Walsh had ordered the spinster's bed to be moved, too.

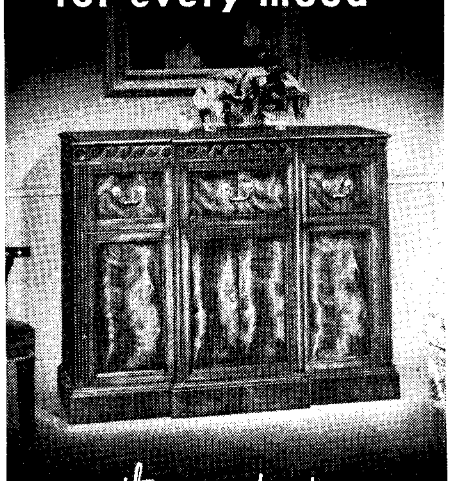
A thin, shabby, middle-aged woman, who looked rather like a scared black hen, was coming hesitantly down the ward, clutching a basket.

"Here I am, Selina!" cried Miss Spencer.

Everybody had a visitor now except Mrs. Matthews. Surely he knows how much it means to me for him to come on time, she thought despairingly. Two weeks ago, she had told him, as a joke, about the ambition of every woman in the ward—that her visitor would be the first in the line outside the door. Peter had been amused, but he hadn't yet tried to be first. Usually he came in at the end of the line. Now, ten minutes after the doors had opened, he still hadn't appeared.

Of course, it was his wife's fault. Margaret, Mrs. Matthews thought, was quite capable of stealing ten of her precious ninety minutes. Yet they wouldn't have been able to marry at all if she hadn't given them the upper floor of her little house. To make a kitchen for them, she had been obliged to spend a hundred pounds of her savings. But her daughter-in-law seemed to think of herself as conferring a favor instead of receiving one, and Mrs. Matthews knew that Peter was frequently reproached by his wife for not providing her with a house of her own. Sometimes when Mrs. Matthews went upstairs to the bathroom, which was on their floor, she could hear Margaret's shrill complaints and Peter's low, pleading voice. He had seemed a much stronger character when he was in the Army, before that girl came into his life. Yet even then other men had taken advantage of him, borrowing his money, stealing his possessions. He was quite powerless against evil wherever he met it. And now his mother could no longer fight for him.

Mrs. Matthews looked at her left hand, lying limp on the bedspread. It was still only half alive. But she could move the fingers slightly, with a great effort, and the doctor said that her leg, too, would recover, so that she would be able to walk with a stick. The most maddening thing was that the muscles of the left side of her face were affected;



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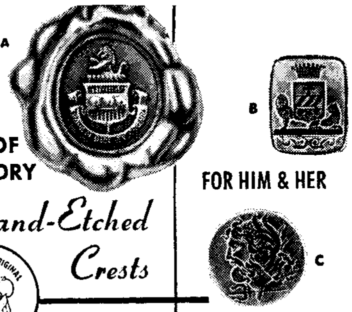

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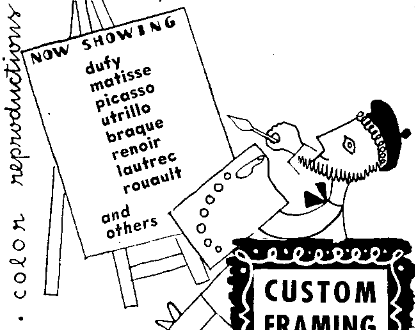

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her mouth turned down at the corner. She hardly ever dared to take out her pocket mirror and look at her face. Her speech was nearly normal now, and the doctor said her mouth would straighten in time. She had taken a quick look at it just before the visitors were due, and it had seemed scarcely twisted at all. Her appearance would horrify Peter no longer. But why didn't he come? Fifteen minutes had gone already.

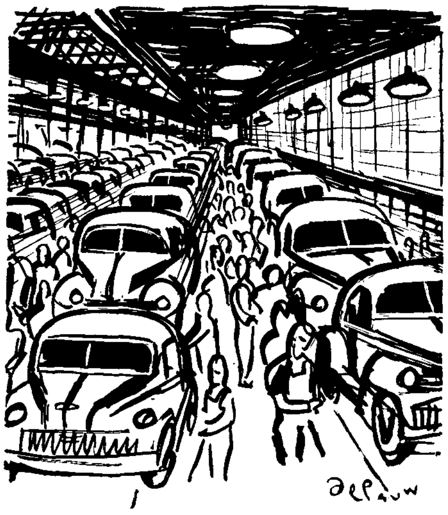
She stared around the room, and her heart leaped as she caught sight of him. He was standing just inside the door—tall, slender, in a gray tweed suit, with a paper carton in one hand and a bewildered look on his face. He couldn't know that she had been moved since his last visit. She lifted her unparalyzed right arm and waved, and he came hurrying toward her, his perplexed look gone. As he bent to kiss her, she trembled.

"Sorry I'm late," he said. "But I just missed a bus, and that meant another ten minutes' wait."

She calculated. Even if he had caught the bus he had aimed for, he would still have arrived five minutes after the doors opened.

"I didn't bring flowers this time," he said, with a shamefaced look at the shrivelled flowers in the vase on her bed table. "Instead, I managed to get you some new-laid eggs, from a fellow in the office. Black market." He began taking the eggs from the paper carton and putting them carefully in her locker. "How do you feel now?" he asked, sitting down awkwardly on a campstool. He seemed to be avoiding her eyes.

"I'm getting on nicely," she said. "The doctor says I'm to start exercises in a few days. They send an ambulance to take us to a gymnasium, in another part of the grounds. And I sat up in



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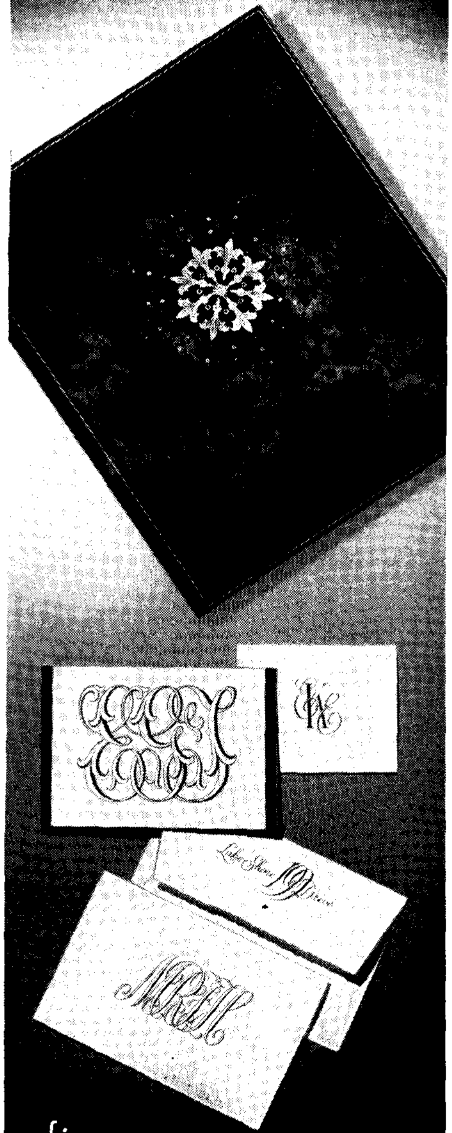

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a chair for an hour yesterday, and after you've gone, I shall sit up again. How's Margaret?"

"She's not feeling very well. The fact is," he said, drawing closer the campstool that the probationer had left beside the bed, "she's going to have a baby, the doctor says, and she gets rather sick in the mornings."

Mrs. Matthews felt as if she had had an electric shock. Peter and Margaret had been married less than four months, they were always short of money, and yet they were going to have a baby.

"I'm so glad," she said. "And, of course, it won't be a great inconvenience to you so long as I'm on the floor below. You can still go out in the evenings while I keep an eye on the baby."

"Yes," he said, trying not to look embarrassed.

They've talked it over, she thought, and decided that I am not to interfere with their baby.

"Have they said anything about sending you home yet?" he asked.

So he wanted her to come home? She gave him a loving look. "They're so short of beds that they never keep you a day longer than they need to," she said, "but I think they make sure you can walk a few steps before they turn you out. Is Margaret very pleased about the baby?" He looked fatigued and worried, she thought. No wonder, with this expense looming over him.

"Yes, except it means she'll soon have to give up her job, and we've rather depended on the money."

"You'll learn to manage without it," she consoled him. "I find I can live on very little, though I was quite a spendthrift when I had the shop. Thank goodness the hospitals are free nowadays. But I wish they provided proper chairs for visitors. Sitting on those folding stools must be dreadful."

"It isn't bad," he said, leaning his elbows on the counterpane and cupping his chin in his hands.

MRS. MATTHEWS looked around the ward. The visitors were talking animatedly to the patients, and the patients were eagerly answering, except the four nearest the door, who were too sick to say much. The talkative ones formed a very pleasant picture, Mrs. Matthews decided. She looked at her son's brooding face and thought, He wants to tell me something else and hasn't the courage.

"It's a pity I can't knit for the baby," she said. "But I still can't use my left hand. Is Margaret knitting anything?"

"She says she won't either knit or

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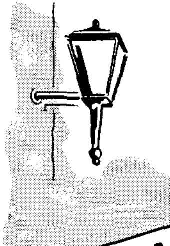

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sew." He gave an embarrassed laugh. "Everything'll have to come from a shop."

How like her extravagant ways, Mrs. Matthews thought. "Well," she said, trying to smile at him and barely succeeding, "she shouldn't do anything she dislikes, just now."

"No," he said. He turned and glanced around the lively, sunlit ward. His lean face had an almost emaciated look. She wondered if he wasn't getting enough to eat. "What handsome shades!" he exclaimed, looking at the white bowls suspended from the ceiling. "I should like one of that sort for the light in our living room."

Mrs. Matthews remembered how the lights turned a milky blue at night, and how she lay staring at them, hour after hour, listening for the moans that came intermittently from other beds, hearing the sleepy nurse shuffle down the ward to a troublesome patient. "I'll buy you one for your birthday, next month," she said, and smiled.

He seemed about to say something; then his mouth tightened and he hesitated.

"Look at those great, hulking fellows over there," he said, nodding at three gigantic visitors sitting around a bed on the other side of the ward. "Are they gypsies?"

"No, they're bargees." Now she had a topic on which to talk until he could bring himself to tell her what was bothering him. Talking tired her, but that was of no consequence. She could rest when he had gone.

"Their mother was brought in off a barge," Mrs. Matthews said. "The nurses put screens around her bed and scrubbed her clean, inch by inch. Nurse Bond says she looked as if she'd been rubbed all over with soot. But her three sons seem to be devoted to her. They bring baskets of food and flowers, and she snaps their heads off. Not the flowers' heads." She smiled. "The sons'. Nurse Bond says she swore dreadfully when they came ten minutes late on Friday night, and they were certainly on time today. But you'd think they'd know not to come to the hospital in woollen jerseys. On a Sunday, too!"

"Perhaps they've got no other clothes." Peter laughed. "What's wrong with the mother? From here, she looks like a waxwork murderess."

"It must be serious, because sometimes she howls like a wolf," Mrs. Matthews said. "Especially at night. Says she can't stand the pain and wants an injection. Nurse Bond says the doctors

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daren't give her much, as she'll need more later. I'm sorry for her, poor thing, even though she does look like a murderess."

"Nurse Bond seems to tell you all the news." He gave her a tolerant smile. "And do you tell her all about yourself, too? It would only be fair."

She flushed, remembering how she had confided in Miss Spencer. "I haven't anything to tell," she said. "Except that I'm going to be a grandmother, and you won't want me to broadcast that just yet. By the way, do I speak clearly now? To my own ears, I sound slightly drunk."

"You sound quite normal to me." He looked across the ward at a pretty nurse who was putting screens around a bed and disturbing half a dozen visitors. "What's happening over there?"

"Oh, that's Mrs. Lucas, who has kidney trouble. She has to have a bedpan at inconvenient moments. And they can't leave one in bed with her—it's against the hospital rules." He was still shirking the effort of confessing his worries. Well, she must give him time. "Will Margaret have the baby at home?" she asked.

"No. She's already booked a bed in a hospital. In Queen Charlotte's, where they specialize in midwifery. You can go there for either a first baby or a difficult case. The only thing that worries her is that it's thirty miles away, and she's afraid of having the baby in a taxi."

"First babies aren't in a hurry," Mrs. Matthews said. "You were twelve hours."

She tried to think back to that day, twenty-five years ago; though she had believed at the time that every detail of the experience was burned into her brain, there was nothing she could remember except the way she had clutched the chloroform pad at the end. It was all very different now, she knew. Quite cozy, with anesthetics from the first severe pain. But that struggle had been trivial compared with the daily effort of bringing her child up and paying for his education, after his father died. She had run her little gown shop for fifteen years, and it had provided just enough to send Peter to a good school and to article him to a solicitor, and to pay off the mortgage on her home. Still, clever as Peter was, he hadn't prospered much. Like his father, he lacked the ability to make money. A year ago, after she had sold the shop for a thousand pounds, and paid the final two hundred on the mortgage, she had hoped he would make no more demands

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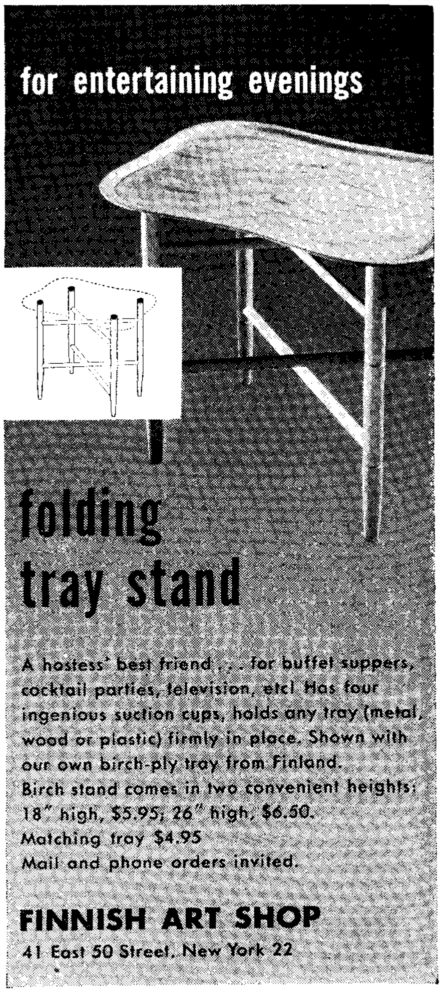

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on her. But she had had to pay for the remodelling of the house. All his savings had gone for furniture, he said. Still, he tried hard, she knew.

"Mother." He spoke in a fierce whisper. "Can you lend me five hundred pounds?"

She stared at him aghast. So this was what he had been trying to say to her!

"I've only got six hundred left," she said. "I've had to use nearly a hundred to live on since I gave up the shop—I can't live on my widow's pension. And I shall never be able to go out to work again. What do you want it for?"

"Mr. Henderson says I can become a junior partner if I put down five hundred." He gave her an imploring look. "You wouldn't want me to turn it down. And there's no need for you to worry. We'll look after you."

This is her doing, Mrs. Matthews thought. If I've got no capital, I'll have to remortgage my house to live. But she doesn't care. For fifteen years I've dreamed of owning my own home, and now I'm to go back to a mortgage.

"Did Margaret agree to your borrowing it?" she asked.

There was a burst of laughter from the middle of the ward. *Somebody* was happy, at any rate.

"Naturally, she wants me to get on," he said. "She wants to see some future for us."

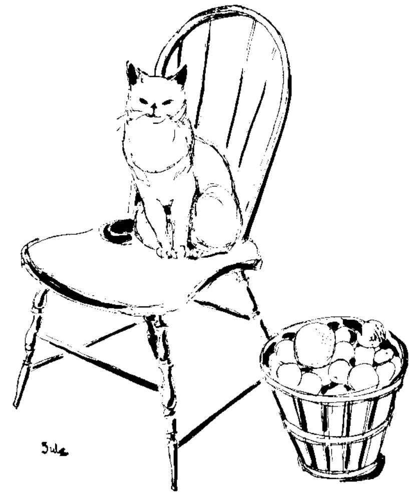
"Can you trust Mr. Henderson with your future? I don't quite like him."

"You're prejudiced because he's a bit gay," Peter said cheerfully.

"Very well," she decided. "When must he have the money?"

"Right away. I—I took the liberty of bringing your checkbook." He took it clumsily out of his pocket.

"It's lucky my right arm isn't affected." She smiled down at him. He seemed like a little boy again, sitting on that low stool and looking hopefully up



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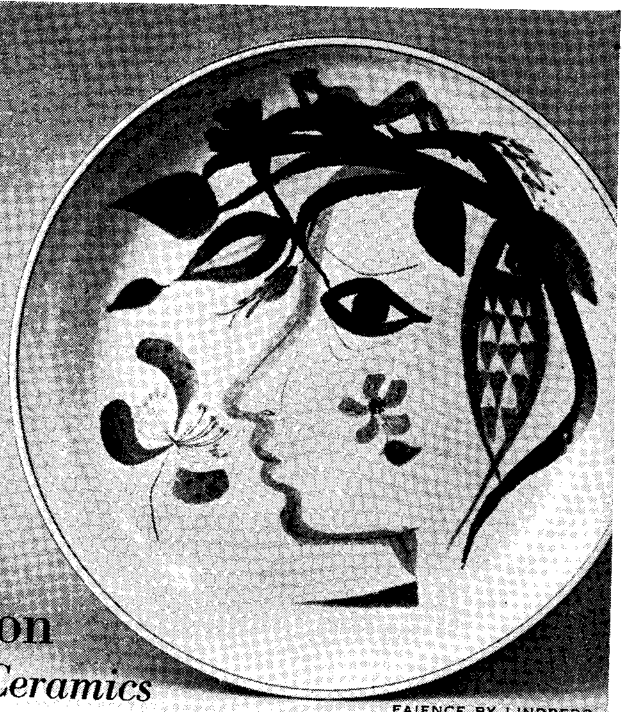

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at her. "I suppose I make the check out to you?"

She put the checkbook on her locker and wrote according to his whispered directions. He's wise in trying to hide our affairs, she thought, giving a furtive glance at Miss Spencer, who was spreading a clean nightgown on her bed and complaining to her visitor.

"I wonder what happens when you can't write," Mrs. Matthews said, and smiled. "I suppose you delegate your powers to your son, in the presence of a lawyer. Still, I'm glad it's my left hand that's damaged."

"Thank you," he said fervently as she handed him the check. "You'll never regret it."

He might have been punctual this once, when he had so much to gain, she thought. But even for five hundred pounds he couldn't catch the earlier bus.

"HERE are the nurses with the tea trolleys," Peter said. "I suppose that means we clear out."

The staff nurse called, "Time, please." The visitors began gathering up their empty baskets and bags, and stuffing soiled nightgowns and bed jackets into them. There was a great deal of kissing and laughter. Only, the patients who were very sick looked paler than ever, as though the ordeal of being agreeable for an hour and a half had been too much for them.

"Goodbye, darling," Mrs. Matthews said. "I'll see you next Friday evening, I hope. And perhaps it'll be the last Friday I'll spend in here."

"I hate for you to be without a visitor Wednesday afternoon," he said. "Perhaps Margaret can come."

"It's too long a journey, especially if she's feeling sickly. I don't mind not having a visitor," she lied. "I read, or put on my earphones. We're tuned in to the Light Program, and sometimes it's quite entertaining."

"How many pieces of bread and butter, Mrs. Matthews?" Nurse Bond asked, pushing the bed table forward and dumping a cup of tea on it.

"Two, please. And thank you for the eggs, darling. Now I need never eat another kipper for breakfast or supper."

He kissed her cheek. She had an impulse to cling to him, but she managed to suppress it.

The visitors were going down the ward now. The more exuberant ones were walking backward and waving their arms in farewell. Peter strode after them, and at the door he turned and waved. She waved back.

"Isn't it lovely to have visitors?"

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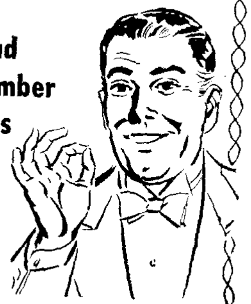

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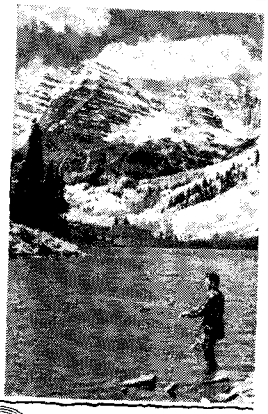

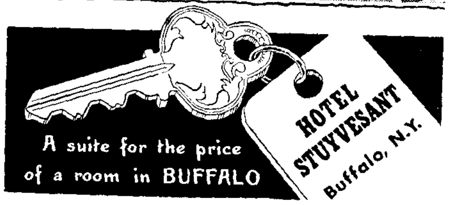

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said young Mrs. Webster, on the right of Mrs. Matthews. She had had pleurisy, which in a ward full of serious illnesses was regarded as rather minor. "I had three today. My husband and both my sisters."

The last visitor had gone and the doors were shut, but half the patients were still craning their necks, trying to get a final glimpse through the glass panels.

"I send her a list of things to get from my flat," the diabetic Miss Spencer said angrily, "and she brings half of what I want. She makes me so furious I can hardly keep my hands off her."

"It's very difficult finding things in other people's houses," Mrs. Matthews said soothingly.

"I saw your son brought you some eggs," Mrs. Webster said, and smiled at her. "He looks such a kind, thoughtful boy."

"He is." Mrs. Matthews bit into her bread and butter. There's a hundred pounds left in the bank, she thought. Perhaps I shall never need it. They say that when you've had one brain hemorrhage, you always have another before long.

"Did you have a nice visit?" little Sister Walsh asked brightly. "I saw your handsome son come in."

"Lovely, thank you, Sister," Mrs. Matthews said.

—Winifred Williams

•

The rate for children is based on $4 a week for each year of age; minimum, $15 a week. Examples: 1, 2, or 3-year-old, $15; 5-year old, $20; 12-year-old, adult rate. $5 a week bed charge, but no food charge for bottle or breast-fed babies—you bring the bottles.—*Folder of a California ranch.*

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ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

MARKETS AND MENUS

SINCE these columns have so often resounded to my grumblings about the quality of the bread to be had around town, it becomes practically an obligation for me to hail any discernible improvement in the status of the local loaf. Unfortunately, the hailing I am about to do has no cause to be either prolonged or vociferous, but there has recently appeared among us enough good honest bread to make it possible to bring up the subject with something approaching satisfaction.

By this time, everybody who is at all interested in the matter has undoubtedly sampled the partially baked French loaf and club rolls put out by Pepperidge Farm, so there is little point in mentioning these products, which first appeared last summer, except to commend the Farm for taking a step in the right direction. Neither the rolls nor the loaf can properly be called authentically *French* (they are too sweet, for one thing), but they are made with pure, undoctored flour that not only tastes good but smells good, they are crusty and, necessarily, fresh, and they are far better than anything else of the kind to be found on grocery-store shelves. Moreover, Pepperidge Farm surely isn't already so set in the way it produces them that its bakers can't reasonably be expected to come, in time, somewhat nearer the French model.

With a great flourish of publicity, the British have recently obliged by sending us not exactly a bread but the formula for making the Hovis loaf, which is now produced in this country through some complicated arrangement involving flour mills in Minneapolis, a number of bakers, and, of course, Hovis. This is not the crusty Hovis white loaf, so superior to most of our own store-bought breads, that used to be in favor from Lands End to John o' Groat's; it is a moist light-brown health bread of the sandwich type, extremely rich in Vitamin-B complex, excellent for toast and for canapés, but not much help with dinner. Its most distinctive characteristic is its high wheat-germ content—higher than that of any other loaf on the market. The wheat germ, containing valuable but quickly deteriorating fats, is part of the grain that is extracted in the course of ordinary milling, but special Hovis methods keep it in the flour, and the flour is used before it has a chance to spoil. Also, additional wheat germ is added to the flour. The bread has an agreeable nutty flavor and is, in fact, much pleasanter-tasting than anything so virtuously bursting with health-giving properties has any right to be. It comes sliced, costs a quarter a loaf, and is sold by almost all first-rate grocers.

If it's toast or sandwiches you want, I know of no bread any better than—or, indeed, quite as good as—a couple of loaves, a white and a whole wheat, turned out by a consignor of the New York Exchange for Woman's Work, 541 Madison Avenue (54th). This bread (which, thank goodness, doesn't come sliced) has not been "enriched" or otherwise improved out of all semblance of flavor, as our commercial loaves of the same type have been, but is the same unpretentious standby that some fifty years ago used to be baked in most American family kitchens at least once a week. The Exchange has both the white and the whole wheat on hand, fresh, every day except Sunday and Monday, for twenty-five cents a loaf, but the bread is in great demand, so it's safer to have it reserved.

A new rye bread, called Golden Crust Bermuda, is for a rather special taste, but one that, to judge by rapidly increasing sales, has a prodigious number of devotees. The loaf is small and slim, like the French *flûte*, with a good, moist crumb generously studded with caraway seed and flavored with onion. The onion taste is not at all strident, but I think it is more enjoyable when it isn't competing with other flavors and that the bread is at its best eaten plain with sweet butter. Even some of those who hold onions in affection, though, may not admit that they have any place in bread. Golden Crust Bermuda is sold, at prices that vary from eighteen cents to a quarter a loaf, by such stores as Altman; Vendôme, 415 Madison Avenue (48th); Waldorf Delicatessen, 772 Third Avenue (48th); and Hession & Connolly, 175 Madison Avenue (34th).

MY own dissatisfaction with the general run of commercial bread is probably shared by a good many people, but only a few seem to feel much concern over the sorry white flour that is usually offered us. I don't pretend to know what has happened to our flour;

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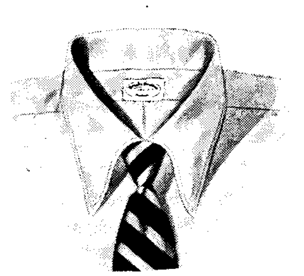
I know that it is made from the best wheat in the world and milled according to the most scientific principles, but somewhere along the line, what with this being extracted and the other being added, it loses both fragrance and flavor, with the result that it contributes little or no taste to a homemade *vol-au-vent* or a batch of biscuits. This being a personal grievance of long standing, I wouldn't bring it up again if I had not recently come upon some perfectly splendid unbleached white flour, water-ground at the Great Valley Mills, at Ivyland, in Bucks County, Pennsylvania. The mills produce two varieties—one especially for bread, ground from North Dakota wheat, and the other suitable for pastry, ground from Bucks County wheat raised according to the enlightened methods of organic farming. The disciples of this kind of agronomy are, you know, in earnest revolt against synthetic enrichment of the soil, claiming that crops so fertilized lack the nourishment they should have. Both flours come in three-pound bags; the North Dakota variety is ninety-seven cents, the Pennsylvania seventy-nine cents. Postage for either is nineteen cents within a radius of a hundred and fifty miles from Ivyland. The concern also sells water-ground whole wheat, buckwheat, corn meal, and so on, ground in a number of reconditioned water mills around the country. The white flour is the only one I know of that is produced by water power turning the buhrstones so slowly that practically no heat is generated to affect the original taste of the grain.

CITY folk on the quest for a fresh egg should be interested in some exceptionally fine ones that are produced, like the wheat just spoken of, with the blessings of the organic crowd and shipped, just as soon as they are taken from the nest and cooled, by Smith's Organic Farm, Red Hook, New York. Since holding an organic farmer down to a short and simple explanation of how his principles apply to egg-raising is about as hard as getting a follower of Henry George to make a brief statement on the Single Tax, I'm not sure I have grasped all the reasons these eggs are bound to be more delicious than other eggs. Even if some of their organic qualities have eluded me, though, I have no difficulty in recognizing them as marvellously fresh, with, I *think*, a richer flavor than is to be found in ordinary eggs. The white is remarkably thick and firm, and the egg retains much of its ovoid form when poached; you will observe, too,



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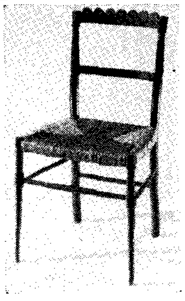

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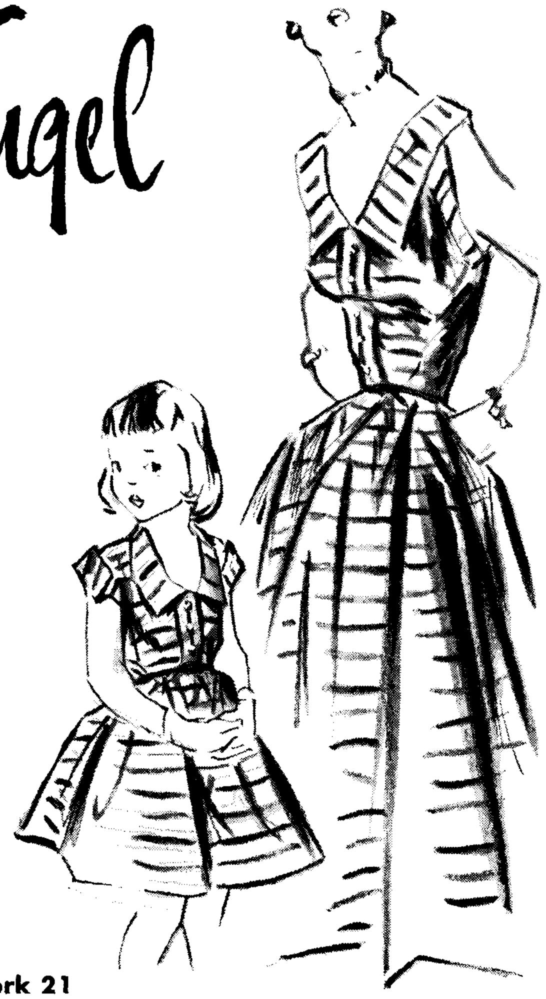
that the skin inside the shell is a great deal tougher than in non-organic eggs. All these characteristics, plus a good many that are more apparent to the eye of the organic farmer than to me, are, I am told, properties inherent in this method of cultivation. The eggs are shipped in minimum quantities of two dozen (a dollar a dozen, including postage), packed in sweet-smelling grass and clover clippings. You can get them all the same color or arranged in a checkerboard pattern of whites and browns, as pretty as a picture.

EVERY so often, I have heard rapturous reports of a ham cured and cooked by a Mrs. McLaughlin in Halifax, Virginia. There are a lot of hams in Virginia, and I never got around to sampling this one until the other day, when I learned that it is being carried by Bellows' Gourmets' Bazaar, 67 East 52nd Street, ready-cooked and boned. What its admirers say about it is quite true; it hasn't at all the distinctive flavor of the Smithfield but tastes more like those noble country hams from other parts of the South that, with luck, one could come by before the insidious tenderizing needle and synthetic smoke displaced the aromatic embers of hickory. The cooking of the McLaughlin ham is, moreover, done with great care and the right feeling. It is baked very slowly in a bread dough, which is, of course, discarded after cooking, and it doesn't have the customary highly spiced crust, because the ham purists of Halifax County believe, rightly or wrongly, that there should be no distracting flavors to interfere with a full appreciation of the meat. The hams are sold whole—they weigh around eight pounds, boned—at $2.50 a pound.

WHAT every party giver, man or woman, longs passionately to discover is a brand-new, ravishing cocktail appetizer, preferably one that is no trouble to prepare. Maison Glass, 15 East 47th Street, has very neatly met all three of these requirements by importing a brook trout from Denmark (it is hickory-smoked over here) and offering it for sale accompanied by a jar of exquisitely flavored horseradish-and-sour-cream sauce, of the shop's own making. The Danish trout are somewhat different from our native species, being much larger, for one thing, and rather fatter, so that when the skin is pulled off (this is done quite easily) and the backbone removed, the fillets, with the sauce poured over them, present a very imposing dish. This



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2 minute quiz... for Investors!

It's easy enough to take—but may be more difficult to pass. The questions are those that any prudent investor should ask himself from time to time—the kind that he should have good answers for. We just put these six together to help you clarify your own thinking—to help you decide how sound *your* investment program may be.

Here's the quiz:—

1) Have the prospects for the industries—and companies—represented by my holdings, changed materially in the past six months?

2) Do present earnings adequately cover current dividend rates—the income I'm counting on?

3) If I were selecting stocks today, would I buy the same ones I own now? If not, should I consider selling them?

4) Have I maintained a proper balance between protective, income producing, and growth type securities?

5) Have there been any recent changes in management—or business—that alter the outlook for companies that concern me?

6) Am I thoroughly satisfied that the securities I own are the best that money can buy—for my purposes?

If you aren't satisfied with *your* answers—perhaps ours might help.

Our Research Division will be glad to send available facts and information on any stock that interests you . . . will be glad to examine a list of your holdings—tell you just what it thinks in terms of *your* needs, *your* objectives, *your* particular situation.

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Department SB-27

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is no refreshment for a large cocktail party, since, even when cut into manageable portions, a plate and a fork are needed, but for half a dozen appreciative drinkers the irresistible combination of well-smoked fish and piquant sauce is easy to manage. (You'd better allow one fish to every three guests.) Or the whole, sauce-covered fillets would be a fine beginning for a simple luncheon. Maison Glass asks $1.25 for a trout, and seventy-five cents for a jar of the sauce, which is called Smetana; there is enough in a jar for two fish.

ELLEN GREY, 800 Madison Avenue (67th), has a number of frozen-fish specialties, put up by the Spruce Head Kitchens, in Spruce Head, Maine, that prove conclusively that when a frozen dish isn't good, it's not because it's frozen but because it wasn't good in the first place. Some of these State of Maine fish products are obviously made after reliable recipes and are delicious. There is a clam chowder, for example, that to my taste is the best flavored of any on the market. A lobster thermidor is also very successful—the big lumps of tender lobster meat a credit to the state, and the sauce commendably flavored. The chowder costs eighty-five cents for a package that serves four, and the lobsters $1.25 a portion, each contained in a small but well-filled lobster shell.

A NEW vermouth, called J. Boissière, has arrived from France, and it makes a Martini that is more to my liking than anything of the kind I have tried in some time. It is rather emphatically flavored with pleasant-tasting herbs, and it is so bone, bone dry that it should serve to stay the gin hand of the boys who claim that a Martini simply can't be dry enough unless it is five to one, ten to one—or have they got up to twenty to one by this time? The distributors of J. Boissière warn that it is not an apéritif, to be drunk plain. I am not sure they are right about this, but there can be no doubt that it's mighty nice with gin. It is sold for around $1.95 a bottle at a good many liquor stores, including Macy, Bloomingdale, and Sherry Wine & Spirits, 697 Madison Avenue (61st).

In bringing up the subject of some prepared cocktails put out by Crosse & Blackwell, I am not, it should be understood, addressing those who devote themselves seriously to the intelligent mixing of drinks. There are people, though, in dire need of some sort of help in this matter (I am sure that as many men as women make a simply ghastly

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Martini), and to these I recommend the C. & B. cocktails. Also, they should prove an enormous convenience for travellers, as anybody will realize who has learned how bad a cocktail can be in many bars across the country. The Crosse & Blackwell assortment, which is sold at most liquor stores, consists of Gibson, Old-Fashioned, Martini, and Manhattan, each with the appropriate garnish—cherries, onions, olives, and so on—in a small jar that is screwed into the wide mouth of the bottle. The Gibson and the Old-Fashioned—the best of the line, I think—are $3.92 a fifth, and the Manhattan and the Martini are $3.70.

A new arrival for before-dinner drinking is Dubonnet Blonde, an excellent and very dry version of the famous French apéritif. It's a wonder somebody didn't think of this variation on Dubonnet long ago, for the new drink has all the good qualities of the old—subtle aromatic flavor, same ability to whet the appetite—plus a most gratifying dryness. For those who don't concede that dryness is an improvement, the standard old Dubonnet is, of course, still on hand. The Blonde costs $2.89 and is to be had at Bloomingdale; Macy; Gimbel; Sherry Wine & Spirits; M. Lehmann, 374 Park Avenue (53rd); and a number of other stores. —S. H.

•

SHOUTS WE DOUBT EVER GOT SHOUTED

[*From "Ordeal in England," by Sir Philip Gibbs*]

"He has let us down," they shouted. "He has thrown up the sponge. He preferred that damn woman to England and the whole blinking Empire. He ought to have held on to his job, even if it meant chucking that wench. Aren't we asked to risk our lives every day for him? 'For King and Country, by God!' In time of war we should be asked to give up our wives and women for the country's sake; to do our duty and die like little gentlemen. But that fellow wouldn't give a woman the go by—or keep her in her proper place—for the sake of the whole crowd of us; or the pluck to marry her if he wanted and tell Baldwin to go to hell. But he ought to have kept his job. A fellow doesn't chuck his job like that if he's King Emperor—or a clerk in a city office."

•

TIP FOR CLEANSING HANDS. It will remove every particle of dirt and grime. Pour a little ammonia into a bucket of water. Get two cloths, or sponges. If you live in a 2-story dwelling, procure a ladder. Then wash on the outside every window in the house.—*Boston Globe.*

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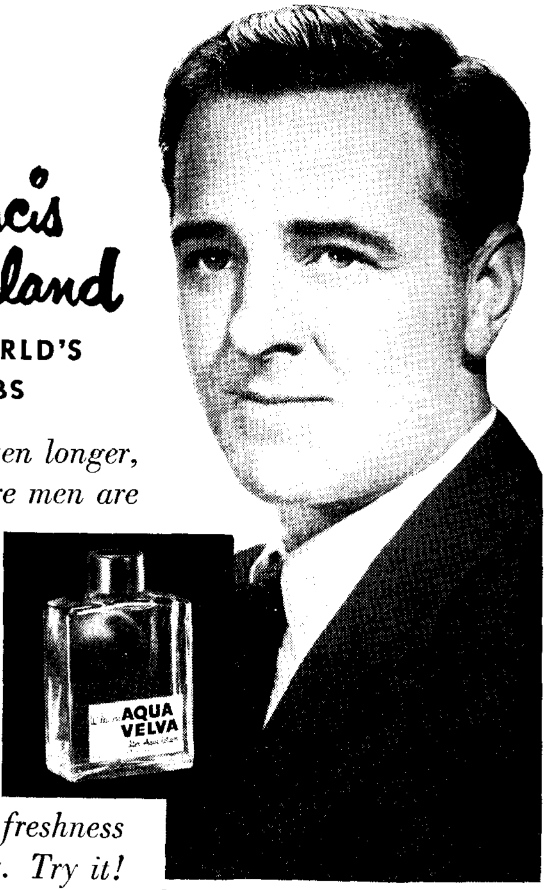


Francis Grover Cleveland, pioneer in the Summer Theatre movement and son of the late President, is a member of the Aqua Velva After-Shave Club.

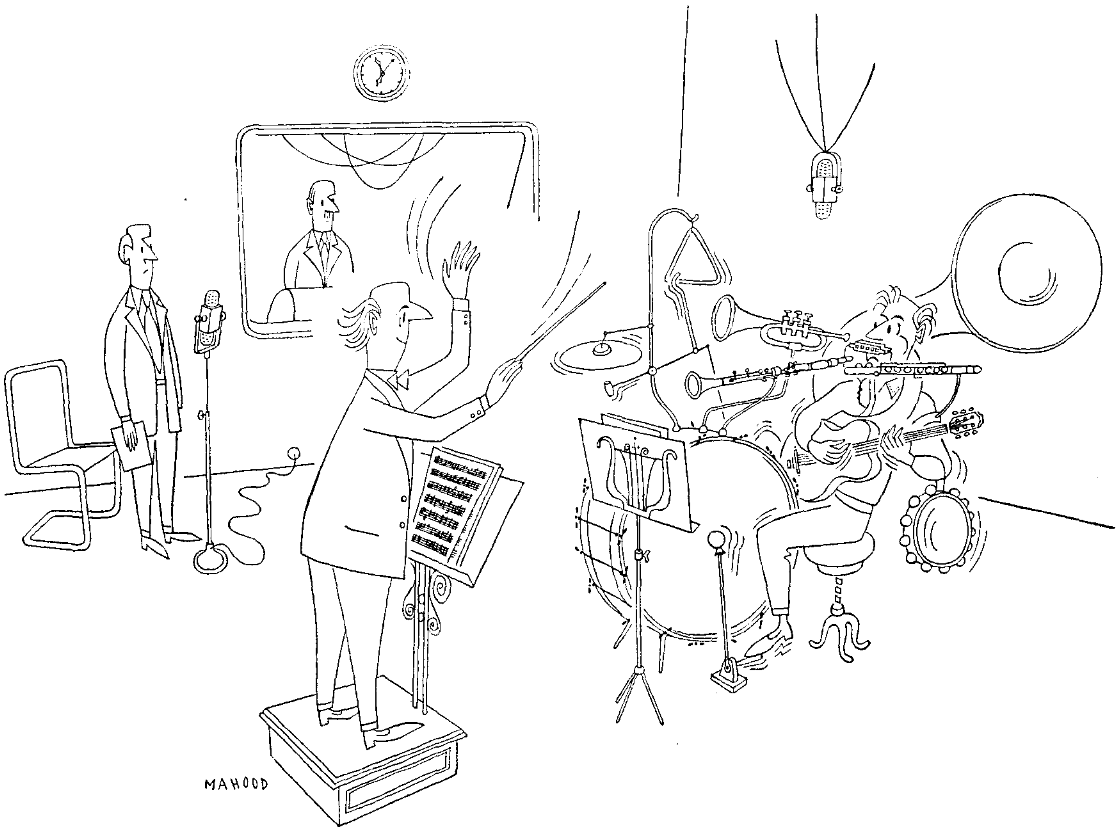
A REPORTER AT LARGE

THE SHRINE

THE tiny Hertfordshire village of Ayot St. Lawrence, known to the world mainly as the home for forty-four years of George Bernard Shaw, is a pocket-size community of ninety-three souls, according to the latest census, taken in 1931. Records show that the population was a hundred and fifteen in 1800, and eleven years later had boosted itself to a hundred and forty-nine, but those hectic, bustling days soon passed. If the modern inhabitants had not included the great ninety-third villager, it is doubtful whether Ayot St. Lawrence would ever have attracted any outsiders other than an occasional artist setting up an easel outside the low, black-and-white inn, the Brocket Arms, or an antiquarian or two pottering among the ruins of the old church. All the same, Ayot residents like to remind visitors, a little tartly, that they have plenty of history, and even remarkable characters, apart from Shaw. The village chronicles go back to the time of Edward the Confessor, when the place was mentioned as being among the possessions that Harold lost to William the Conqueror after the Battle of Hastings. There is a slightly shaky local legend that Anne Boleyn was once locked up in a windowless room that still exists in the old manor house, and a pair of slippers said to be hers were kept in the family of the lord of the manor for centuries. The most notable lord of the manor was an impetuous gentleman called Sir Lionel Lyde, who, toward the end of the eighteenth century, pulled down the ancient church of St. Lawrence because it cluttered up the view from the fine new manor house he was building. (He built it right beside the smaller and far prettier house where Anne Boleyn is said to have left her footwear.) Before the bishop could get his breath back over this rearrangement of the landscape, Sir Lionel commissioned Nicholas Revett, a pupil of Wren's, to build him a charming little Palladian church on a more suitable site, across Ayot Park. Revett tactfully oriented the building so that the fine pillared portico faced east, toward its patron's bedroom windows in Ayot House. The name of the present rector's predecessor sounds as though it had been lifted straight out of "Saint Joan"—the Reverend Armar Corry Vully de Candole.

Before Shaw died, he arranged that his house, Shaw's Corner, with its contents, should pass at his death to the National Trust, which was to show it to the public exactly as it had been during his lifetime. The opening, which was attended by hundreds of people, took place on Saint Patrick's Day. The place is on view Wednesday through Saturday from two until six in the afternoon, and on Sunday mornings. I drove down from London, twenty-five miles away, one Friday recently to see it. I went in the morning because I had an appointment to meet Mrs. Alice Laden, Shaw's housekeeper, who is at the moment acting as custodian and guide. It was about the only beautiful morning that England has had so far this spring. As I drove the few miles from the busy, noisy Great North Road to Ayot St. Lawrence (maybe one of the reasons Ayot has stayed untouched is that those miles consist of perilous, winding, high-hedged lanes, built for hay carts and not conforming to the motoring age by so much as a single twig), I noticed that bright-yellow Automobile Association signs directing departing Shaw pilgrims back to the main road had been attached to all the signposts. It struck me as peculiar that the A.A. had not also thought of indicating the way *to* Shaw's Corner, but I found the house quite easily after asking two little girls who were wobbling along on bicycles. When I got there, I found another yellow sign, emblazoned "Shaw's Corner," supplementing the name that is written in bold iron letters, surrounded by a scroll, along the top of the gate. There was no one about. The house, a large, comfortable-looking villa, seemed absolutely quiet in the sunshine. No one answered my ring, so I cautiously used the knocker, which is a brass mask of Shaw as a sort of laughing cavalier in a sweeping hat. Finally, a small, gray-haired woman, who turned out to be Mrs. Laden, opened the door and asked me in, locking up again carefully behind us.

The hall was bright and pleasant. The right-hand side was roped off by a crimson cord, behind which stood a Bechstein upright piano of light wood, with a Beethoven score open on the rack, and a tall hatstand, on which hung



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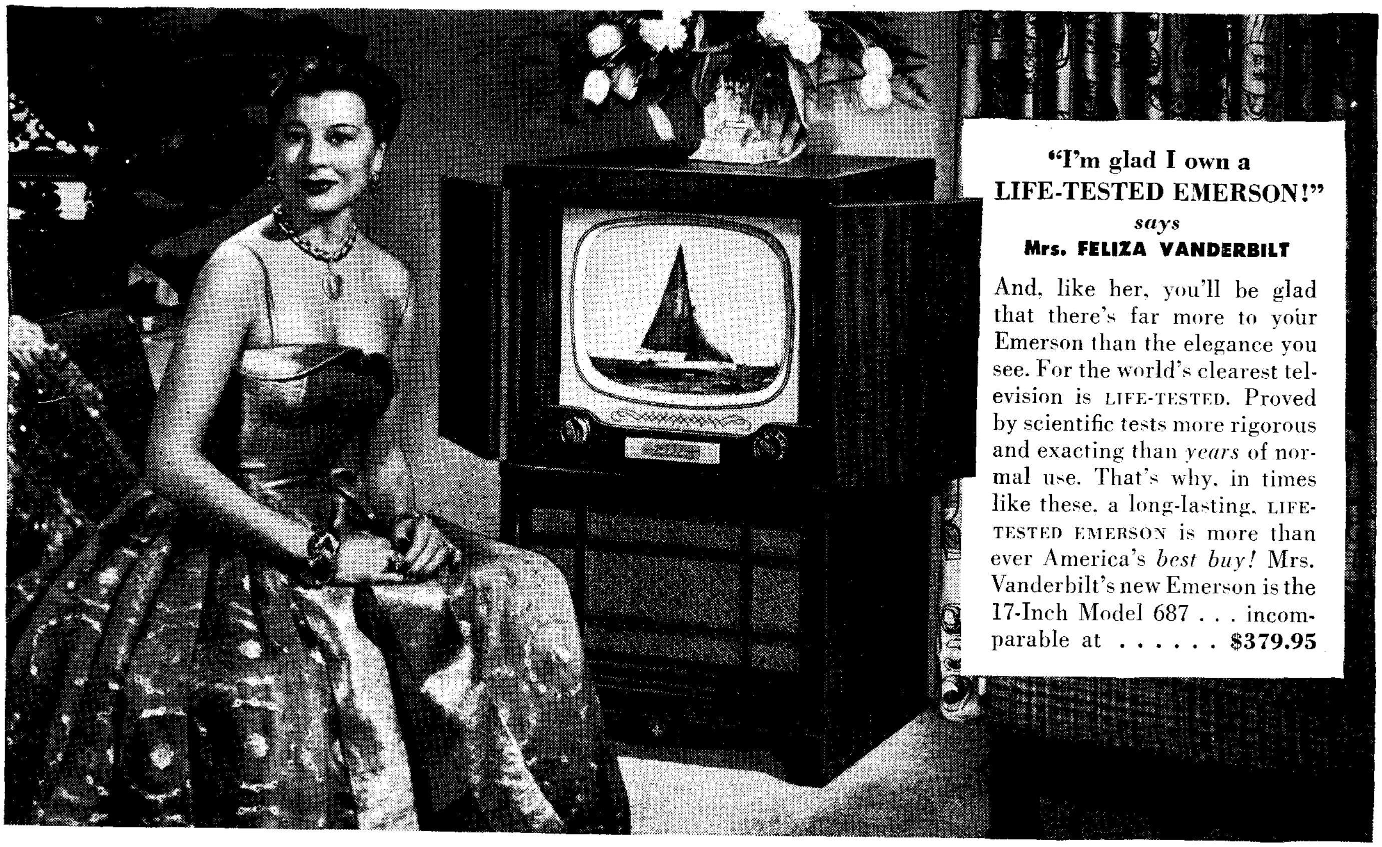

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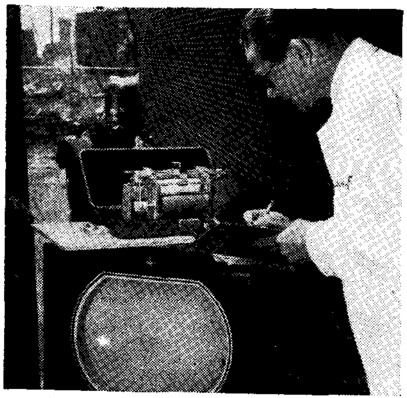

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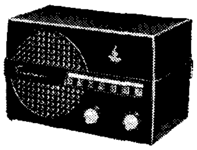

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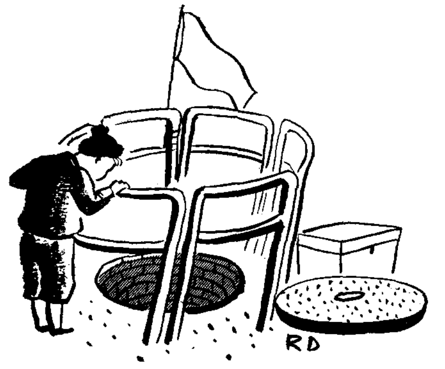
three or four broad-brimmed and rather shabby hats—among them one with a bee veil attached—and an old cloak of checked Irish tweed. The effect of this garment was extraordinarily lifelike, as though it had kept the form of its wearer's tall, thin frame in the same way that a glove keeps the form of the withdrawn hand. In a corner was a new and handsome invalid chair, cushioned in beige corded velvet. Three rooms and a flight of stairs carpeted in soft green, all roped off, opened out of the hall. Coconut matting had been laid over the carpet where we were standing. "It helps with the terrible mud the public brings in," Mrs. Laden said. "Some of the papers got hold of the story that I make everybody take off their shoes before coming in. The idea of such a thing! There's not a word of truth in it." She spoke with a brisk, amiable Scottish accent. She was wearing a severe black housecoat, zippered up the front and trailing quite a bit around her black satin house slippers. This attire gave her something of the appearance of a housekeeper in a Brontë novel, but she looked considerably more humorous than such characters are apt to be, and wore a cheerful shade of nail polish.

Mrs. Laden said that she had gone away for a short holiday after Mr. Shaw died, and then had come back to take on the job of looking after the place. "I do all the cleaning—I'm quite on my own here now," she said. "People ask me if I'm not lonely, especially at night, but I'm not. After I've finished showing the public around, I'm so tired that I just lock up and fall into bed and sleep. But it isn't the same Shaw's Corner any more," she added mournfully. "If Mr. Shaw walked in now, he wouldn't know it—and half the time I wouldn't be surprised if he *did* walk in. All the strangers dashing through, and if there was one thing Mr. Shaw couldn't bear, it was a strange face. Then, with the dirt on the public's feet and the way they throw their admission tickets and other scraps about, it doesn't seem the same house. There never was a more orderly man than Mr. Shaw. Look at his scarves folded up over there, just as he left them after a walk, and all his little gloves tidily put away in the drawer." She pointed to a bowl on top of the piano containing three folded mufflers, and pulled open a table drawer to exhibit the gloves. These included one or two pairs which, she said, were of a special pattern that had been knitted for Shaw for many years by his secretary, Miss Blanche Patch, and which he used to wear while typing.

"Of course, it was Mr. Shaw's own wish that these three downstairs rooms should be kept as a shrine," Mrs. Laden went on, closing the drawer and leading the way into the dining room, "but I doubt if he knew what it would be like. For one thing, he didn't give enough thought to how his wishes were going to be carried out. He left the house and grounds to the National Trust, but not a penny to keep them up properly. I daresay you read his will. All those thousands and thousands to that old alphabet of his. It was one of his ideas I never could agree with. But nothing for Shaw's Corner, and now they're going to launch an appeal for a memorial fund for it. Mr. Harold Nicolson came down here the other day, and I said to him, 'Why didn't you all get hold of Mr. Shaw and tell him that he must make over some of his capital to keep up Shaw's Corner? If you had asked me, *I'd* have put it to him.' I had my own way of getting him to see things. For instance, the curtains in here and the other rooms." She nodded toward the windows, which were hung with a white chintz patterned with small, bright roses. "Mr. Shaw came in here one day with a letter in his hand and said, 'Look at this, Mrs. Laden. There's a check in here for sixty-nine thousand pounds that I'm sending off to Cripps'—supertax or something it was. Oh, the money that man gave to Cripps! It was a perfect scandal, as I was always telling him. Mr. Shaw and I were poles apart politically—I'm a rank Conservative—but he didn't care. It used to amuse him. 'And look what this government will do with it,' I said. 'If you're going to give all your money to Cripps to chuck away for you, why can't we have some new curtains first, to brighten up this drab old place?' That's what I always called it—'this drab old place.' If we'd waited much longer, our old curtains would have fallen apart, but Mr. Shaw never noticed things like that. So he laughed



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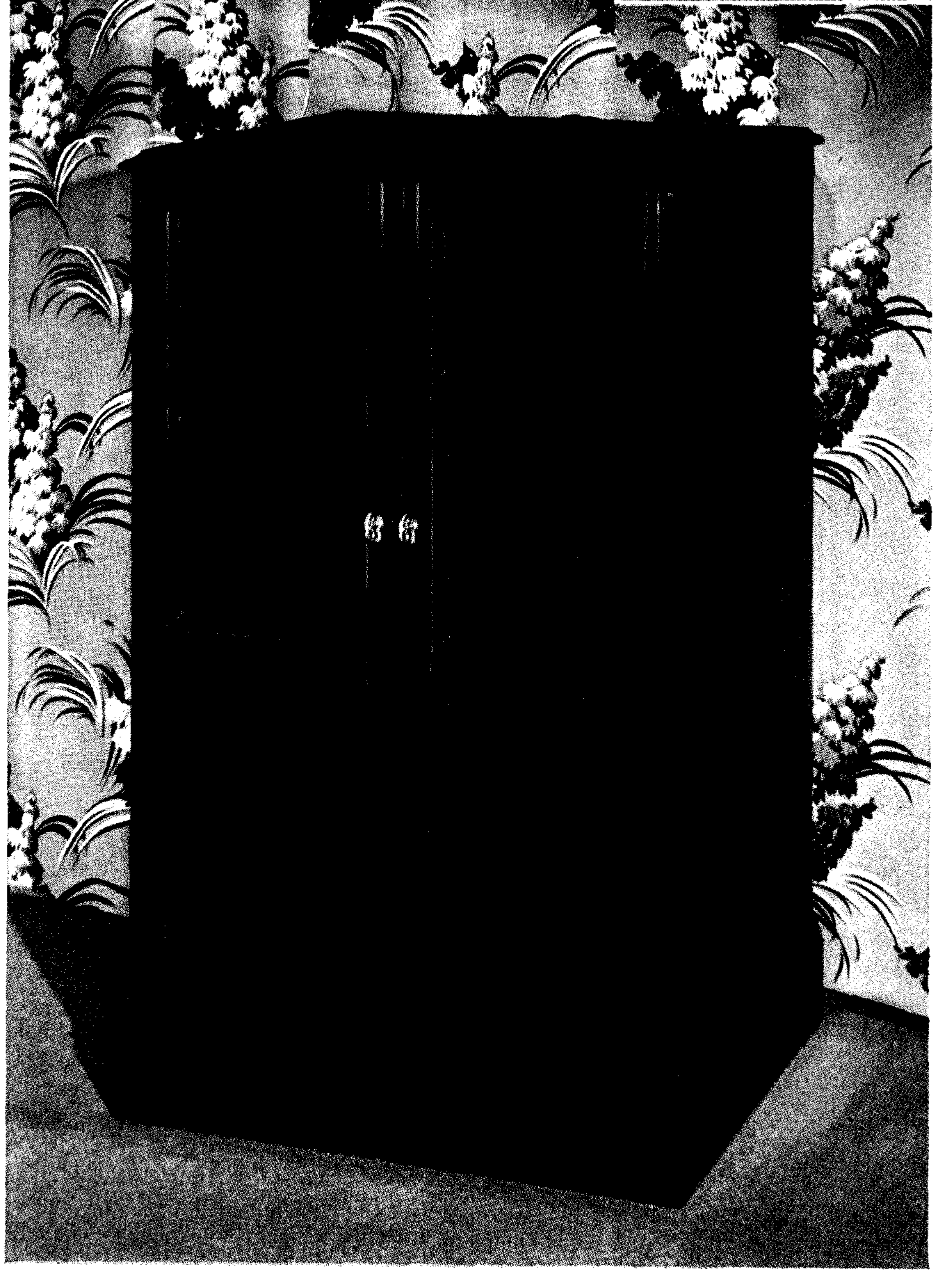

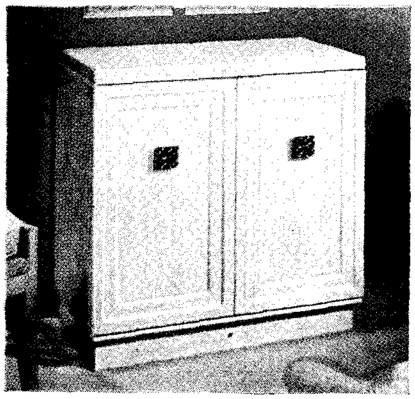

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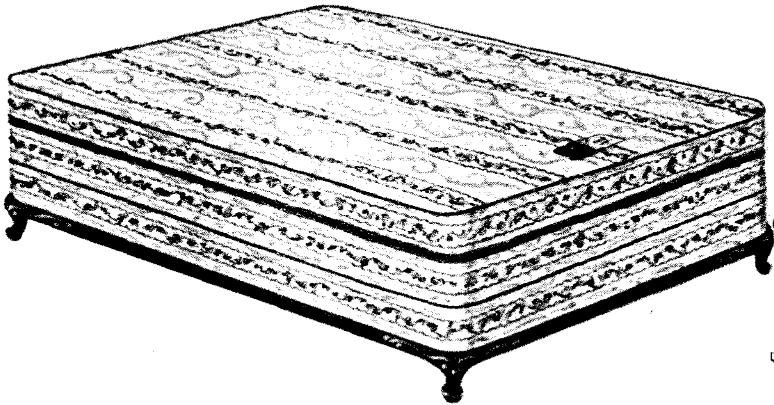

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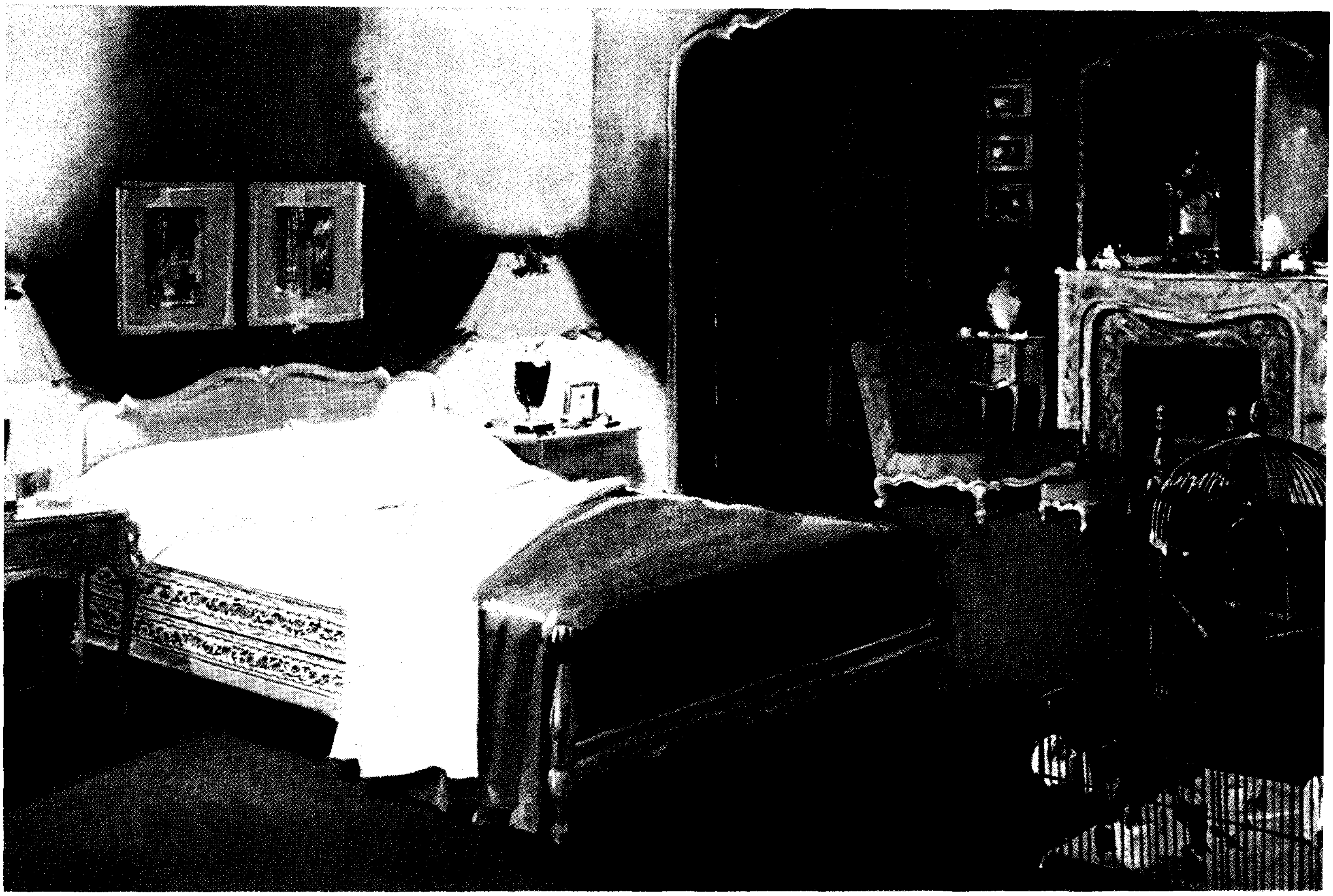

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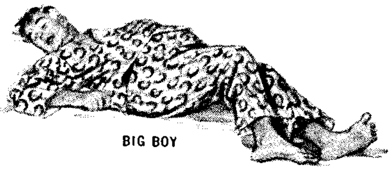

BIG BOY

*TM The Goodyear Tire and Rubber Company ★TM The Englander Company, Inc. © 1951, The Englander Company, Inc., Chicago, Illinois and said all right, and I went off and bought the material and made new ones myself. Mr. Shaw thought they were pretty."

The dining room, most of which was also roped off, was flooded with sunshine. In spite of Mrs. Laden's gloomy observations, everything shone and sparkled with polishing. The walls were hung with the magnificent head of Shaw by Augustus John (Queen Elizabeth possesses another version of this portrait, and the Fitzwilliam Museum, in Cambridge, still another) and the illuminated scrolls recording Shaw's investiture as a freeman of the City of Dublin and of the Borough of St. Pancras. There was also a large copy of the photograph, taken last year, that shows Shaw on the steps of his house, looking frail and leaning forward on his stick as though pugnaciously speeding an unwelcome visitor. Underneath it he had written, in large capitals, "The Chucker-Out." "That's the name he used to call me," Mrs. Laden said, "but it seemed to fit that picture—one of the best he ever had taken. He died in this room. His bed was in the middle, just where the table is now. When they were bringing him home from the hospital, I thought it would be easier to wheel him in and out of the garden from here—you saw the new chair we bought for him in the hall—so I had all his bedroom furniture brought down, and fixed him up here. Everything is put back now, but his bedroom is locked and the National Trust won't let anyone upstairs. When we got him home, I knew that it couldn't be long—he was so altered and quiet and still. An hour after they settled him in, I went in to see him and said, 'Well, here's the devil you know'—he called me that in joke sometimes—'how was the devil you didn't know?' He smiled a bit, but it wasn't Mr. Shaw any more after that."

WE looked in at the drawing room and at Shaw's study, both roped off at the doorway and meticulously spick-and-span. They had an odd air of waiting for someone to come in to bang a few keys of the typewriter, to hammer the floor with the ivory-headed walking stick that leaned against a table, and to destroy the unmistakable neutral museum odor that already, in spite of the sunshine, hung over the place. Mrs. Laden lifted the rope for us to enter the study and then paused and peeled an inch or so of some sort of sticky tape from the doorframe. She clicked her tongue disgustedly and explained that the public trustee had sealed up the

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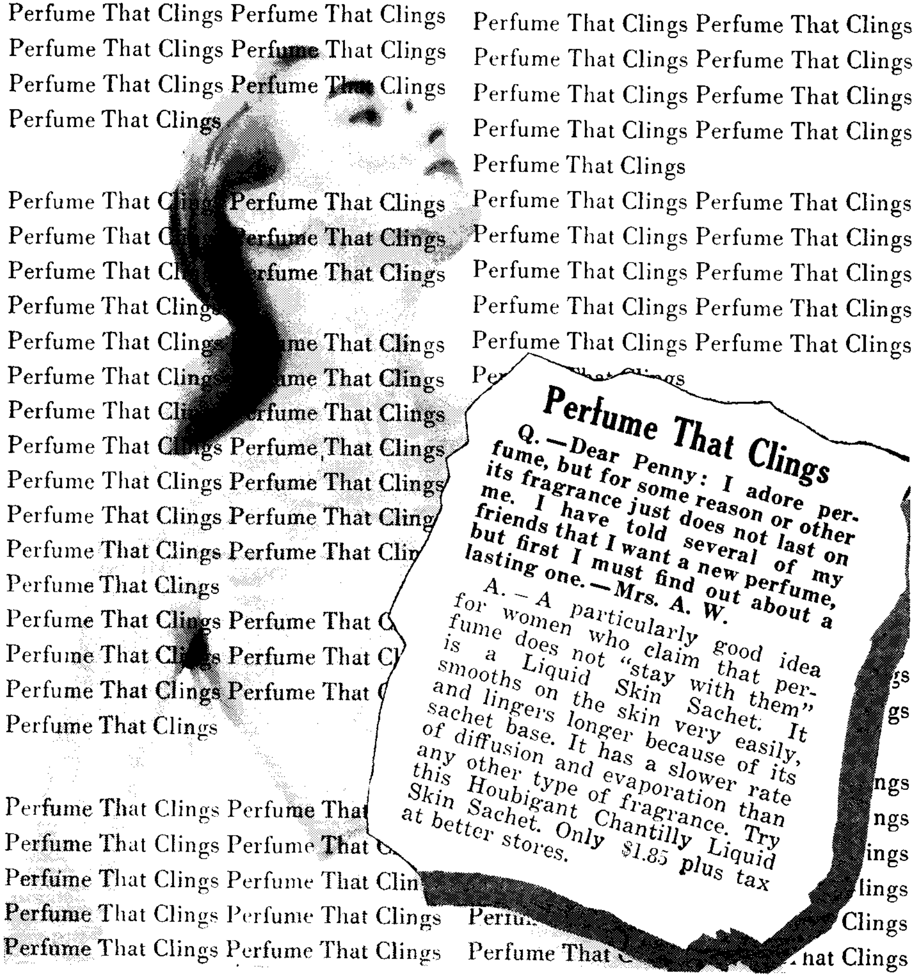

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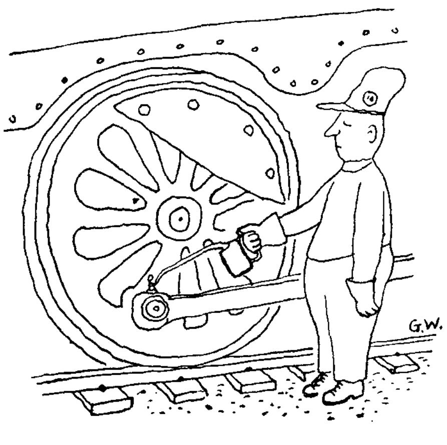
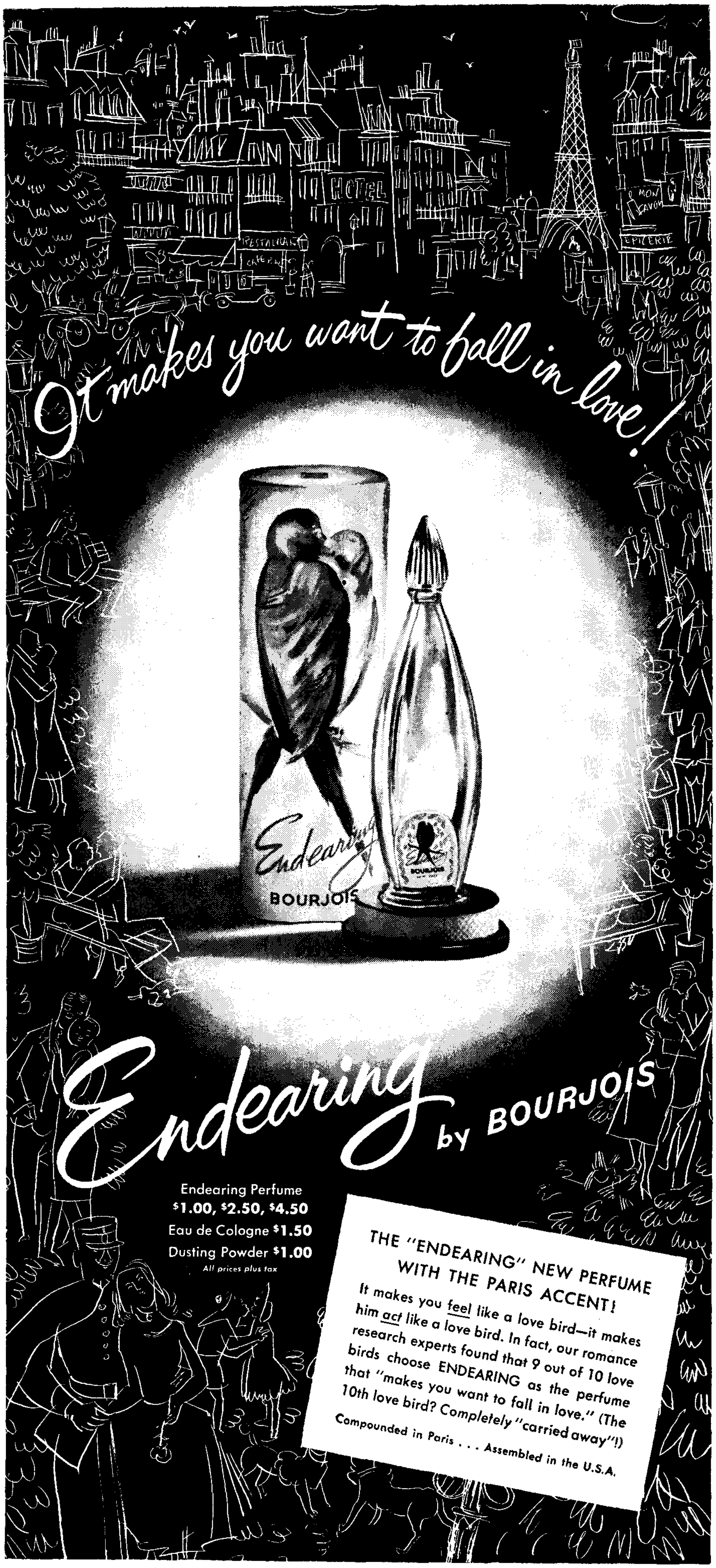
rooms while all Shaw's papers were being sorted out before they were taken away. We stood looking at the big, neat desk, the wall of books going up to the ceiling, the photographs of Barrie, Aldous Huxley, Lady Gregory, Sean O'Casey and his children, and Gene Tunney. There was a double filing cabinet, the drawers labelled by Shaw in large capital letters. The top left-hand drawer was marked "Ayot" and the top right-hand drawer "Russia." The other labels included "Touring," "Motoring," "Odds and Ends and Contraptions," and "Negatives." "Those are two of his cameras hanging there," Mrs. Laden said. "He was very keen on photography. Motoring, too. I went up to London the other day to see his Rolls-Royce sold. I felt I'd like to be there. It fetched over three thousand pounds, though it was a 1939 car. It was a beautiful thing. Mr. Shaw had only done seven thousand miles in it, what with the war and the petrol ration. Some people thought it was funny for a Socialist to have a Rolls-Royce, I know. Well, he was always very good to me, letting me go up to London in it when I went on my holidays. Then, once a week, I would go up to London in it to do our shopping. This house cost twelve hundred pounds a year to run, but it was a nice house. It was a cozy little place when all the fires were lit and all the lights were on. Mr. Shaw wouldn't have central heating. He didn't believe in it. Only the stove in the hall and electric fires." Mrs. Laden sighed and bent forward to pat a fat bolster-shaped green pillow at one end of a cane sofa that was covered with a thick fur rug. "This is where he used to lie down and rest when he was tired after working, and he was tired a great deal of the time toward the end. Oh, he was a nice man. He was a bit of a handful if you didn't know the right way to treat him, but he was a nice man. I'll never forget a minute of my time with Mr. Shaw."

We went back into the hall. Mrs. Laden unlocked a door and showed me a neat cloakroom containing more of Shaw's coats and hats, including a jaunty-looking checked cap, hanging on pegs, and a row of shoes tidily lined up on the floor. "Those on the left are the ones he was wearing when he had his accident," she said. They were brown sandals of the kind worn by little boys. "Everything is just as he left it," Mrs. Laden said as she locked the door. I said that I would like to come back later and join a party going through the house. "I can't say how many we'll get today," she said. "It's fine, but it's cold, and that may keep them away. Over the weekends, I have to make them wait in queues outside in the drive. I can't manage more than fifteen at a time. I doubt if half the public who come to visit the shrine have ever seen one of Mr. Shaw's plays in their lives, or read a word he wrote, but they've seen all the publicity in the papers and they're curious. I feel myself that it's a pity the National Trust didn't wait a bit longer before we opened. There's no proper parking place; they have to go up to the village to park, and sometimes it's a circus. There's quite a bit wants doing to the house, too. We had bombs near us during the war—Mr. Shaw's bedroom windows were blown out one night—and now the cracks in the ceilings are getting bad again, even in the rooms that have been done over."

Mrs. Laden suggested that I might like to see the garden before I left, so we went out to the front, where she unlocked a padlocked side gate to the right of the kitchen window. "Everything has to be locked up here," she said, "or else people wander in and out at all hours. There's a policeman on duty outside in the afternoons to direct the traffic. It all feels very strange to me. Well, if you walk straight down, you'll come to Mr. Shaw's hut, where he did so much of his writing." I said goodbye for the moment, and she went back into the house. The garden slopes rather steeply, in grassy banks, from the high-placed house down to some herbaceous borders, shrubs, and rough grass. At the bottom is Shaw's hut, screened by hollies and elms. A gardener who was forking the earth in one of the flower beds straightened up and immediately began talking, as though he were not sorry to have some company in the bright, blowy, silent garden. He was a friendly-looking man who spoke some sort of slow and drawling country English. He pointed to the kitchen garden, where a few rows of Brussels sprouts and some cabbages stood, like the forlorn solitary survivors of Shaw's vegetarian diet, and told me that they were going to put it all to grass this spring. "It's a pity," he said. "It was a nice garden, it was, when it was looked after properly. Mrs. Shaw was the one who took the interest in ordering the flowers and that, until she died eight years ago, but Mr. Shaw liked it, too. If you walk past the greenhouse, a bit farther on, you'll see his initials and Mrs. Shaw's on the glass, framed in shamrocks. The people who come to see the place, they don't often think of walking past there, so most of them miss it. Those who does see it often come up to me and say, 'I never knew he had a wife.' I tell them that Mrs. Shaw was a proper good one, too." He stuck his fork in the earth and started to walk with me along a grass path, bending down every now and then to yank up a weed. "This is the way he'd come for one of his little strolls," he said. "Or maybe he'd change his mind sudden and cut across to that gate there in the corner and out into the lane, and away he'd go, toddling across the fields, especially if there was people looking for him up at the house. Here's his strawberry bed. We grew nice strawberries. And here's the tree where he was cutting bits and pieces off it that day when down he went and broke his hip." He stretched up a hand to catch at a bough, and regarded it morosely. "It's a greengage," he said. "It never was a good gage, neither—fruit as hard as bullets, Mr. Shaw always said."

The gardener went back to his forking and I walked on to the hut, a tiny structure, hardly eight feet square, made of boards. It was absolutely quiet here, too. The glass door of the hut was locked; the gray canvas on the inside walls was rotting off here and there. Shaw's chair, a basket chair with yellow cushions, was pushed slightly back from the table, as though someone had just got up from it. The table was covered with an old pink rug and neatly arranged with fresh blotting paper, pencils, a paste bottle, a rack full of notepaper and picture postcards of Shaw, a yellow pottery monkey of somewhat repulsive appearance, and a calendar showing the month of August, 1950. The first three weeks had been crossed out with broad, firm lines of red chalk, and then the scoring stopped. There was barely room in the hut for a bunk bed, and on this some books were stacked. Hanging on a hook, like the expected signature on a well-known picture, were a cap, a shabby mackintosh, and a long blue apron. The soft ground around the





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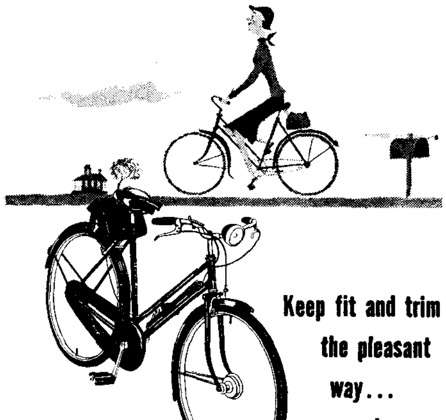

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hut had been imprinted recently with numbers of heel marks, and two or three crumpled admission tickets were lying in the grass. I went back to the house, waved through the kitchen window to Mrs. Laden, who was moving about there, and walked out into the lane again.

IT was one o'clock, so I thought I would drive into the village to see about parking my car before the Shaw's Corner visitors started rolling up. The ruined church, victim of Sir Lionel Lyde's landscaping scheme, was so attractive in the sunshine as I passed it, however, that I decided to take a look at it first and eat some sandwiches I had brought along. To judge by the emptiness of the tiny village street, all Ayot was having its lunch, too. I had wandered through the broken archways into the churchyard, where bees were blundering happily around in the purple crocuses (I wondered if some of the bees had belonged to Shaw, a keen apiarist), and was dropping profane crumbs over the mutilated stone figures of a wasp-waisted knight and his lady, when I heard footsteps coming up the path. The new arrival was a clergyman, a cheerful-looking youngish man, whose clerical collar showed as a narrow line of white above the neck of a thick, nautical blue sweater. He introduced himself as Mr. Davies, the rector of Ayot St. Lawrence and of the neighboring parish of Ayot St. Peter. We stood talking for a while about the two churches—the ruined one and Sir Lionel's Grecian structure, which sparkled frostily across the park in the sunshine—and, naturally, about Shaw. "The old man took a great interest in the village," the Rector said. "Not a churchman, of course. We didn't see eye to eye theologically, but a charming old man, a perfectly charming old man. I wonder what he'd think of the goings on in Ayot St. Lawrence now." The Rector lit a cigarette and sighed. "It's really a great anxiety to us all," he said. "We've called a special parish meeting, and we're going to ask the National Trust to send someone so we can put our problems to him fair and square. You happen to be seeing Ayot St. Lawrence as it is normally. The picture of peace and quiet, isn't it? But since the old man died, there's been pandemonium. Over the weekends, cars and buses pour through. At Easter, there were a thousand cars. We're worried to death about our children. Before, there was hardly a thing passing, and they could play marbles and so on in the lanes as safely as though

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they were indoors. It's really rather serious."

We strolled back toward the road, and the Rector asked me if I had heard about the A.A. signs. "I don't know if you noticed on your way here that there were no signs pointing to Shaw's house—only signs pointing away from it," he said. "Over Easter, the A.A. put up about forty signs saying 'To Shaw's Corner,' and someone went out one night and tore the whole lot down. A disgusted local patriot, I suppose, who wants to breathe Ayot's famous air and not petrol fumes. We've had the police down making inquiries, and I expect they'll put the whole lot back again pretty soon." We were approaching the village post office, where a neat little woman who wore her white hair in braids around her head stood in the doorway. The Rector nodded to her. "Good morning, Mrs. Lyth," he said. "Have you had the police on to you yet about the great sign mystery?" Mrs. Lyth replied that she was sick and tired of the whole business. "What I say, Rector, is that it will only make everything worse," she said. "It's just going to attract more attention to Ayot St. Lawrence, not less. There's only one good thing come of it all, so far as I can see, and that's rather ironical, you might call it. We've been agitating for years to get a bus service out to Ayot St. Lawrence from Welwyn—three miles along the lanes, and you had to go on foot or bicycle if you hadn't a car," she explained to me parenthetically. "Well, nothing happened until Mr. Shaw died, but directly Shaw's Corner was opened to the public, the authorities put on six buses a day. They won't put on buses for live men, but a dead man can get us one right away. It would certainly tickle Mr. Shaw."

I said goodbye to the Rector and Mrs. Lyth and went off to park my car. The parking lot for Shaw's Corner was the drive outside the erratic Sir Lionel Lyde's manor house, which seemed to be empty. An elderly man in a tweed cap and overcoat directed me to my place, and when he had done so, volunteered the information that he had been Mr. Shaw's chauffeur for over thirty years. I began to feel as if I had walked in on the members of a family that had been disrupted and made voluble by the death of the one who had held them together.

IT was a few minutes past two when I got back to Shaw's Corner, and a pair of middle-aged, tweedy women were standing at the front door, pay-

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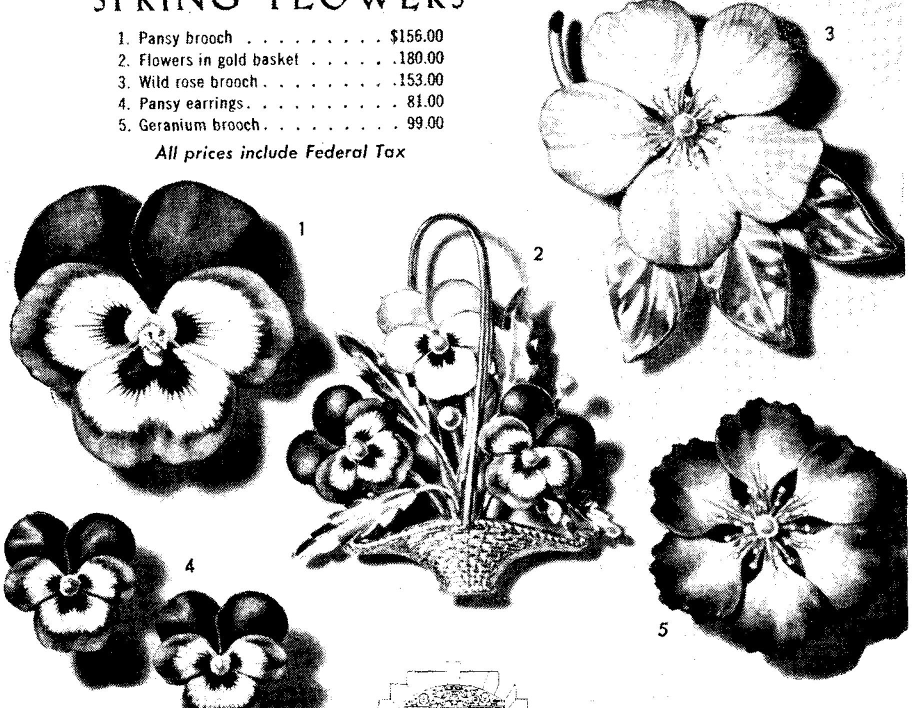

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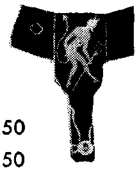

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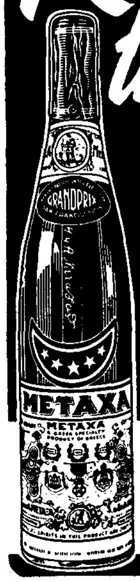

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ing their two-shillings entrance fee to Mrs. Laden, who was now dressed to do the honors of the afternoon and looked very smart. I followed them in, and Mrs. Laden closed the door. The ladies, twittering, had just moved over to examine the invalid chair behind its rope when there was a bang on the front-door knocker and a whole clutch of people trooped in together. There were only nine of them, but immediately the hall seemed overpoweringly full. There were two young men, who appeared to be clothed entirely in mackintoshes; a tall bespectacled woman and her husband; a pale young couple, who instantly dived for Shaw's study and stood rooted in the doorway there, whispering reverently, as though they were in church; a fuzzy-haired young lady, who wore slacks and was accompanied by a stout mother; and a thickset little man, who gazed rapturously around him and cried, in a descending Welsh singsong, "*Well*, well!" Most of them seemed rather constrained at finding themselves in the great man's house, and kept glancing nervously up the stairs, as though half expecting to hear a Shavian whoop of rage from the top landing.

Mrs. Laden quickly took us all in hand and shepherded us to the dining room. Here she got on the other side of the crimson rope and started a brisk commentary, moving about the room and touching the objects she mentioned. "This is Mr. Shaw's chair—he sat here looking out at the garden during breakfast, lunch, and dinner. He was always very punctual in his habits. For dinner, he invariably changed out of his tweeds into his black suit. Every night of his life, Mr. Shaw changed for dinner." Mrs. Laden paused and gave us all a steely glance. "A marvellous example to everybody, especially to the young, who sometimes don't even bother to wash their hands." Her audience shuffled their feet and said nothing. "This is his radio," Mrs. Laden went on. "Mr. Shaw only listened to the Third Program. He heard no others. [The Third Program is the B.B.C.'s intellectual offering of good music, talks, drama, and so on.] I once asked Mr. Shaw if he would like a television set. He answered, 'God forbid. It's bad enough having to hear them without having to see them, too.' " This got a laugh, especially from the little Welshman, who cried, "Aaah, he was a grand old chap!" "Yes," Mrs. Laden said dryly, "Mr. Shaw was a charming man. And I want to say one thing. You may have read in some of the papers that peo-

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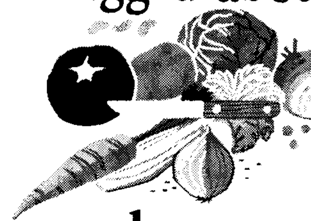

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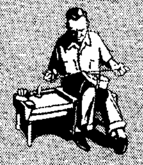

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ple have called Mr. Shaw mean. [Indignant rustles from the ladies.] It was quite untrue. I never found Mr. Shaw anything but most generous. [Emotional rustles from the ladies.]" The pale young couple and the young men clothed in mackintoshes, who appeared to be taking their visit on the serious, or Third Program, level, stared intently at three photographs on the mantelpiece. Mrs. Laden identified these as Stalin, Lenin, and the theatrical manager Granville-Barker, explaining hurriedly that Mr. Stalin was a friend of Mr. Shaw's and that Shaw had stayed in his house. This hospitable tie, she implied, permitted her to wash her hands of the whole business.

We were now whisked to the narrow, roped-off space inside the drawing-room door, where Mrs. Laden reeled off, in a clear, loud voice, the list of objets d'art the room contained. These were numerous. ("My, what a lot to dust!" murmured the fuzzy-haired young woman.) The mantelpiece was loaded with, among other things, a large Staffordshire figure of Shakespeare, a Staffordshire cottage, a figure of Saint Joan in wood, two owlets by Rodin, the gold Oscar that Shaw got for "Pygmalion," and a pottery figurine of the actress Frances Day, who appeared in Shaw's last full-length play, "Buoyant Billions," and had the figurine modelled for his ninety-fourth birthday. We all gaped at Rodin's bust of Shaw and at the scroll of Shaw's Nobel Prize for literature, an illuminated document that Mrs. Laden held high over her head, like a priestess exhibiting a sacred relic to the throng. "*Well*, well," said the Welshman. "*Well*, well."

Out in the hall, we were shown the piano, and the music scores stacked on curtained shelves beside it. "Mr. Shaw often used to play to us in the evenings—all highbrow stuff," Mrs. Laden said. "Beethoven and Mozart and that sort of thing. It was beautiful. He had a fine voice, too. He used to come down that staircase to breakfast singing away like a boy. The bird pictures on the staircase walls are by his friend Peter Scott."

"Was he fond of birds?" someone asked.

"Mr. Shaw was fond of all animals, including children," Mrs. Laden replied austerely.

THERE was a fresh bang on the front-door knocker, and we could hear another group of tourists murmuring outside. Mrs. Laden, after a quick

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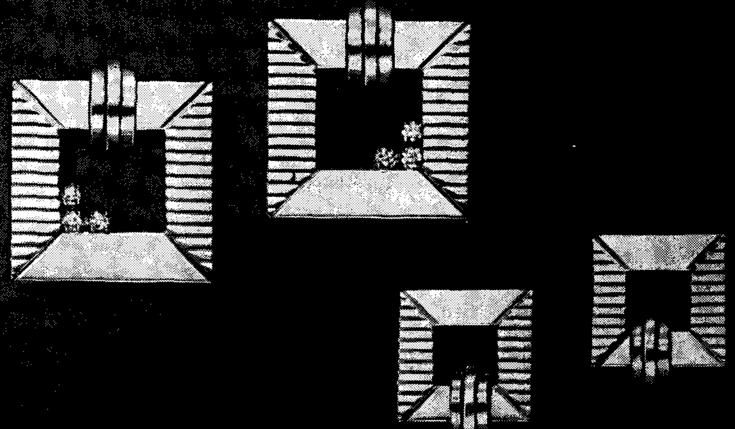

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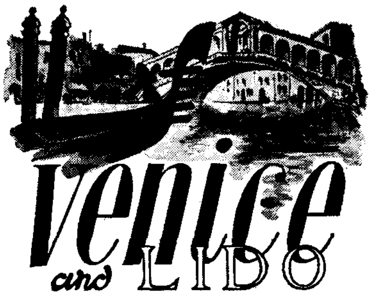

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(August 20th-Sept. 10th)

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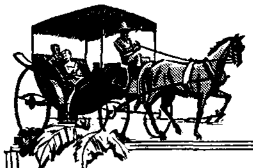

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run-through of the study, said that we had now seen the shrine and asked everyone to sign the visitors' book in the dining room before going out in the garden, unaccompanied, to see Mr. Shaw's writing hut. While we queued up to sign, the tweedy ladies thanked Mrs. Laden enthusiastically, saying that it had been lovely. The bespectacled lady exclaimed dramatically, "Well, I never thought I'd be standing right here in Mr. Shaw's dining room—never! We're from Australia, and as soon as we heard Shaw's Corner was open, we just made up our minds to drop everything and come here." The little Welshman, who was carefully covering a whole line of the visitors' book with a Welsh village name that meandered on for several inches, like a long, spiky caterpillar, cried, "So you are from Australia! And I am from South Wales, come up to see old Shaw's house, for he was a grand old chap, he was."

Mrs. Laden hurried off to let in the next group, and in a few minutes I departed by the garden exit. The other visitors were wandering along the paths, stopping to stare at a great bronze statue of Saint Joan in a glade of shrubs and then trailing on toward Shaw's hut. As I moved away from the house, I could hear Mrs. Laden's voice raised indomitably in the dining room: "This is Mr. Shaw's chair . . . breakfast, lunch, and dinner . . . changed into his black suit . . . Mr. Shaw . . . Mr. Shaw . . ."

—MOLLIE PANTER-DOWNES

•

To find a book written in 1625, for instance, you have to get the assistance of one of the library's oldest employes.—*The Times.*

If you want a heavy book, ask that fat girl.

•

A broken leg resulted from the fall which Mrs. R. B. Ross had in Winslow last week. X-rays showed Mrs. Ross is home, but her leg, broken just below the knee, is in a cast.—*Bainbridge Island (Wash.) Review.*

Couldn't we bring these two together somehow?

•

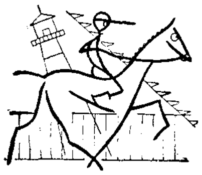
MOST FASCINATING NEWS STORY OF THE WEEK

[*The following item, reprinted in its entirety, is from the Newport (N.H.) Argus-Champion*]

Condos bus stopped in front of Kelly's drug store yesterday afternoon. Three people got off, nobody got on. This is the second time this has happened recently.

THE RACE TRACK

Standing Room Only



As long as thirty-seven thousand people will turn out on a chilly, rainy Monday, the way they did for the opening of Jamaica last week (fifty-two thousand were there on Saturday), I don't think you have to be greatly concerned about what, if anything, is going to happen to racing this season. Your problem will be to find not just winners but a spot in the grandstand where you can sit and watch the horses run. I hardly need tell you that the old place looks the same as always; splurging on gaudy innovations has never been the policy of the management.

Most horsemen agree that when one animal beats another in a good training gallop, he is quite likely to do it the next time they meet. Well, Ferd beat Casemate recently in the Aiken Trials (the Aiken Trials, you know, are a series of informal races run off every spring at the Carolina winter resort), so it wasn't surprising that he did it again in the Paumonok Handicap, Jamaica's traditional opening-day feature. Ferd, by the way, was named after Ferdinand the Bull by Mrs. Andy Schuttinger, his owner; when he was a shy yearling, he reminded her of Munro Leaf's delightful conscientious objector. Ferd's temperament has changed, though; he battled his way through the field in the Paumonok, catching Casemate in the last furlong and winning by about a length. Delegate was third. Ferd also put up a good show in the Excelsior Handicap on Saturday; he carried top weight and forced the pace all the way, but lost by a short head to Lotowhite, to whom he gave seven pounds. Great Circle, who won that jackpot of $144,325 in the Maturity Stakes at Santa Anita in February, was third. It was his first start in the East, and he didn't settle down to running till the race was more than half over. Perhaps he prefers the extra-hard tracks they have in California. Still, he's a useful-looking fellow and, I daresay, worth remembering.

Too bad Ferd couldn't bring off Jamaica's big spring double—the Paumonok and the Excelsior. It never has been easy, though. Fighting Step did it in 1946, and the last one before that was King Saxon, in 1935. I wonder whether you remember King Saxton, as the race-trackers used to call him. He was a handsome big bay, nearly as fast a miler as Osmand, and he ran in the colors of Charley Knebelkamp, though there was always a rumor that Tom Pendergast had more than a casual interest in him. A horse like King Saxon would be welcomed today by any stable, even Calumet Farm, which finally won again with Coaltown in California last weekend.

I am told that the Frisco railroad has christened ten of its diesel passenger locomotives after Kentucky Derby winners, among them Citation, Twenty Grand, Gallant Fox, and Count Fleet. Fair enough. But if I ever see a Frisco engine carrying the name of any colt who ran in the Experimental Free Handicap No. 1 at Jamaica last week, I'll be surprised. No doubt Repetoire won the race because he was fit and nimble. Well, that was obvious when he won the Cherry Blossom Stakes at Laurel several weeks ago. To Market would have done better, I'm sure, if he hadn't been bumped. As for Lord Putnam, if you think he is a topnotcher, my advice to you is to put the idea right out of your head.

Jock Whitney hasn't tried to win the Liverpool Grand National Steeplechase as many times as Gordon Richards, England's perennial leading jockey, has tried to win the Derby Stakes, but both men have been so persistent that I wish they could realize their ambitions just once. In the National last weekend, Mr. Whitney's Arctic Gold, the favorite, fell the first time around at the Canal Turn. This is a thorn hedge six feet high and three feet thick, guarded at its approach by a ditch six feet wide. In clearing this obstacle, rather loosely described as a fence, a horse must swing sharply to the left on landing, or else pile up in a canal lying dead ahead. There are thirty jumps on the course, so the Canal Turn is only one of the reasons thirty-four of the thirty-six starters fell or lost their riders. The winner, an Irish mare named Nickel Coin, was 40–1.

—Audax Minor

•

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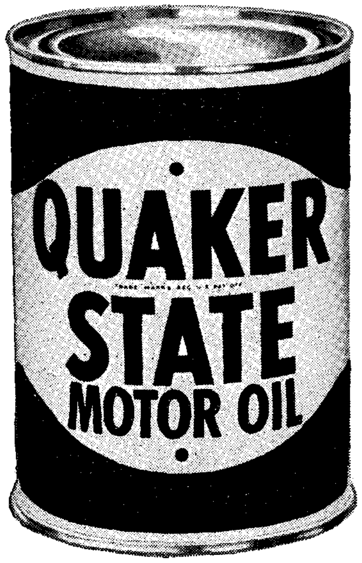

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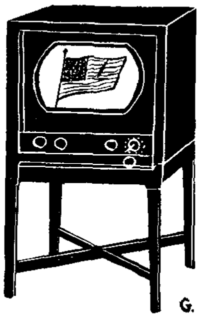
TELEVISION

Day of Rest

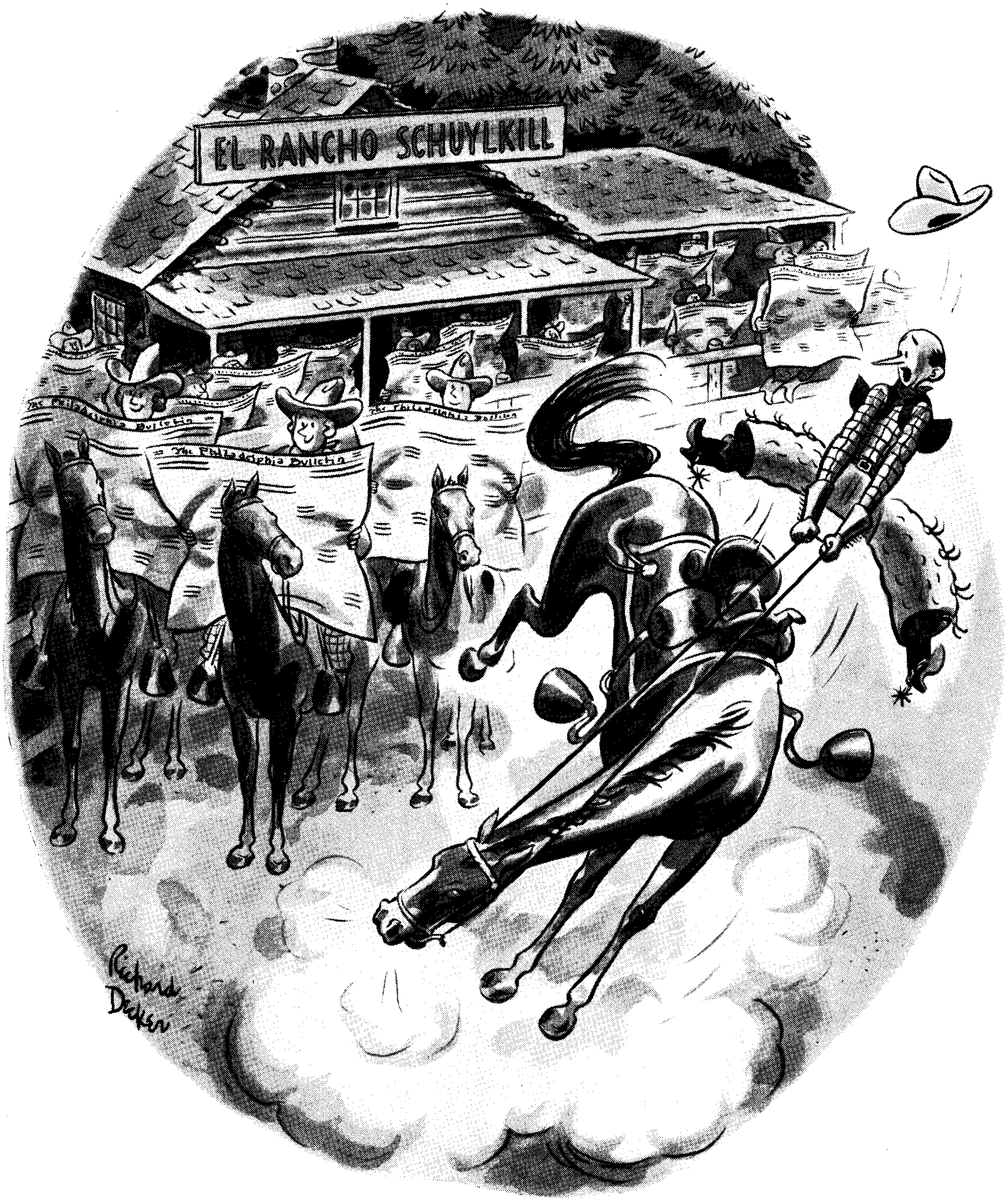


ONE lazy Sunday afternoon not long ago, having taken a nap after lunch and having finished reading the garden news in the *Herald Tribune* ("A new hypericum is in the offing and sixty-five varieties of sasanqua camellias are being grown . . ."), I switched on my television set. The time was three-thirty, and Mrs. Roosevelt, seated behind a table laden with vases of flowers, was graciously playing hostess, over N.B.C., to a group of economic experts—Leon Keyserling, an economic adviser to President Truman; Alan B. Kline, president of the American Farm Bureau Federation; and George M. Harrison, president of the Brotherhood of Railway and Steamship Clerks, A.F.L. They were discussing the problem of inflation. Mr. Kline, I gathered, felt that government control of prices might endanger the American way of life, if indeed it would not destroy the moral fabric of the nation. Mr. Keyserling was strongly of the opinion that although the people of this country have a right to criticize measures taken by their government, they should not shilly-shally on the problem of defense. "They must place some sacrifices on the altar of freedom," Mr. Keyserling said, and he looked mighty pleased with the expression. He also said that a "galvanizing impact" was necessary, but just what he had in mind he did not make clear. Mr. Harrison overflowed with facts and figures on the rising cost of living. He felt that prices were getting away from wages and that one way to lower prices was to lower prices. Mrs. Roosevelt kept her own counsel, and at four o'clock the discussion was over.

It was followed, after a brief interlude during which a fat cartoon figure spun a bass fiddle that turned into a package of Spud cigarettes, by another panel program, "Meet the Press." Meeting the press was Senator Estes Kefauver, chairman of the Senate Crime Investigating Committee. Meeting Senator Kefauver were Doris Fleeson, Frank McNaughton, Marshall McNeil, and Lawrence Spivak. For the first time in Senator Kefauver's spectacular television career, the cameras occasionally showed him from the rear, revealing a bald spot that had not been seen, or even suspected, during the crime hearings. The news people asked the Senator a variety of questions, and he answered each of them in his now familiar soft voice and faintly professorial manner. They asked him if he felt that he was hurting the Democratic Party with his investigation, and he opined that he was not; they asked him how he felt about the recently expressed notion that he was now in line for the Presidency, and he opined that the idea was ridiculous and academic; they asked him whether, had he known what he now knows about Ambassador O'Dwyer at the time O'Dwyer's name came before the Senate for confirmation, he would have voted for him, and he said no.

Around four-thirty, a young man of three and a half who rooms and boards at my house came in and wondered whether we could pick up any clowns on the video. Conveniently, A.B.C. provided a clown, who stepped through a huge paper-covered hoop. A boy appeared on the screen and announced that he was holding a trained chameleon in his hand. He tickled the chameleon, and it somewhat reluctantly climbed through a small brass ring. An announcer gave the boy some sort of medal and told him that he was now the owner of a two-tone, scuffproof bicycle. A man wearing a dark cloak, a dark hat, and a mask over his eyes slunk into view. He said, huskily and inexplicably, that Patent No. 2098544 could be found on each and every box of Shredded Ralston. A girl named Judy appeared with a pet rabbit named Bunny Boy. Judy placed a carrot in Bunny Boy's mouth, but Bunny Boy was not hungry. Judy carried Bunny Boy over to a small set of steps and urged him to climb them. Bunny Boy refused to do so. Judy was then presented with a medal and was told that she was now the owner of a two-tone, scuffproof bicycle.

At five, over N.B.C., a bearded gentleman named Gabby Hayes appeared, seated on the front steps of a country store. Arranged behind him were several boxes of Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice, and beside him were two children, a boy and a girl. "I like the hairy man," said the child beside *me*. Mr. Hayes told some tall stories—how he had once seen, with his own eyes, a man-eating sardine, and how he had once fished with a three-hundred-mile-long pole. Then he announced that we would witness a dramatization of the story of Sutter's Fort. A highly charged dramatization ensued, drawing to an abrupt conclusion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when a man wearing a sword, oversized epaulets, and a hat resembling an overturned canoe burst into Sutter's Fort, where Sutter was being held prisoner, to shout, "Release this man! I am Commodore Sloat!" The program ended with Aunt Jemima speaking well of her pancake flour to a young housewife. The housewife instantly replied, "Now I'm convinced that Aunt Jemima is the finest pancake flour. All America is raving . . ."

Soon, Senator Charles W. Tobey appeared on a C.B.S. panel program, "People's Platform," the three-and-a-half-year-old boarder left the room to eat his supper, and Senator Tobey called for a spiritual reawakening, and, shortly before six, the three-and-a-half-year-old boarder, fed, returned to watch, over A.B.C., a bear riding a unicycle, and then another bear, who sang "Sweet Adeline." The unicycle bear reappeared on roller skates, and the singing bear reappeared and waltzed—a little clumsily, perhaps, but why quibble?—with its trainer. The unicycle-roller-skating bear put in a final appearance on the high wire.

At six, over N.B.C., Hopalong Cassidy turned up in a film entitled "Call of the Prairie," a saga concerned with an old man out West who was shot by bandits but fooled them, because he didn't hand over the money, even though they thought he did. Some cowboys played a prank on a Chinese chef, and Hopalong, apprised of the foul shooting, requested a couple of days in which to work on the case before anybody called the sheriff. Horses raced through canyons, and men high up in the hills fired their revolvers into the clear mountain air. "Ping-ping-ping!" went the revolvers. "Tie him up!" cried one tough-looking hombre. "Take him up to the hills and see that he doesn't come back!" cried another. "You're getting so you can't hit the side of a barn," a

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bandit remarked to a fellow-bandit crouched behind some rocks. Horses raced through canyons. "Where's your hoss?" someone inquired. A cowboy was talking to his girl in the ranch compound. "That's enough, Mr. Nelson. You'd better be travelling," the girl said, and there was steel in her voice. "Yes, Ma'am," said the young man. An announcer interrupted to make it clear that no sugar was required for Krinkles, and when "Call of the Prairie" resumed, a cowboy turned fiercely on his companion. "You're a rattlesnake," he said. "But Shanghai hasn't called yet," said another one. Men were in smoke-filled saloons. Some were gambling. Canyons raced through horses. "You'd better eat," someone remarked threateningly. "The cookin' is not so good in the jail." "For the last time, I'm askin' you who shot Buck," a chap chimed in. "It would be pretty hard on Linda to see her old man strung up," said another. Mr. Nelson, gagged and tied to a post, fought to undo himself. He faced a lighted candle, and when the candle burned down to a certain point, a revolver went off, wounding the lad. Hopalong rushed in. "The dirty rats!" he said. The three-and-a-half-year-old boarder leaped to his feet. "Dirty rats!" he cried. "Ping-ping-ping!" Following a brief scuffle, I turned off the set.

—PHILIP HAMBURGER

•

FUNNY COINCIDENCE DEPARTMENT

[*From two-volume edition of "Black Lamb and Grey Falcon," by Rebecca West, 1941*]	[*From "Balkan Politics—International Relations in No Man's Land," by Joseph S. Roucek, 1948*]
I can think of no more striking relic of a crime than the despoilment of Macedonia and Old Serbia, where the Turks for five hundred and fifty years robbed the native population till they got them down to a point beyond which the process could not be carried any further without danger of leaving no victims to be robbed in the future. The poverty of all Bosnians and Herzegovinians, except the Moslems and the Jews, is as ghastly an indictment of both the Turks and their successors, the Austrians. Dalmatia was picked clean by Venice. Croatia has been held back from prosperity by Hungarian control in countless ways that have left it half an age behind its Western neighbours in material prosperity. Never in the Balkans has Empire meant trusteeship.	There is no more striking relic of crime than the despoiling of Macedonia and Old Serbia, where the Turks for five hundred fifty years robbed the native population to a point beyond which the process could not be carried any further without danger of leaving no victims to be robbed in the future. The poverty of all Bosnians and Herzegovinians (except the Moslems and the Jews) was as ghastly an indictment of the Turks as of their successors, the Austro-Hungarians. Dalmatia was picked clean by Venice. Croatia was held back from prosperity by Hungarian control in countless ways that have left it half an age behind its Western neighbors in material prosperity. Never in the Balkans has the Empire meant trusteeship.

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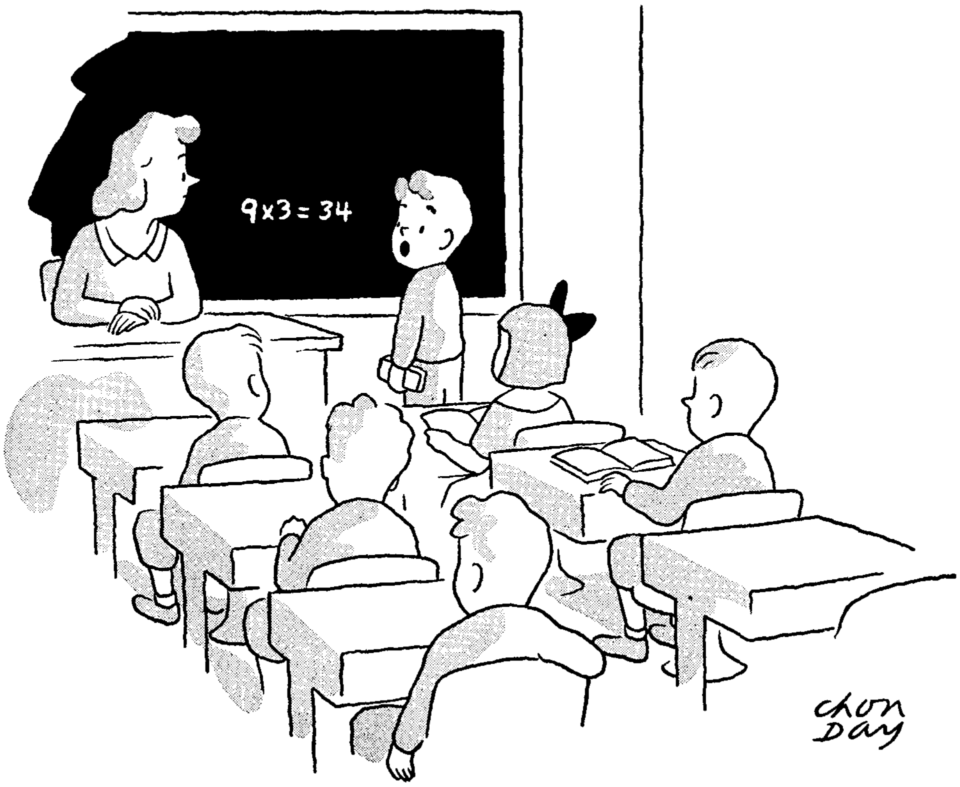
THE UPS AND DOWNS OF BUSCHBECK & HOLTZMANN

GOING broke and starting again from scratch is almost standard practice for the proprietors of a medium-size zinc-casting firm in West Berlin that I shall call Buschbeck & Holtzmann. When I talked to Herr Ernst Buschbeck not long ago, in his office off the main machine shop of the plant, he was about to go bankrupt for the sixth time in his thirty-five years with the company and was already arranging a seventh fresh start. "There's one good thing about going broke so often," Buschbeck said. "You get to take it in your stride, like taxes, politicians' promises, and the common cold. In this country, you know, a bankrupt doesn't necessarily lose control of his firm. The first time we went bankrupt, I was so ashamed I wanted to jump out of the window. The second time, I got drunk and stayed drunk for two days, which wasn't fair to the creditors. Now I don't even give it a second thought."

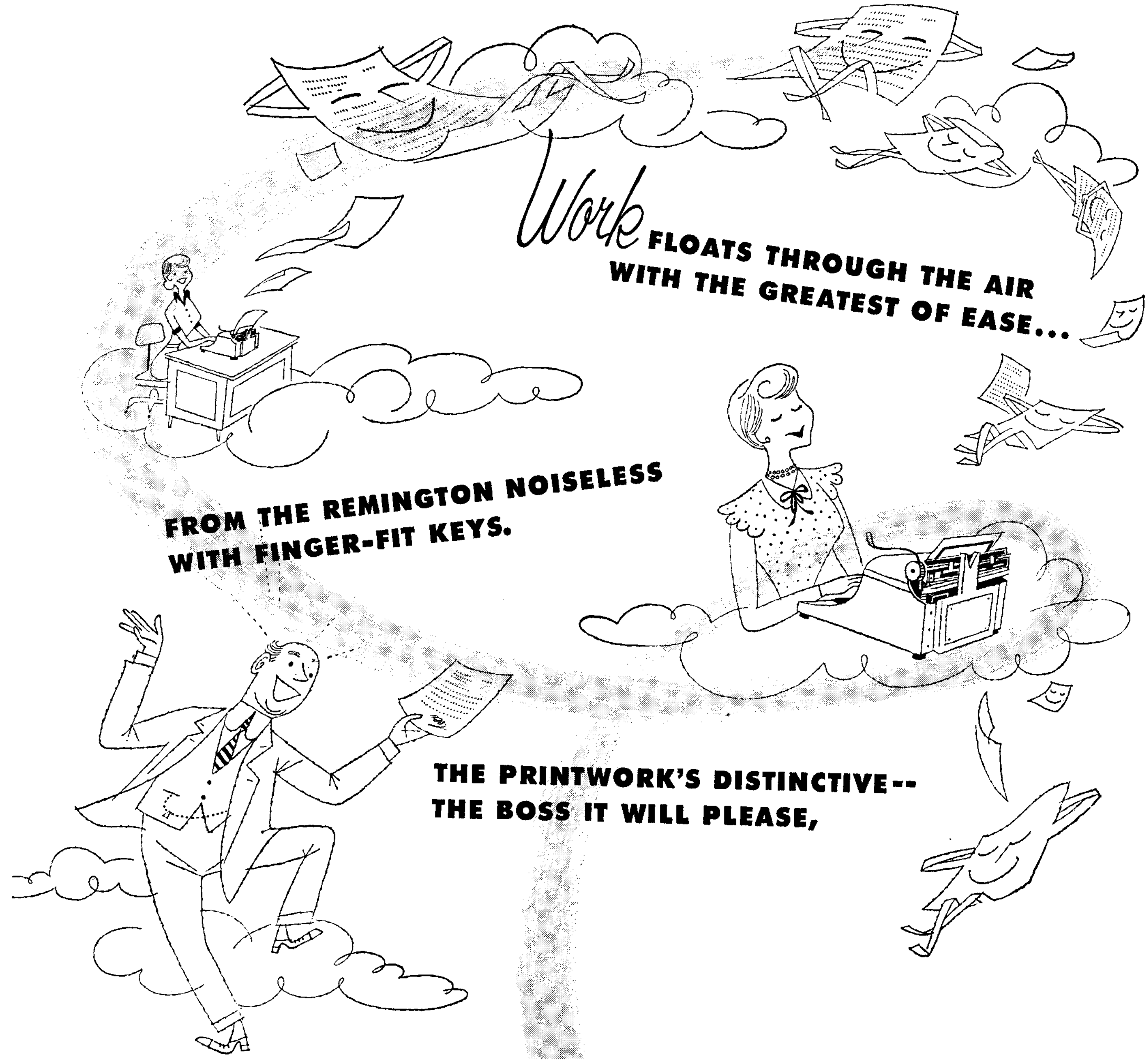
Buschbeck is a heavyset, rugged man with close-cropped hair and a martial voice that one can easily imagine rising above the din of his plant's machines running at full blast—which they rarely do these days. He wears a stiff white collar, and carries a heavy watch chain draped across his waistcoat. In his cheerful cynicism, he reflects the attitude of many West Berliners, whose brash sense of humor has not been subdued by the proximity of the Russians. "I inherited a factory from my father, who died in the First World War," he told me. "Not this factory—we've only been here in West Berlin since the spring of 1949—but one in Weissensee, over in the Russian sector. In 1918, Germany lost the war, the firm lost its Army contracts, and I went under. Then Wilhelm Holtzmann, who'd been a classmate of mine, joined me as partner and brought in some fresh money. We lost that in the twenties, during the inflation. Then, in 1932, the depression knocked us flat. We failed again during the last months of the Second World War, when everything went to pieces. We started up once more in May, 1945, as soon as the smoke had cleared, but after we had been operating awhile the Russians hauled off most of our machinery, and we went bust again. In 1948, we were caught by the currency reform, and ever since, we've been gradually going under again, like so many other firms here. We've been trying and trying to get back on our feet—Holtzmann is down seeing the credit manager of our bank right now—but we just can't seem to make a go of it here and will surely have to move out of Berlin to Western Germany. That's six times all in all, isn't it?" He counted on his fingers. "Yes, six times. Two lost wars, two economic breakdowns, the depression, and the Russians."

THE record of Buschbeck & Holtzmann is not exceptional in West Berlin, which is now going through a life-or-death economic struggle. For every two employed workers here, one is on the streets. Berlin was once the third largest city in the world, with a population of more than four million, the capital and metropolis of a thriving country, combining the characteristics of Washington and New York. It was the administrative, financial, and insurance center of Germany, where hundreds of thousands of civil servants and office workers were employed; it was also famous for its "specialty industries"—electrical and optical equipment, textiles, chemicals, drugs, machine tools, precision instruments, radios, and musical instruments—which employed hundreds of thousands of skilled workers. The civil servants, office workers, clerks, and skilled laborers are still in Berlin, but their jobs have gone to Bonn, Frankfurt, and the other industrial centers of Western Germany. It is impractical to run Western Germany from a besieged city a hundred miles behind the Iron Curtain. It is even more impractical for outsiders to do business with Berliners. This has been fatal to many of West Berlin's industries, which must trade with Western Germany if they are to survive. But they have to get their raw materials from and make their deliveries to the West by way of a corridor through the Soviet Zone, which can be closed at the whim of the Russians. The Russians have completely blockaded Berlin once, they frequently halt traffic on the waterways, they stop and delay trucks on the Autobahn, and they have invented thousands of minor additional obstacles.

It was a Thursday morning when I visited the Buschbeck & Holtzmann factory, but only four employees—maintenance men—were on duty; the machines were standing idle. "Last week we worked eighteen hours, and the week before sixteen," Buschbeck said gloomily. "But, my God, I'd rather be broke here than a rich man over there in West Moscow. Until a couple of years ago, we were in the Soviet sector, as I said. After the East-West split and the currency reform, we came to the conclusion that it would be suicide to stay. Sooner or later, they would get us. My wife got so upset she



"*Am I warm?*"



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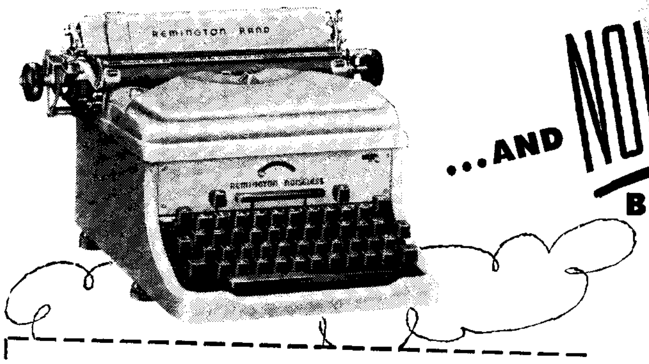

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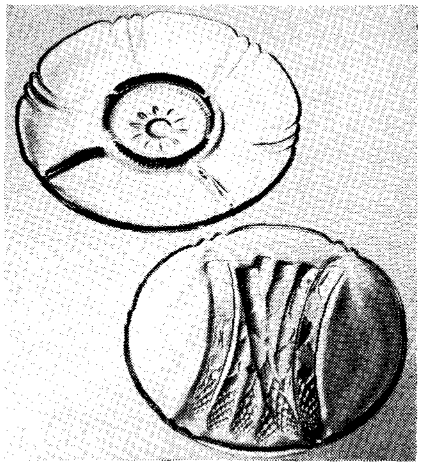

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didn't even want me to go to the factory. She worries a lot now about our widowed niece Charlotte, who works in a Russian-controlled plant in East Berlin that turns out radio and electronic equipment."

"I'm surprised the Russians let you move out of their zone with your machinery," I said.

"They didn't," Buschbeck said. "We had to smuggle the whole damn business out. It wasn't funny. The *Volkspolizei*— Ah, here is Holtzmann."

A tall, nervous man with deep-set eyes came in and disgustedly threw a shabby briefcase on one of the office's two desks. Buschbeck introduced us. Holtzmann shook hands and then sat down in a chair and rubbed his eyes. He seemed very melancholy. His right trouser leg was clamped tight with a bicycle clip. Buschbeck gave him a questioning glance, and he shook his head.

"Not one pfennig," he said. "You can't blame them. The only collateral we have is our furniture at home and the few machines here, and the credit manager told me the bank already owns enough machines to fill a ten-story building."

Buschbeck seemed neither surprised nor dejected. "Well, there you are," he said to me. "Production in the zinc-casting plants of Western Germany is a hundred and six per cent of what it was in 1936. Here in Berlin, it's less than thirty per cent. Everybody approves of the brave fight we're putting up in Berlin, but no one in Western Germany spends a pfennig to help us. During the blockade, when the West German manufacturers' associations orated about our sacrifices, their industrial production doubled while ours was being cut in half."

Holtzmann, looking even more melancholy than before, spoke up. "A couple of months ago, there were several hundred petitions for bankruptcy in the courts here, but only forty-five were granted," he said. "In all the other cases, there weren't enough assets left to pay the bankruptcy administrator. When I told the officials at City Hall that we were thinking of moving to Western Germany, they didn't mind at all."

"I hate to leave," Buschbeck said. He paced up and down, playing with his watch chain. "After all, this is my home town. It's a funny place now—ugly and cold and full of Russians—but here you at least have a feeling of knowing what's going on in the world."

"Well, let's stay here and starve, then," Holtzmann suggested.

Buschbeck ignored him. "We're down to our last thousand marks," he said to me. He slipped a forefinger inside his stiff collar to expedite a sigh. "If we were workers, we could each draw thirty marks unemployment insurance a month. As it is, we've had to start selling our household furniture and books to pay the rent on this place. Holtzmann calls on our customers on his bicycle to save twenty pfennigs carfare. Oh, we're poor, all right!"

Holtzmann shook his head. "If I'd known in 1945 what I know now, I wouldn't have started all over again."

"Yes, you would have," said Buschbeck. "We always do."

I asked what had happened in 1945.

"Oh, it was much different then," Buschbeck said. "Then it was mostly a matter of physical reconstruction—at least, more than a matter of economic conditions, because there *weren't* any economic conditions. During the first part of the war, the Allied planes never hit our factory in Weissensee. We hung on there until April, when the Russian artillery got too close. Holtzmann had been called up for the *Volkssturm*, but I had managed to stay out. Then, of course, when the Battle of Berlin was on, we all had our hands full just to stay alive. I rarely thought of the factory, and when I did, I was sure it had been destroyed. But on May 11th, after the organized fighting was over, one of our old workers—fellow by the name of Heinz—came to my house in Steglitz and said he'd heard that the factory was still standing. I couldn't believe it. He and I decided to walk to Weissensee and take a look. It was quite a walk—fifteen kilometres, past burning, crumbling buildings, past Red Army troops and snipers of both sides. When we got to the factory, we could hardly believe our eyes. One wall and the roof were gone, but the rest was undamaged and the machines were all there. Incredible! We settled down and started to take an inventory. We Germans love to make lists and take inventories, you know. So we were busy doing that when, late in the afternoon, a bunch of Russian soldiers drove up in two trucks. Without paying the slightest attention to us, they loaded up everything that wasn't bolted to the floor—machine parts, tools, the desks and chairs and light bulbs, even the carbon paper and stationery. And what was left of our scrap metal and alloys, of course. Heinz said I was crazy to let them get away with it, but I knew better. I'd heard of a manufacturer in Steglitz who protested when Russian soldiers raided his machine shop. They just laughed. They had already taken everything that was loose, and when he complained, they brought in a light tank and heavy chains and yanked the heavy machinery off its foundations—like pulling teeth—and dragged it away. As they left, they shot the manufacturer."

Buschbeck and Heinz were joined the next day by two more old employees, and the four of them began to clean up the rubble and to fix the broken wall and roof. In time, other employees came back to work. They patched up the machines in makeshift fashion, using odds and ends they found in the rubble—rivets, empty shell casings, bits of wire, and such. Buschbeck had no money to pay the workers, but they said they would stick with him if he could get them one hot meal a day. Holtzmann, just returned from the *Volkssturm*, scouted up a *Fernküche*, a sort of mobile kitchen, and made a deal with the owner to repair the kitchen's pots and pans and provide him with some new ones in return for a daily supply of hot soup and vegetables.

"There was an astonishing amount of confidence in those days," Buschbeck said. "Everybody strung along together on a system of barter and mutual credit. Holtzmann found some old Wehrmacht steel helmets, and we turned them into cooking pots. We gave a few to the *Fernküche* man, and the rest we loaded onto handcarts and sold on the streets. Once, I pushed a handcart twelve kilometres, from Charlottenburg to Kreuzberg, selling pots. Holtzmann got hold of a bicycle, and of a Red Cross armband like the ones doctors wore, and the Russians didn't bother him. To find even a hammer or a few screws was a big problem. I remember what we went through to get a band-saw blade we needed very badly. There was a firm

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in Neukölln, in the American sector, that had a spare blade, but they wanted aluminum in exchange for it. Holtzmann had heard of a factory in Thuringia that was supposed to have some extra aluminum, so he went there on his bicycle. When he arrived, the aluminum had already been taken away by the Russians, but he was able to pick up a keg of screws, which we later traded with another firm for four power belts. We traded the belts for some aluminum, and eventually got our saw blade.

"By the end of August, we had fixed up a few machines and were making simple things—pots and pans, casings for gas meters, stuff like that. One day, two Russian officers came in, looked over the plant, and gave us an order for gas-meter casings that would keep our men busy for two or three weeks. I explained to them that we could fill the order only if we had a certain die and various parts for one of our big die presses, which was still out of commission. The Russians said they'd get us the die and parts, and they did. The machine was repaired, and the Russians got their order on time. They were satisfied. In fact, they were so satisfied that they came back a few weeks later with soldiers and trucks and hauled away the big die press, and two other machines as well. Such experiences were common, and pretty soon no manufacturer in East Berlin wanted to have anything to do with them. But they had control of all raw materials—there was no black market in those days—and you had to get supply permits from them, which they would issue only if you were doing work for Vojentorg, the Communist military-equipment monopoly."

Holtzmann nodded glumly. "They also took the saw blade," he said. "My God, it was like walking across the Sahara. You'd cross one dune, and there was always another dune ahead, as far as the eye could see. Naturally, we went broke again. But then the workers said they would rather work under some new pay-and-hours arrangement than not work at all, so we started up once more in a limited way, and scratched along for a couple of years."

I ASKED whether the factory had been able to keep going during the blockade and airlift of 1948 and 1949.

"In the beginning, it wasn't bad," Buschbeck said. "There was so much confusion that some materials were coming in uncontrolled from the Soviet Zone. But on top of the blockade came the currency reform of June, 1948, and that broke our back."

At the time of the currency reform, which established separate currencies in Eastern and Western Germany, the majority of Buschbeck & Holtzmann's customers were German firms in the Eastern sector of Berlin or in the Soviet Zone of Germany. After the reform, these customers offered payment in Russian-sponsored East marks. Officially, East marks and West marks were worth the same, but in actual trading practice the ratio was around seven East to one West. Moreover, by this time most of the firm's raw material was coming from Western Germany and had to be paid for in expensive West marks. To make matters worse, the firm had accepted a number of contracts on which costs had been figured in West marks and payment would be forthcoming in East marks.

"Thousands of companies in East Berlin were in the same jam," Buschbeck said. "The real trouble started when we finally made it clear to the Russians that we wanted no business from them, or from Russian-controlled German outfits, because they would make no adjustment about paying for everything in East marks. There was no end to our difficulties after that. Once, the Russians cut off our entire gas supply for two months, claiming that the gas was needed for a print shop in our block. Sure—the print shop put out a lot of Soviet books. And then the electricity cuts! One day, we might have current from 8 A.M. to noon, the next day from six to ten at night. You'd never know in advance when the current would be on, and would have to keep the men in the shop night and day. And so it went—every day another annoyance. We got really worried when two tax inspectors from the East Berlin Municipal Council spent several days snooping through our books. They told us that we owed them several thousand marks, and I told them to go to hell. Then two higher-ups from Potsdam came in and questioned us. One said we might have to put our factory on the block for a forced sale to pay the tax deficit. The other threatened to send us to jail. After that, those Russian stooges, the *Volkspolizei*, began to get interested in our plant. It got so bad that I jumped every time the doorbell rang."

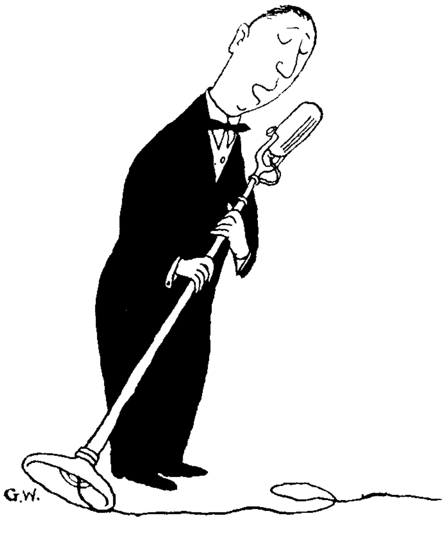
"It was a great relief every time it turned out to be only the postman," Holtzmann said.

"We could stand it no longer," said Buschbeck. "In great secrecy, we started looking for a place to move to in West Berlin, and we found this factory here. It had been vacated by a textile firm that had gone to Düsseldorf with the rest of the textile industry. Then we sounded out our thirty or forty workers to see if they were for us or against us. That was a delicate job. The Russians strictly prohibited the moving of machinery and raw materials out of their sector without permission. Of course, permission was never granted. The Russians themselves kept no special check on us, but the blue-shirted *Volkspolizei* boys were always around. If there had been any Communists in our *Betriebsrat* [workers' council], we would have been licked, but there weren't. We left a few men at the old place who would make believe they were keeping it running. The rest of us hauled and carried the factory over to the West, piece by piece."

Seeing my startled face, Buschbeck nodded emphatically. "Yes, *mein Herr*, piece by piece. The smaller machines were taken apart and smuggled out in briefcases and valises, on pushcarts and in baby carriages. Some of the bigger machines had to be cut into sections; we welded them back together over here. We couldn't use trucks. That would have been conspicuous. No one could go by U-Bahn [subway] or streetcar, because the *Volkspolizei* were always watching them. We worked out a detailed plan of evacuation and got most of the stuff away, but some of the really big things we had to leave behind. After all, you can't carry a turret lathe in a briefcase, no matter how you cut it up. Once we were here, it was like starting all over again, but at least there was nothing to be afraid of."

Holtzmann sighed. "That was just two years ago," he said, "and now we'll have to move again."

"That reminds me, Wilhelm," Buschbeck said. "A letter came this



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morning from the Chamber of Commerce of Celle, in the British Zone. They sound interested." He went through a pile of papers on his desk and pulled out a typewritten sheet.

"I'll read it later," Holtzmann said. "I haven't got the strength right now." Buschbeck handed the letter to me instead. The Chamber of Commerce would be pleased to welcome the firm of Buschbeck & Holtzmann to Celle, I read, and would place at its disposal a building formerly occupied by a shoe-manufacturing concern. The main machine shop was twenty by thirty metres and clean and well ventilated, and there was ample storage and office space. The rent was cheap, and the Chamber of Commerce would do its best to get the firm local bank credit. "In the past two years," the letter went on, "the population of Celle has almost doubled and is now about seventy thousand. Many of the residents are *Volksdeutsche* [German refugees from other countries], for whom we are trying to create new employment. Celle has excellent rail and water communications. Our marshalling yards are now being expanded. There is an adequate supply of electric power . . ."

I returned the letter to Buschbeck, and he laid it on his desk. "When do you leave?" I asked.

"It's hard to say," Buschbeck said. "There's a lot of red tape involved. You have to get a permit to quit Berlin, and further authorization to remove the machinery and stocks of raw materials. We hope to take some of our workers along, too."

OUTSIDE in the big machine shop, the footsteps of a woman echoed in the stillness, and in a moment a slim, good-looking brunette put her head in the door.

"Charlotte!" said Buschbeck in happy surprise. Even Holtzmann seemed to perk up. The young woman came into the office, and Buschbeck kissed her on both cheeks. "My niece, Frau Jaeger," he said to me. We shook hands, and Buschbeck gave his niece his chair. He sat on the edge of his desk.

"How come you're not working, Charlotte?" Holtzmann asked. "Did the Russians fire you, I hope?"

"No. We got the day off, because they're revising our production quotas," Frau Jaeger said. She explained to me that she was a laboratory technician in the East Berlin plant. "Whenever they revise the quotas, all Germans have to keep out," she said. "And next week we'll have to work overtime for two

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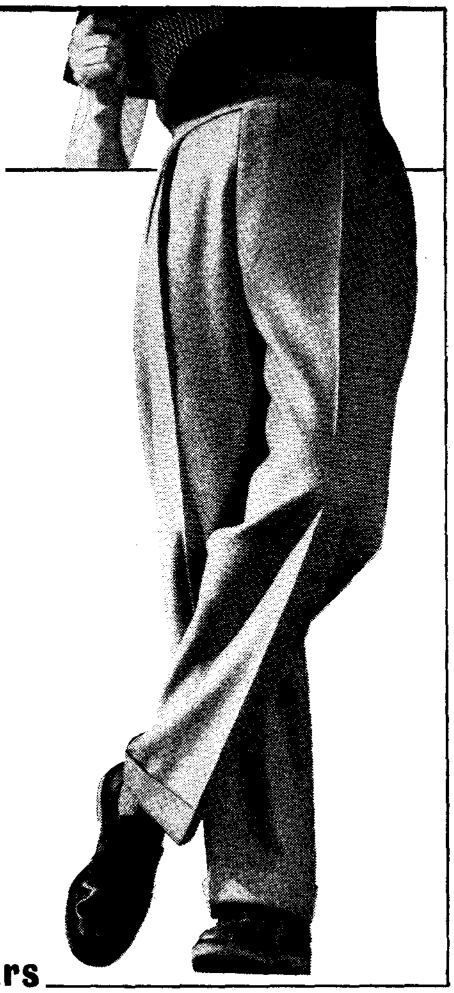
days to make up for what we didn't do today." She shrugged. "I've long since given up trying to figure *them* out." Frau Jaeger was, as Berliners might say, *kess*, meaning that she was smart, impertinent, and self-reliant. She had worked in the same factory during the war, I learned, when the firm had been under Wehrmacht control and was classified secret. As soon as the Red Army moved into Berlin, the factory was taken over by the Russians. None of the equipment was touched. Now the place was under Red Army control, a Russian sentry stood where a German sentry had stood before, and everything was more secret than ever. A Russian major had assumed charge of the factory right after the fighting was over and had ordered the German personnel manager to round up all former employees.

"They came for me late in May," Frau Jaeger said. "I went along because I was afraid of them. And I had to have work to eat. There were five classes of food-ration cards. The leading specialists in our laboratory—the advanced-research physicists—got Class One cards, meaning all the food they wanted, including meat and butter and cocoa. Unskilled workers and all members of the sales force got Class Five—good for bread and a little watery soup at noon. The salespeople were called 'unproductive' and were outcasts. Laboratory technicians like me got Class Three—potatoes and noodles and a little meat at noon, and a little piece of margarine or bacon twice a week." Many of the plant's eleven hundred employees had disappeared during the fighting in Berlin, Frau Jaeger said, and the Russians had to press others into service. Of the new laboratory workers, seventy per cent had been members of the Nazi Party, which the Russians were aware of but let pass. All they cared about was whether a man knew his job; a man's political past didn't interest them at all. The two outstanding electrophysicists in the laboratory had been prominent Nazis. "You should have seen how the Russian major treated *them!*" Frau Jaeger said. "He practically forced them to move into villas near the Wannsee, and he gave them fine rugs and stained-glass windows. He was crazy about stained-glass windows. When it got cold, the Russians delivered truckloads of coal to their houses. The major himself took over a big house in the lake district—maybe to be near them. First he got a piano, then a dog, then a sailboat, and then he was suspected of capitalistic tendencies



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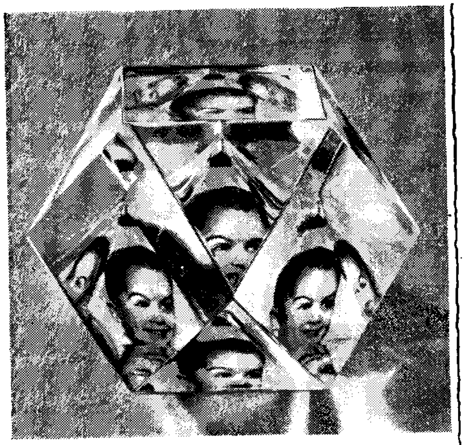

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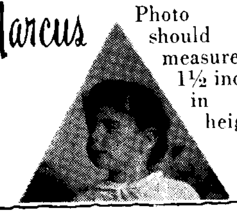

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and was recalled to Russia. We got a new Russian director, who was crazy about work norms, production quotas, and deadlines. Quality of production was secondary to maintaining norms and meeting deadlines. Missing a deadline was considered a form of sabotage. He wanted everybody to live within walking distance of the factory. He was very insistent about it with me. My six-year-old daughter and I live in a one-room apartment in Schöneberg, in the American sector, and the director kept offering me a four-room apartment or a nice little house in the Soviet sector, so I wouldn't have to travel back and forth on the U-Bahn."

The offer was enticing, Frau Jaeger said, but an instinctive fear kept her from accepting it. Many of her colleagues who lived in the Western sectors did accept similar offers. She soon learned how right she had been. On the morning of October 22, 1946, as she got off the U-Bahn, two of her fellow-workers ran up to her, clearly in a panic. "For God's sake, don't go near the factory," one of them said to her. "The Russians are rounding up everybody and sending them to Siberia." That, it turned out later, was not quite true, but almost. Between two and four o'clock that morning, Russian soldiers had rounded up all the plant's laboratory workers who lived in the Russian sector. Trucks had driven up in front of their houses and apartments, and the employees, their families, dogs, canaries, furniture, pianos, clothes, books, paintings, cooking utensils, walking sticks, first-aid kits, wine bottles, and bedding were loaded helter-skelter onto the trucks. The soldiers unscrewed all the light bulbs, removed all the bathroom fixtures, and took all the coal from the cellars. In one house, a man was entertaining a lady, and she was hauled onto the truck with him; from another house, the Russians took not only a man, his wife, and their baby but the child's baby-sitter, who was just about to go home.

Frau Jaeger went back to the American sector until the dust had settled and it became virtually certain that the Russians were interested only in the people who lived in their sector. When she returned to the laboratory a couple of weeks later, sixty per cent of the old personnel was gone. The director was as upset as anybody, and had flown to Moscow to protest. "He should have known better," Frau Jaeger said. "He never came back." I asked whether anything was ever heard of her former colleagues. "Yes, once in a while we get a

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letter," she said. "Some were sent to Leningrad, others to Moscow or Gorki, where they work in laboratories. They praise the technical equipment and the high standards of the Russian physicists. But you can't believe anything they say. All the letters are censored, of course."

In 1949, all the unskilled workers and salesmen in the electronic firm were dragooned into the S.E.D., or Socialist Unity Party, as the Communist political organization in Soviet Germany is called. The laboratory technicians have not yet been approached, but Frau Jaeger, I gathered, is not hopeful about the future. "Everybody is afraid since that October night in 1946," she said. "When will they round up the next bunch of people and ship them East? And I haven't a chance of making more money. The Russians pay people according to their academic degrees. A man with a Doctor's degree and no experience gets more than a man with no degree and fifteen years' experience. I have no academic degrees. I'm just a technician. But today I'm glad I'm *not* a specialist. It's dangerous. Besides, it's impossible to care any longer. No one has any scientific ambition. We long ago gave up theoretical research and are now nothing but high-class laborers. Everybody is afraid to be exceptional in any way. Prominence may mean a one-way ticket to Russia."

"I wish you had a job here," Buschbeck said.

"Ah, yes," said Frau Jaeger. "But you know very well that I'd never find a job in West Berlin. Did you read the latest unemployment figures? Over two hundred and ninety thousand people out of work. The only job for a woman over here is to be a *Trümmerfrau* [a woman who cleans up rubble]. My God, you know how things are!"

Buschbeck nodded dolefully. "Yes, we know," he said.

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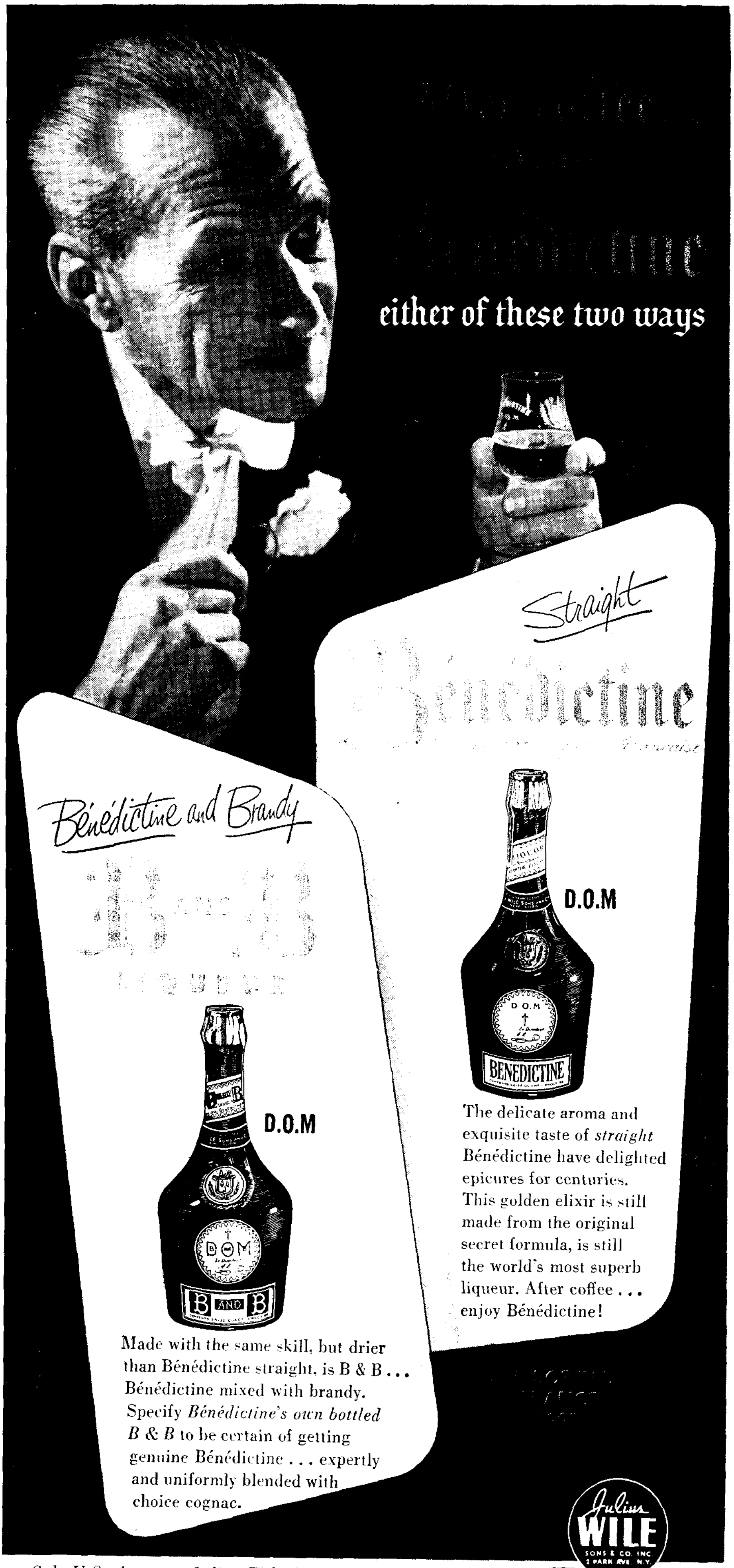

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two," Frau Jaeger went on. "You've been in trouble before, Lord knows, and you always got out of it." She stood up. "Well, I must be going. I want to drop in on Aunt Hulda this afternoon."

We all got to our feet, and Buschbeck took her to the door. "A good girl," he said to me as he closed the door after her. "She worries me, but she has a lot of courage."

Holtzmann had picked up the letter from the Celle Chamber of Commerce and was reading it. "This shoe factory doesn't sound too bad," he said, looking up, "and the labor situation seems pretty fair, but I think we'd better get a letter off this afternoon asking them to be more specific about the rent. It's all very well to say that it's cheap, but we've got to have exact figures if we're to make a go of it."

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Burglar, creeping still as mouse,
Spare, oh, spare that porterhouse!
Take my cash—I'll call no cops—
Take my watch, but not those chops.
Take the candelabra. Scram!
Leave that lovely roast of lamb.

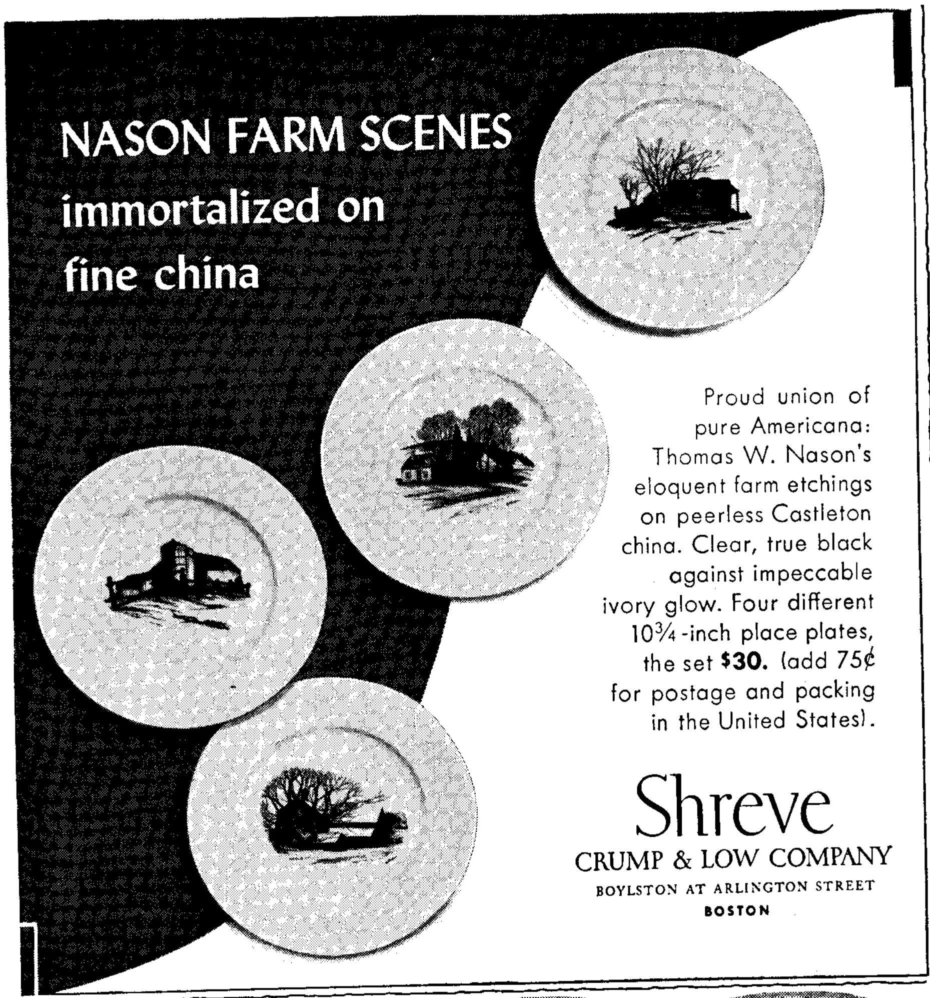
Crack my safe and clean it out—
I'll not struggle, I'll not shout.
I'll not fight for silverware,
Gems or clothing, but beware,
Take it easy, depredator—
Hands off my refrigerator.

—RICHARD ARMOUR

•

Though one thinks of old-style diplomatists as formal, this was only true of their manners; their method of doing business was extremely casual and intimate. Everything was arranged in private conversation; and each knew that he could rely on the other's word even if it was given "off the record." Thus, at Vienna in 1814, Russia and Austria had many conflicts; in fact they almost went to war over the future of Poland. But when Metternich, the Austrian Chancellor, went to call on his mistress, he found the carriage of Czar Alexander drawn up outside the door; and the two men virtually settled the question in a corridor outside the lady's bedroom. It is difficult to think that Mr. Acheson and Mr. Vishinsky could meet in this chance way.—*The Times Magazine.*

Still, it might be worth a try.



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MUSICAL EVENTS

Music and Words

LAST week, I heard Leonard Rose, first cellist with the Philharmonic-Symphony, play on two occasions—on Monday at a dinner-and-musicale given at the Plaza for the members of the Philharmonic-Symphony Society, and on Thursday night as soloist with the orchestra in a concert at Carnegie Hall. At both affairs, Rose (who, incidentally, is leaving his post after this season to go out on his own as a soloist) showed excellent musicianship and particularly distinguished himself by his performance of music by Ernest Bloch. At the dinner concert, he offered Bloch's "Prayer," a short, eloquent piece, as an encore after his brief program. He played the same composer's "Schelomo Rhapsody" on Thursday. Both compositions are passionate and colorful, and Rose played them with affecting conviction.

Dimitri Mitropoulos accompanied Rose on the piano at the musicale, and afterward, in his capacity as musical director of the orchestra, he was asked to speak to the dinner guests. They had been assembled to be told about the orchestra's troublesome financial condition and to be urged to help; they had listened to a sort of inspirational pep talk, by Floyd Blair, the president of the Society, and to a wild allegory about a tyrant who forbade any form of music, by Clare Boothe Luce, a member of the board of directors. Then Mrs. Lytle Hull, the chairman for the occasion, called on Mitropoulos. With his hands in his pockets and a nervous smile on his face, the conductor began his talk by drawing his audience's minds back to ancient Greece. He said that in Athens a cry was always going up for funds with which to build temples for the many gods the Greeks worshiped, and now, although that civilization has long since passed, its ruins are beautiful. Today, he continued blandly, we worship but one god—Money. The more money we amass, the greater our sacrifice should be, he said, and it is very important that such sacrifices should benefit cultural institutions like the orchestra, for should this civilization one day fall—and that is possible, he said—it is to be hoped that we, too, will leave "beautiful ruins." He was smiling urbanely when he finished, and he got a good hand, but I'd give a drachma to know just how many checks this remarkable appeal elicited.

To get back to the music at the dinner, Mitropoulos also accompanied Martha Lipton, mezzo-soprano from the Metropolitan Opera, who offered several numbers, among them two fascinating songs by Alban Berg—"Schilflied" and "Die Nachtigall." Their emotional content is feverish and their melodic design is voluptuous, and they were impressively sung by Miss Lipton.

Apart from the vivid "Schelomo," superbly played by the orchestra and the soloist, the most interesting piece on Thursday's Carnegie Hall program, at which Mitropoulos conducted, was the local première of "New York Profiles," a four-part orchestral suite by Norman Dello Joio. It provides a sketchy musical definition of four familiar landmarks of the city—the Cloisters, the Park, Grant's Tomb, and Little Italy—and while it is tuneful and mildly entertaining, it is not as successful as it might have been. The final section is especially disappointing; one might reasonably expect such a work to end in a triumphant burst of gaiety, but "Little Italy" sounds only querulous. The fleet second portion, "The Park," admirably suggestive of children at play, seemed to me the most pleasing. The first and third movements are attractive, but neither is outstanding. Judging the work on its own light terms, I feel that a more vibrant last movement could have wrapped it up.

RECITALS by two pianists also drew me to Carnegie Hall last week. On Tuesday night, Jorge Bolet, a tall, strongly built, well-groomed man, played a long and taxing program. He displayed a sound technique, but for some reason his playing lacked excitement. His program—to give you an idea of what he tackled—consisted of Mendelssohn's Prelude and Fugue in E Minor, Schumann's Concerto Without Orchestra, Beethoven's Sonata in D Minor (Opus 31, No. 2), Franck's Prelude, Chorale, and Fugue, Liszt's "Les Funérailles," and a couple of short de Falla pieces. Just the length of the performance was tiring—even for the audience—and there was a sameness about his approach to the various works that made it doubly wearisome. I was

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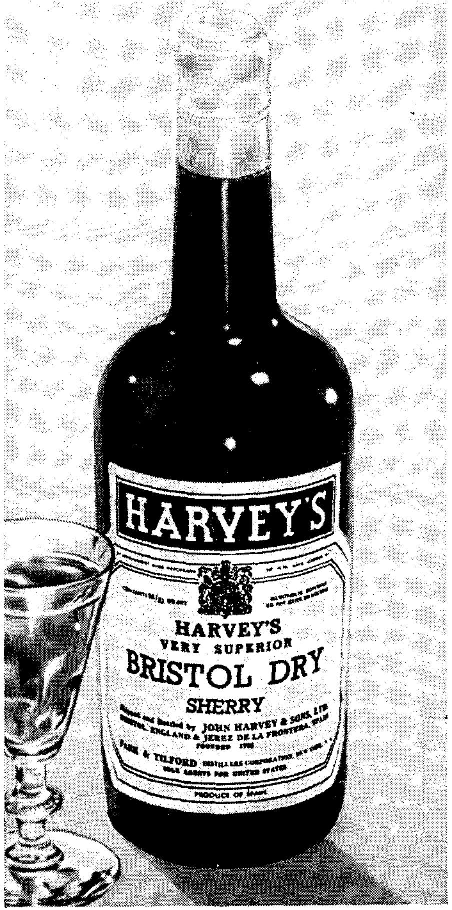

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most curious about a quality of tone he repeatedly produced; it was the kind of dead tone that I usually associate with piano recordings. I don't know just how, or why, he produced it.

The next night, Julian Károlyi, a fellow of an entirely different order, turned up at Carnegie Hall. He is slight, his hair is long and thick, and he wore a loose-fitting dress suit. Whereas Bolet's playing had been rather too precise, Károlyi's was too sloppy. And he seemed to tire as the evening went along. Opening with an indifferent execution of Bach's Chromatic Fantasy and Fugue, he succeeded in striking up a good deal of romantic fervor in his following numbers, by Chopin and Liszt, even though he didn't always play them expertly. He missed the mark entirely, however, in the second half of the program, during which he presented works by Ravel and Debussy, among other composers, with practically no consideration for their unique properties.

—DOUGLAS WATT

POPULAR RECORDS

Good Man from Cuba

ONE of the recent items in Columbia's Piano Moods series is a long-playing record containing eight stimulating performances in the Latin-American idiom by the Cuban pianist Jose Melis. The playing is so imaginative and fresh that it awoke in me the suspicion that the trend of our North American jazz playing, and particularly that of our jazz pianists, has been toward a style whose most noticeable feature is a kind of cold dexterity. I got to thinking about several of the other recordings in this series, each by a different pianist, and about a great many other examples of modern piano playing I have heard, and I couldn't help feeling that jazz has become overrefined. It had no other choice, I suppose; it wouldn't do for our younger jazz pianists simply to imitate the old masters. Technically, they play rings around their elders, but emotionally they haven't yet matched them in vigor or expression. It is no use pointing out that there are still among us countless exponents of the older jazz forms; they are classicists and have nothing to do with the developing course of jazz. I think it was Melis's surprising and delightful transformation of that venerable bit of musical sentiment from the early nineteen-twenties, "The Love Nest," that first aroused these considerations. Melis has turned the piece into a

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slow rumba in a minor key. The effect is startling.

Melis is an excellent pianist. He is supported in these performances by a guitar, a bass, maracas, and a bongo drum, but because of his distinguished playing, there is nothing frantic or heavily Latin about the program; it is light and engaging, if strangely assorted. In addition to "The Love Nest," he plays "Moon Over Miami," Saint-Saëns's "My Heart at Thy Sweet Voice," "Isle of Capri," César Cui's "Orientale," "On a Little Street in Singapore," Granados' "Playera," and "Cherokee." It is a refreshing recording.

ABOUT ten years before the advent of "Guys and Dolls," a musical comedy similar in genre, but tougher, reached Broadway. It was "Pal Joey," and now, for the first time, a show album containing most of the adroit and captivating songs in the score has been run off, by Columbia. It was a splendid idea, for the Rodgers-and-Hart songs sound as bright and attractive as ever. Vivienne Segal, who had the feminine lead in the original production, sings "What Is a Man?" and "Bewitched," and also participates in a couple of duets. It is a pleasure to rediscover what a lovely soprano voice she has. "That Terrific Rainbow," a fine tongue-in-cheek version of a night-club song, is stunningly sung by Barbara Ashley. The aforementioned "Bewitched," which, in a somewhat devitalized form, was a popular success last season, is sung here as it should be sung—at an accelerated pace and with the original lyrics. Other numbers that I found especially ingra-

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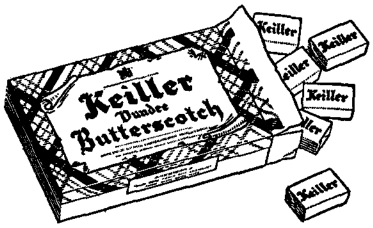

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tiating are "Zip," which purports to describe the rich thoughts an intellectually curious stripper thinks while stripping; a disillusioned duet entitled "Take Him;" and the show's love song, "I Could Write a Book." Harold Lang and Beverly Fite do most of the singing in these, and in a number of other sprightly pieces. (Mr. Lang is really a dancer who sings more or less as a side line. In that respect, he is a counterpart of Gene Kelly, who had the lead in the show. He sounds like Kelly, too—neat and unprofessional.) Kenneth Remo and Jo Hurt are heard briefly in other selections. The chorus and orchestra, responding with great style to some first-rate arrangements by Ted Royal, are under the direction of Lehman Engel. Rodgers himself has written a chatty and informative note for the album cover, explaining how the musical came about.

ELLA FITZGERALD presents eight Gershwin songs in a new Decca album, with Ellis Larkin providing delicate and artful piano accompaniments. Miss Fitzgerald's supple voice slides in and out of the melodic line with admirable ease, but her style is somehow too mannered and detached to extract the full flavor from these songs. I liked best her work with "My One and Only," a loose-jointed piece, and I was glad to run across the seldom heard "Looking for a Boy" again, but I would not say I was enchanted by her delivery of "Someone to Watch Over Me," "I've Got a Crush on You," "How Long Has This Been Going On?," "But Not for Me," "Maybe," or "Soon."

THE vocal powers of Lee Wiley, who also can be heard in a new album (this one by Columbia) do not bear comparison with Miss Fitzgerald's. Miss Wiley's voice is husky and unsteady, but she sings with a kind of quiet sincerity that makes up for these deficiencies. Her accompanists make up for them, too. Bobby Hackett's trumpet weaves soft and appealing counter-melodies in with her singing, while a string group built around Joe Bushkin's graceful piano work fills in the background. Miss Wiley's bent is toward the sadness of things, and her version of the essentially cheerful "I've Got a Crush on You" has a tender hopelessness about it. Four of the eight songs, all of which are out of the past, have music by Victor Young, and it's hard to see why there should be this concentration, because "Street of Dreams,"

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"A Ghost of a Chance," "A Woman's Intuition," and "Any Time, Any Day, Anywhere" are anything but remarkable as songs. The remaining three are "Sugar," "Oh! Look at Me Now," and that early and sunny Rodgers and Hart number, "Manhattan," which is out of place in Miss Wiley's world of pathos. Whatever reservations I have about the program, however, I have none at all about the performances.

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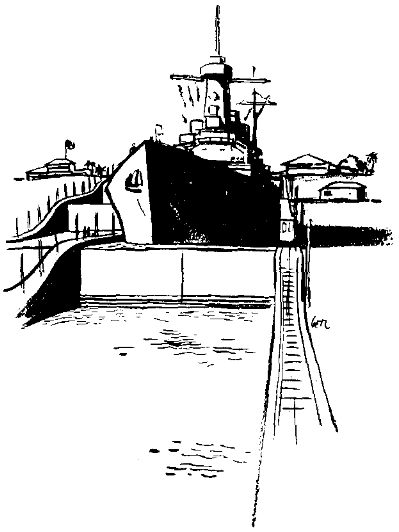
September Song and Artistry in Tango—Stan Kenton's orchestra. The leading, and possibly the only, interpreter of "progressive jazz" offers the Kurt Weill-Maxwell Anderson classic in a simple, straightforward performance that, because of the organlike timbre of the orchestra, immediately brings to mind the topnotch Claude Thornhill band of several years ago. The song is taken at a slow pace, with male voices singing the words in unison. The other side offers a clumsy tango arrangement of a Stan Kenton theme that has been used before in a recording by the band. (*Capitol*)

Honeysuckle Rose and My Heart Stood Still—Erroll Garner, pianist, with bass and drums. "Honeysuckle Rose" is one of Garner's most rollicking, inventive solos, and its companion piece is in the pianist's more soulful style. (*Columbia*)

Lonesome Gal and The Beanbag Song—Ella Fitzgerald, with orchestra. Here Miss Fitzgerald is in her proper element. "Lonesome Gal" is a tuneful bit of sentiment, caressingly sung. The other is one of those silly songs, so much with us at the moment, to which only Miss Fitzgerald seems able to give distinction. (*Decca*)

Build That Railroad and Love You Madly—Duke Ellington's orchestra. A pair of new Ellington numbers, beautifully played. Both are bright and alive musically, but the inept lyric for the second one, sung by Yvonne, spoils it. "Build That Railroad," skillfully employing train effects in the orchestration, is a rhythmic work song, of a sophisticated nature, and it is well sung by Al Hibbler. (*Columbia*)

Temptation Rag and Lullaby of the Leaves—Benny Goodman's sextet. Goodman has a fine collection of men with him on these sides. Teddy Wilson plays piano, Terry Gibbs vibraphone, John Smith guitar, Bob Carter bass, and Charles Smith



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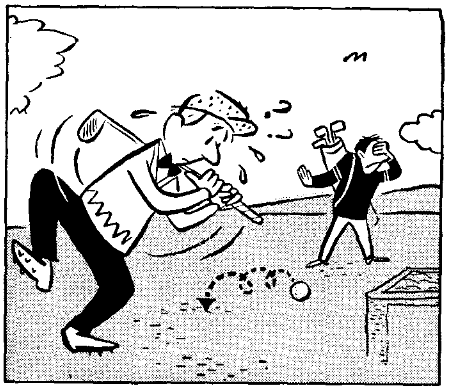

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drums. They do some exceedingly nimble ensemble work in "Temptation Rag," a piece that travels up and down the scale at a rapid rate, and make a slow jump tune out of "Lullaby of the Leaves." (*Columbia*)

—D. W.

•

LESSON IN GEOGRAPHY

(BASED ON A MAP IN "TIME")

The route that leads from Ashkhabad
To Bandar Shah is not so far,
My lad, as that from Kandahar
To Srinagar or old Bagdad.
A plague that kills is at Mysore;
A wild beast lurks in Bangalore,
An avalanche in Pakistan—
Not Pakistan near Mandalay
Where Irrawaddy fishes play—
But precincts nearer Peshawar
That border on Afghanistan.
If you would leave Ahmadabad
And journey northward to Lahore,
Avoid the straightest route, where bad
Terrain is at the desert door
Of Thar, for deserts are as full
Of toil as mountainous Kabul.
Better the curious, easy feeling
Of the itinerant at Darjeeling
Who, drinking tea, may spy the crest
Of the gigantic Everest,
The Himalayan mountain that
Cannot be seen from Ararat.
If you should pause en route at Resht,
A port on one of Russia's seas,
Eschew Baku; you won't digest
The oil. It's safer at Tabriz.

These verses have no moral but
This: You're always in a rut.
If you escape the desert's danger,
Or on the mountain keep composure,
In no locale are you a stranger
To Russia's southerly exposure.

—DAYTON N. DENNETT

•

It's natural for a baby around one year to take a bite out of his parent's cheek.... I don't think it means much, either, when a child between 1 and 2 bites another child, whether it's in a friendly or angry spirit.

After 2 or 2½ it depends on how often the biting occurs and how the child is getting along otherwise. If he is generally happy and outgoing but occasionally takes a bite when he gets in a fight, it's of no great importance. But if, on the other hand, he is tense or unhappy much of the time and keeps biting other children for no good reason, it's a sign that something is wrong....

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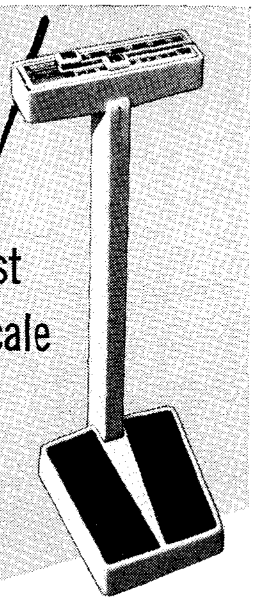

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

Culture by the Carload

"TALES OF HOFFMANN" is the biggest package of culture that has been tossed into a movie house since Sam Rothafel brought Martha Graham to the Radio City Music Hall. Not content with offering interested parties the complete Offenbach concoction, the producers and directors of the film, Michael Powell and Emeric Pressburger, have transformed most of the business into ballets and furnished the piece with sets that rival the early works of DeMille and the window displays of Dali. You may recall that Mr. Powell and Mr. Pressburger were responsible for "The Red Shoes," a picture that glided through a ballet based on a Hans Christian Andersen story, wrestled with the problems of impresarios and toe dancers, and ran on for well over two hours. Having done Terpsichore to a turn, the boys have now essayed something a bit more complicated. In this "Tales of Hoffmann," such dancers as Moira Shearer, Ludmilla Tcherina, Leonide Massine, and Robert Helpmann are called upon not only to foot it featly but also to pretend that their gyrations take so little out of them that they are able to line out arias as they whirl about. Actually, of course, their singing is being done offscreen by such vocalists as Dorothy Bond, Margherita Grandi, Grahame Clifford, and Bruce Dargavel. About the only member of the company who is really doing what he seems to be doing is Robert Rounseville, the Hoffmann of the piece, and I thought his singing was the most satisfactory aspect of the whole affair. I suppose there is something meritorious in attempting to merge opera, ballet, and movies, but in the present case the product struck me as being as difficult to countenance as a disorderly *ménage à trois*. Incidentally, the Offenbach score that accompanies the picture is rendered by the London Philharmonic Orchestra, conducted by Sir Thomas Beecham. It sounds fine.

I HAD a suspicion that the movie version of "I Can Get It for You Wholesale" was going to be pretty remote from the Jerome Weidman novel when I learned that the hero, Harry Bogen, had been transformed, for Hollywood purposes, into a lady named Harriet Boyd. This suspicion became a certainty when, in the early moments of the picture, the lady was described by her mother as "a throwback to an Irish bandit in the hills of Killarney." This throwback isn't half as interesting a character as the one invented by Mr. Weidman, and her villainies, compared with Mr. Bogen's, are thin stuff indeed. She's supposed to be a model who works her way up to becoming a designer and partner in a $10.95 dress house on Seventh Avenue, and then attempts to sell her associates down the river in order to set herself up in the stylish establishment of the dean of all the dress manufacturers, an English gentleman named Noble. The lady's conversations with Mr. Noble are not quite as incisive as the dialogue Mr. Weidman created for his novel. While Mr. Noble is eying her, plainly beside himself with lechery, she remarks, "You are interested in *me* as well as in my talent." "I'm very simple; I only know what I want," says Mr. Noble significantly. Whatever it is he wants, he never achieves it, for our heroine happens to have a bad case on the head salesman peddling her $10.95 frocks.

As played by Susan Hayward, the central figure has occasional moments of credibility, but the most convincing member of the cast is Dan Dailey, as the salesman. Somehow, he succeeds in remaining plausible even when the plot has got him into situations that are either sticky or outlandish, and he makes a nice contrast to George Sanders, who plays Noble with the dubious grandeur of a floorwalker. Possibly because the technique of selling movies and the technique of selling frocks are not too dissimilar, the current exhibit deals rather gently with the mores of Seventh Avenue, which Mr. Weidman described so acidly. What the denizens of the street are really like, to hear this movie tell it, is summed up tenderly in an apothegm propounded near the climax of the picture by Sam Jaffe, who functions as a partner of Miss Hayward: "When it comes to choosing between people and money, we'll go bankrupt every time." On hearing this endorsement of emotion, Miss Hayward gets as full of it as all Seventh Avenue and propels herself toward Mr. Dailey while the moon glows over the quiet and reasonably priced garments. —JOHN McCARTEN

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Next question.

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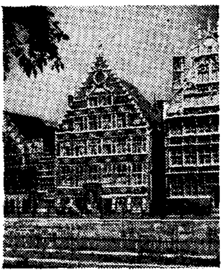

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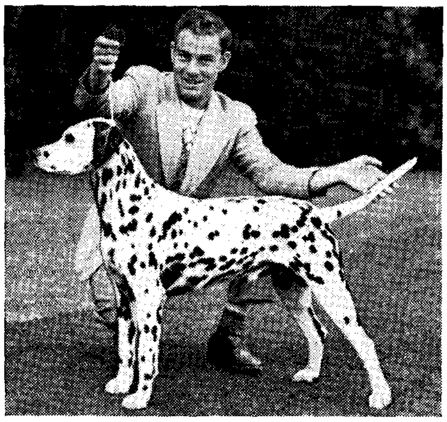
IS HARPER'S BAZAAR SPREADING A FALSE ALARM?

"IS there any chance of salvaging the tea hour from the devastating encroachments of the cocktail party?" I never gave any thought to this question—indeed, it never occurred to me that there was such a question—until I read the March issue of *Harper's Bazaar*. Now it is haunting me. Next in my spectral preoccupations, as far as questions are concerned, comes, "Is it only old ladies who cherish the charm of coming in out of a gray end-of-winter afternoon to find by the fire the revivifying fragrance of hot tea and cinnamon toast, and a table set with silver and snowy linen?," a question that was also posed by *Harper's Bazaar*, right after the encroachment, or encroachments, question.

The answer to the first of these questions is: The cocktail party *doesn't* encroach upon the tea hour, since the tea hour starts at four-thirty or five, and is therefore generally over by six, at the latest, while the cocktail party, in my experience, rarely gets under way, or under weigh, until six or later. I know that some cocktail parties are advertised to start at five-thirty—I have notices of two such on my desk right now—but, except for the hosts, scarcely anyone ever appears at these functions until, to be precise, eleven minutes after six. Most guests show up at a quarter to seven and stay until eight-thirty, eating enough canapés to obviate dinner. I myself have obviated many a dinner in this way. It is possible, of course, for the tea hour and the cocktail party to interlock chronologically, in the event of a tea guest lingering over his or her farewells and a cocktail guest—a commuter, possibly, who has to catch the seven-twelve to Scarsdale—arriving early, but the overlap wouldn't be more than a few minutes, hardly enough for an encroachment, or usurping intrusion. And besides, whose encroachment, if it is such, would it be—the cocktail party's or the tea party's? I think the party of the second part's, since encroachment is a forward, rather than a backward, movement. Maybe the question should be rephrased as "Is there any chance of salvaging the cocktail party from the sly encroachments of the overextended tea hour?" or "Is there any danger of the cocktail party's backing up into the tea hour?" but neither of these is an awfully good question. They postulate the existence of



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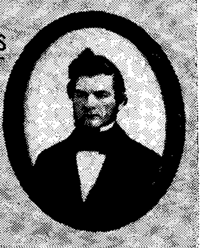

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too many sports to be susceptible of general application.

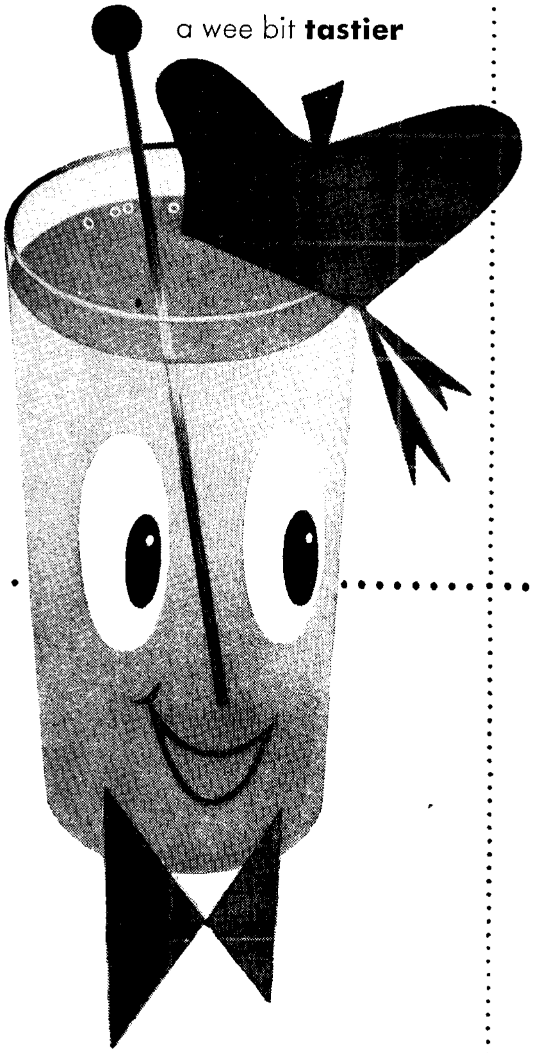
The answer to the *Bazaar's* second question is a multiple one: The fragrance of hot tea isn't any more revivifying than that of cold bourbon; old ladies don't come in out of gray end-of-winter afternoons—they've been home all afternoon, nursing their crotchets. The only tea I've been to recently was one given by the Morgan Library, and the ladies I ran into there were Ilka Chase; Helen Howe, the monologist; Mrs. Sinclair Hamilton, wife of the lawyer; and Margaret Carson, the Metropolitan Opera Association's publicity girl, none of whom are old. Miss Chase's mother, Edna Woolman Chase, is getting along, although spry and exceptionally uncrotchety, but she's the editor of *Vogue*, so I guess I'd better leave her out of this. She wasn't there, in any case. Her daughter told me she was on her way to a cocktail party at Iva Patcévitch's.

THE *Bazaar* follows up its two questions with a passage that bewilders me; to wit:

> Around the fire should gather a few friends, or people who look forward to becoming friends—not the odd miscellany that often converges on a cocktail party for the principal reason that the hostess is paying off her social debts. No one must be in a hurry, and the twilight, an aid to good talk, should be allowed to gather and deepen before the lamps are lit. The hostess should perform with ceremony the small rituals of brewing tea (at least three minutes in water that is bubbling-boiling when it reaches the leaves) and of offering sugar and napkins and of dispensing her prettiest cups. In the picture above, the silver service is Oneida's Georgian Community Plate, and the china is Lennox's Cretan pattern. Eisenberg ring.

The patronizing phrase "odd miscellany" comes with poor grace from a magazine whose photographs in the very same issue, other than those of anonymous fashion models, are of Anne O'Hare McCormick; a nun; Louis Jouvet; Mrs. Winston Guest; the Earl of Albemarle; Mrs. James Brown Potter; Lillie Langtry; Mrs. Leslie Carter; Jacques Maritain; Arnold J. Toynbee; R. P. Blackmur and his cat, Proctor; John, Belle, and Wylie O'Hara; Robert, Gaby, and Thérèse Casadesus; Denholm Elliott; the Comtesse de la Falaise; Maggi McNellis; Mrs. E. Roland Harriman; and Russell Nype. What's wrong with an odd miscellany, anyway? Who wouldn't be delighted to go to a cocktail party attended by the aforementioned, and who wouldn't

a wee bit **smoother**
a wee bit **mellower**
a wee bit **tastier**



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"Spirit" of
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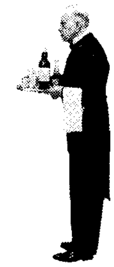

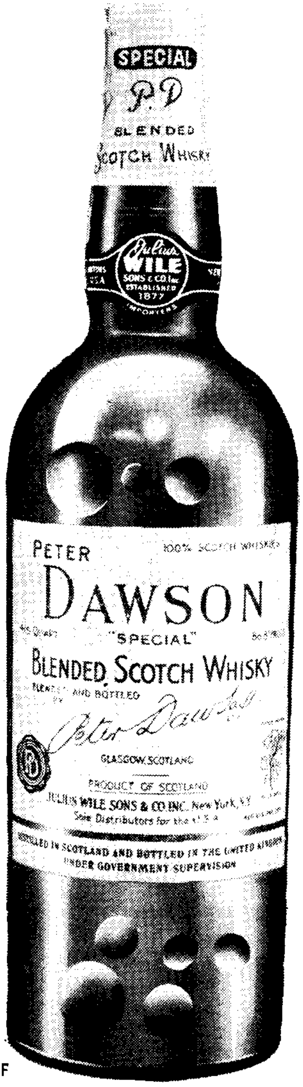
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make a real effort to become friends with one and all, especially Proctor? Nobody except the most hardened aelurophobe. As for the social-debts reference, this is an unwarranted generalization; you can pay off a debt with a pot of oolong just as handily as with a Bloody Mary.

I come, finally, to "Eisenberg ring." Who is Eisenberg? Is this sentence meant to be an imperative—"Eisenberg, ring!"? If so, is Eisenberg the butler? No, a butler doesn't ring; you ring for the butler. Maybe he's a guest, and his hostess is asking him to ring, possibly for some more cinnamon toast or some more snowy linen. Eisenberg doesn't sound like a *Harper's Bazaar*-type guest, however; I don't know of any celebrity by that name. Probably it's a typographical error for Einstein, or Eisenhower.

Harper's Bazaar's questionnaire and advice were called to my attention by a young lady who converged on me at a cocktail party. "May I look forward to becoming your friend?" I asked, for I cherished her charm. "This is neither the time nor the place," she said, so I've asked her to tea. My blood is bubbling-boiling.

—GEOFFREY T. HELLMAN

•

Q—I have a duplex. I live in one side and my tenant lives in the other. Almost every night he fills the bathtub with hot water, at my expense, and sleeps in the tub from 1 to 2 hours. Your law says that a sleeping room must be at least 80 square feet in area. The bathroom is but 41 square feet. Would it be possible for you to arrest the tenant and help reduce my water bill?—R.E.

A—There is no law against anyone taking a short nap in a bathtub filled with hot water. If he placed a bed in the bathroom and regularly used it as a bedroom, he then would have to move his bed out. —*Builders' Question Box in the San Diego (Calif.) Union.*

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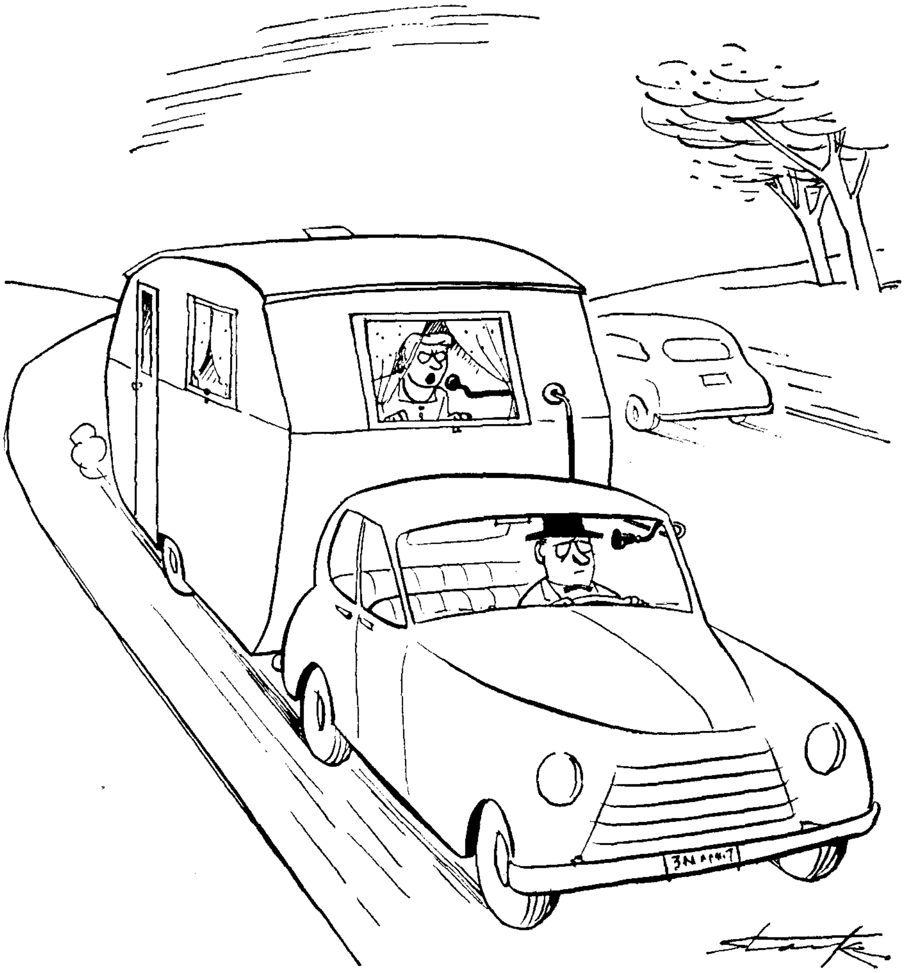
BOOKS

High Discourse on the Arts: André Malraux and Arnold Schoenberg

THE reviewer is about to attack two books in fields where he has little competence: "The Twilight of the Absolute," by André Malraux (Pantheon), and "Style and Idea," by Arnold Schoenberg (Philosophical Library). One is the third and last volume of Malraux's long work, "The Psychology of Art;" the other is a collection of essays by one of the masters of modern music. I am not equipped to deal with these in any expert critical way, but I make no apology for writing about them, because they should both be of exceptional interest to anybody who cares anything about painting and music.

Malraux is well known as a novelist, as a fighter for revolutionary causes, and, more recently, as one of the lieutenants of General de Gaulle. It is not so well known that he began his career as an archeologist, with explorations in Indo-China, and that he became an authority on Khmerian art. Beginning several years before the recent war, he now and then contributed to various periodicals the fragments of a general work on art, which, between 1947 and 1950, was at last brought out in three volumes, under the title "Psychologie de l'Art." The whole work, with the publication of this third volume—which in French has the slightly different title "La Monnaie de l'Absolu"—is available now in English in the excellent translation by Stuart Gilbert. It is hard to judge very brilliant books, which may dazzle, deafen, and stun when they explode under our noses, but, reading these successive volumes, I have finally been brought to the conclusion that Malraux's "Psychology of Art" is not simply one of his best productions but perhaps one of the really great books of our time.

If one should merely look through these volumes without paying attention to the text, turning over the handsome illustrations, one would not get any idea of the originality of the work or of the unconventional way in which these illustrations are used. It is the primary perception of Malraux, on which the whole book is based, that it has now, for the first time, become possible for humanity to take account of what has been produced in the plastic arts in all ages and all over the world. Hitherto, the limitations of travel and the difficulties of reproduction have prevented the student of art from surveying the whole field: he has known intimately only the work of the region where he happened to live, along with a very limited supplement of inadequate copies of foreign work and even fewer imported originals. But with twentieth-century transportation and the perfecting of photographic processes, he can now bring together and examine every work of human hands that survives, from the scratchings of the Dordogne caves to the holocausts of paint of the Renaissance, from the anonymous beasts of the steppes writhing on their bronze plaques to the still-lifes and kaleidoscopes of shattered planes, each signed with a known name that has its value on the Paris market; from Alaskan totem poles glaring upon the Pacific to the inland serenity of Chinese painting (the only thing, Malraux says, that, rolled up and not on display, is still rather hard to get at). Greek statues and Roman mosaics, Gothic ornaments and Byzantine murals, Buddhist sculptures and Egyptian mummy cases, Congo masks and Australasian fetishes, all the show paintings of all the palaces and all the places of worship, all the gallery pictures of all the schools of art, all the engravings and drawings and the preliminary sketches for paintings, which are sometimes, Malraux says, more interesting than the paintings themselves, all the movie stills and other photographs, may today be brought together and studied. We can analyze them and pose them, furthermore, as has never been possible before. We can get special angles on statues, set them in special lights; we can isolate details in a painting and emphasize special values. We are in a position today to have the run of an imaginary museum that will enable us to find out more about the history of the plastic arts and their meaning to human development than any real one that has ever been assembled. The illustrations of the book itself, many of them in color, show what can be done in this way. They have been chosen with a critical acumen and introduced into the text with an effectiveness that make "The Psychology of Art," as a book that is something more than the mere sense of what the



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author says (assisted, in the translated as well as in the French edition, by the marvellous printing and reproductions of the Swiss publisher Albert Skira), one of the most astonishing achievements of André Malraux's genius.

The first volume, "Museum Without Walls" ("Le Musée Imaginaire"), builds up to a first indication of the writer's principal thesis, which is developed in detail and at length only in this third volume. Malraux believes that modern Western art, beginning, as he suggests, with Manet, has a tremendous philosophical and moral importance, because it represents, for the first time, a deliberate declaration by man of his will to master the world, to create it in conformity with his own ideals. The painter is no longer attempting to arrange his relations with God, to attach his existence to another world, or even to celebrate Nature. Nor is he occupied any longer with the problem that held the attention of European art between the Renaissance and the modern era—the development of technical methods for reproducing the illusion of the actual. He has come to the end of that and can now leave actuality to the photograph. He can now assert his right as a human being to deal with the world about him in an audacious and cavalier way, and to conceive—that is, to organize—his environment, his relationships, and his destiny according to any system he pleases. The universe is there to be used by him, not he by it. With the whole of the globe and all of its schools spread out before him now, he can choose from his imaginary museum whatever he finds serves his purpose—an El Greco or an African statue—and his choices, which may from an older point of view seem a wildly incongruous assortment, all have it in common that they either give evidence of a tendency on the part of his predecessors to assert, as he is doing, their right to their special vision, or in some other way encourage him to do so. The Christian or the Buddhist work of art no longer means to the modern the same thing that it did to its contemporaries, for whom it was a detail of their cult. He has inherited the "small change" of their absolute, for he can see in the older work only the same affirmation of a human will of which he is conscious in himself.

The final effect of "The Psychology of Art" is not, however, quite so ringingly positive as this account of it might lead one to suppose. The situation in which Malraux finds himself is similar to that in which we left him at the end of the first novel, published during the war, of his uncompleted series, "La Lutte avec l'Ange." He wishes to justify the human race, to give us courage in our "human condition," but he is confronted with some very awkward evidence. As in the novel his affirmation of the stature and the scope of man has had to be made in the teeth of the horrors of tank and gas warfare that he has felt it his duty to describe, so here his declared faith in the high meaning and mission of modern art has to reckon with what must appear considerable disquieting elements both of primitivism and of decadence. Do the Surrealists' demonology and the abstract patterns of Mondrian speak to us with a proud self-confidence in the role of mankind in the world? Malraux has to face these phenomena as he has had to face the bestiality and the abstraction of modern war. He admits that some aspects of modern art are symptoms of disease and weakness, and this treatise on aesthetic history presents the same kind of discrepancies that "La Lutte avec l'Ange" did. Yet the discrepancy between faith and evidence—or, rather, between will and obstacle—is what makes the book bracing. Malraux, in this last volume, does end by convincing the reader that modern art, for all its apparent eclecticism, has been forging a new style that denotes a definite victory of humankind over our mortal and earth-bound destiny—though we may have to add the reservation that at the same time it seems to betray a certain grogginess and sulky defiance, mixed sometimes with slavish imitation, in its recoil from the hard blank surface with which the industrial age has met it.

The second volume, "The Creative Act" ("La Création Artistique"), is mainly devoted to showing how all creative progress in art is accomplished through a transformation of the forms that have gone before. This is rather a familiar story, and I am not sure that this section of the work is quite so satisfactory as the others. One may note, in connection with it, certain dubious—or perhaps, rather, difficult—features of "The Psychology of Art" as a whole. As a French writer, André Malraux is an altogether eccentric phenomenon. A great exemplar of the French intelligence, with a mind full of French formulations, he is not a master of exposition. The consecutive and lucid unrolling of smoothly spun-out ideas is something you will not find in "The Psychology of Art." Though Malraux tries to disentangle his argument and to make his points one by one, all the painters and all the periods seem to be trying to crowd into his pages at once, proposing unexpected comparisons and curious observations. His paragraphs and even his sentences become sometimes so clogged and allusive that one finds them rather hard to follow. One does not, in fact, quite "follow" them: one studies them and reads them twice in order to canvass their contents and to analyze them in such a way as to find out what Malraux is driving at. His style combines, also, rather queerly, being elliptical with overwriting. He sometimes states perceptions or principles in language so witty and terse that they seem to have the flash of revelation, and at other times he labors at length, and we discover, at the cost of effort, that he has been saying something commonplace in a strained or snarled way. Though Malraux is always making the gestures of telescoping gradual processes and plunging for essential points, one occasionally emerges with the feeling that he has actually been wasting space by repetition and confused presentation.

But all this one is ready to excuse on account of the variety and richness of the material with which Malraux deals. What my simplified description above will have failed to give any idea of is the survey of the whole field of art that leads up to the conclusions I have indicated. Malraux has attempted to treat (though in some cases he can scarcely more than mention), on a scale to which one cannot do justice within the limits of a short review, all the principal phases of visual art—religious, social, and personal. You have China, Japan, India, Greece, Rome, the Middle Ages, the Renaissance, the Dutch Masters, and modern Paris, to name only the larger divisions. This survey is so exciting, shows such an immense grasp of its subject in its great contours and in detail, that one is swept by it through snags and opacities. You have not only extended studies of the most important schools of art but also picture-by-picture accounts of the careers of certain important painters. Perhaps the most attractive features of the second volume are the long sections on El Greco and Tintoretto—and Malraux has recently published, also, a volume that does the same thing for Goya ("Saturne," not as yet translated and not to be confused with the volume of Goya's drawings to which Malraux contributed a preface), which really belongs with these and which, since the later Goya is particularly congenial to Malraux, is the best of his special studies. Thus, in scope as well as intention, "The Psychology of Art" quite tran-

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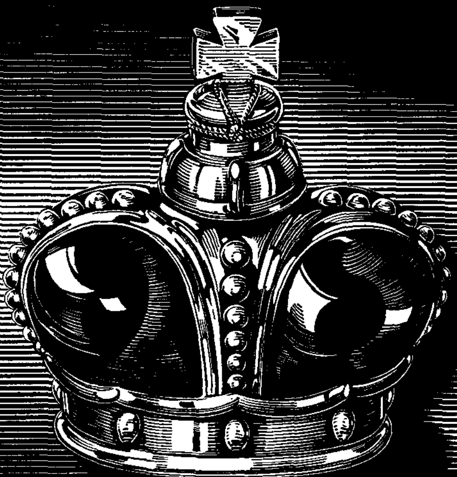

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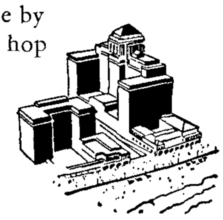

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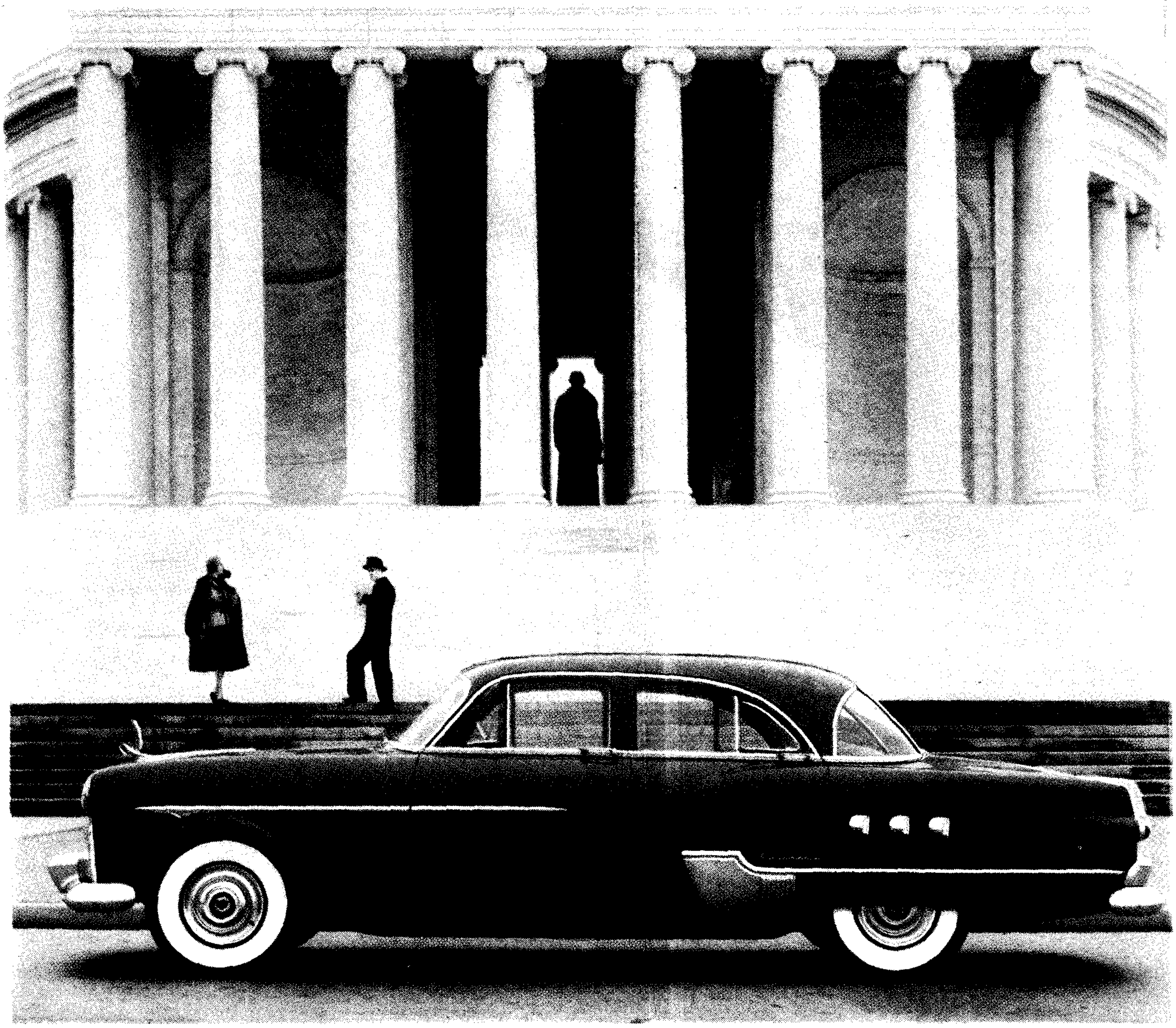
scends the conventional work on art of either the aesthetic or the historical kind. You cannot really characterize Gibbon's "Rome" by describing it as a history, or "Das Kapital" by saying that it is a treatise on economics, or "War and Peace" by calling it a novel. These great books are great not merely by reason of the prodigious ground that they cover, the prodigious amount of material they digest, but because they are also profound inquiries into mankind's position and purpose, and, unless I am much mistaken, Malraux's "Psychology of Art" is not out of place in their company.

THE disciples of Arnold Schoenberg have it in common with those of Freud, Marx, and Trotsky that they tend to defend the Master uncritically and to thrust beyond the pale as a heretic anyone who differs from him. It is far from exhilarating to read, as one sometimes does nowadays, excommunications of Bartók or Stravinsky, full of a kind of moral indignation, which are evidently based on the fact that these other distinguished composers have not embraced the twelve-tone technique. One seems to hear all-too-familiar echoes of polemics in other fields: "Compromisers!" "Deviationists!" "Lackeys of the bourgeoisie!"

One had not, however, realized how completely Schoenberg himself had been living up to the role of prophet. It appears from his new book, "Style and Idea," a collection of essays dated between 1912 and 1949, that he considers himself in close touch with God—to whom he sometimes refers as "the Supreme Commander" from whom he receives his orders—and regards the twelve-tone method as an inspired revelation. "The time will come," he says with assurance, when the ability to handle this method "will be an unconditional prerequisite for obtaining admission into the composition class of a conservatory." Yet this attitude does not, as one might assume, make Schoenberg himself tiresome. He is quite different, in this respect, from his followers; one could hardly even call him fanatical. As an admirer of Schoenberg's music, with its broken pathos and tragic passion, I had never supposed him the pedant that vulgar reputation makes him. But I was not prepared to find in these essays a personality so vital and direct, so pungent and shrewd, so human in its relation to the world, and so stimulating in its rare combination of realism and inspiration.

One had heard that Schoenberg was



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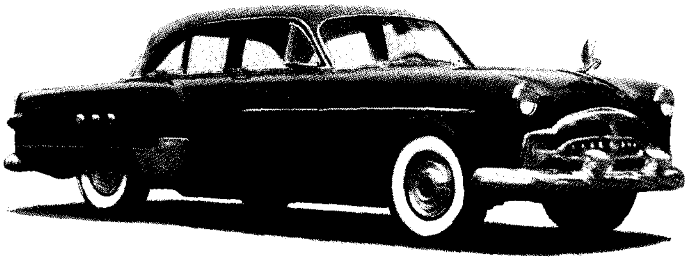

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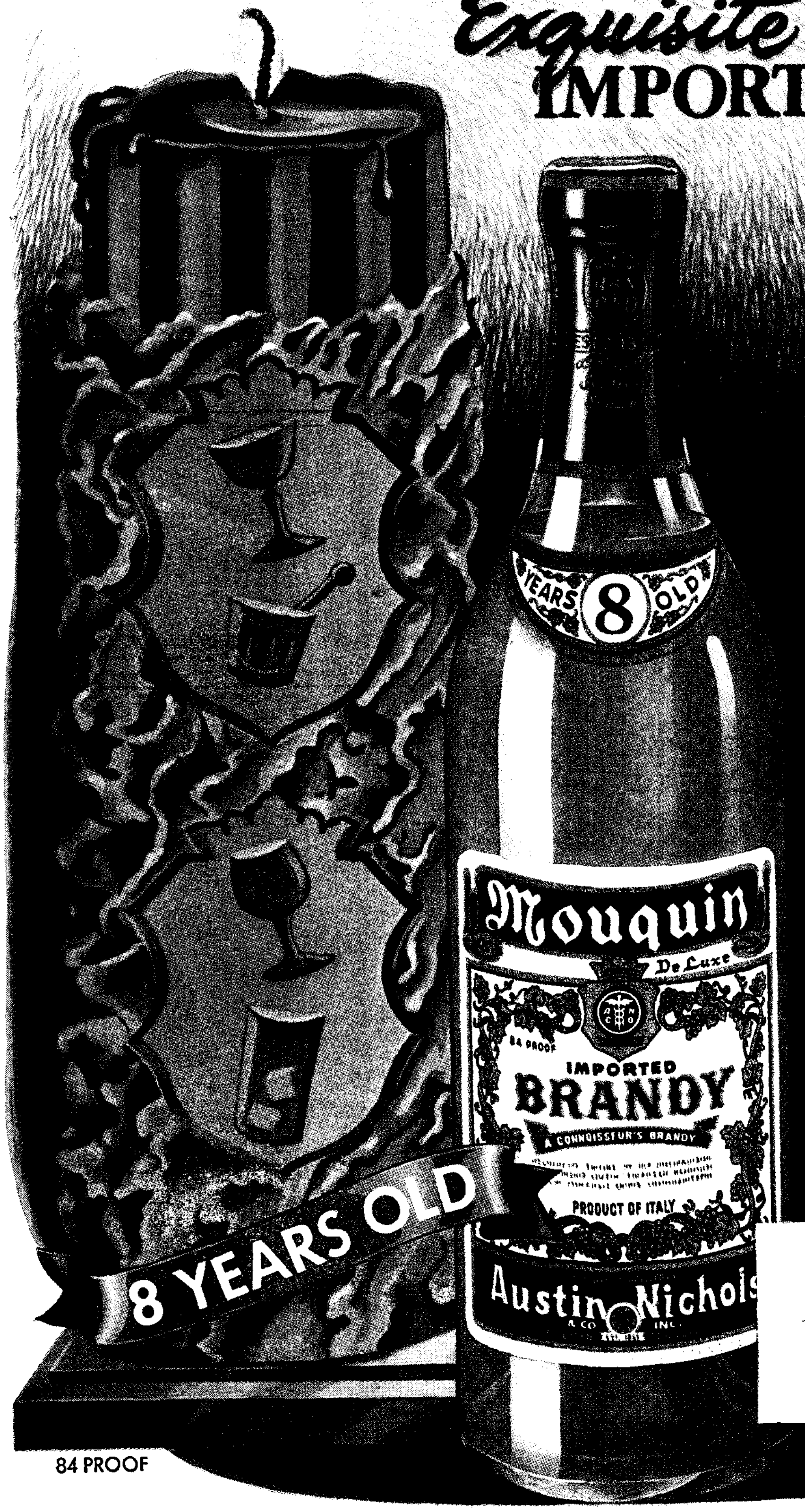
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a great teacher, and these papers make it easy to believe. His essay on the twelve-tone method is the clearest and most interesting I have seen. He explains its historical background, its genesis in the subconscious patterns of certain of his own compositions, and the manipulations of which it is capable, in such a way as to make it intelligible—in its rudiments, at any rate—to anyone who can play the piano with one finger, and he expounds with impressive eloquence the artistic ideals that have given us the terse language and the tight organization of his music. An essay called "Heart and Brain in Music" answers the charge that his work is "too cerebral." He shows that it would be very difficult to know in any given composition which part of it had been poured out spontaneously and which had had to be contrived. There are, also, long appreciative essays on the music of Gustav Mahler and on "Brahms the Progressive," and shorter pieces on a variety of subjects.

It is, however, a pity that Schoenberg has insisted, as he tells us, on not allowing his faulty English to be edited for precision, but has directed the translator of those pieces that originally appeared in German to make them as like German as possible, so that they would not contrast with his German English. The result of this is that the language is sometimes inopportunely grotesque and sometimes unnecessarily obscure. The book deserves to be read outside the special world of musicians. It is a document on the creative life that ought to be easily accessible to anyone who has any contact with it.

—EDMUND WILSON

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

NOTES ON A HORSETHIEF, by William Faulkner (Levee). This twenty-five-thousand-word story, which has been published in a limited edition of nine hundred and seventy-five copies, is very much in the style and vein of "Intruder in the Dust." It is printed in one solid chunk, interrupted by paragraphing only on the rare occasions when the characters are made to speak, and it is full of interminable parentheses and parentheses inside parentheses. Like "Intruder in the Dust," it reverses the conventional lynching by presenting a situation in which the whites defend a Negro who has got on the wrong side of the law—in this case, a Negro groom who has taken part in the theft

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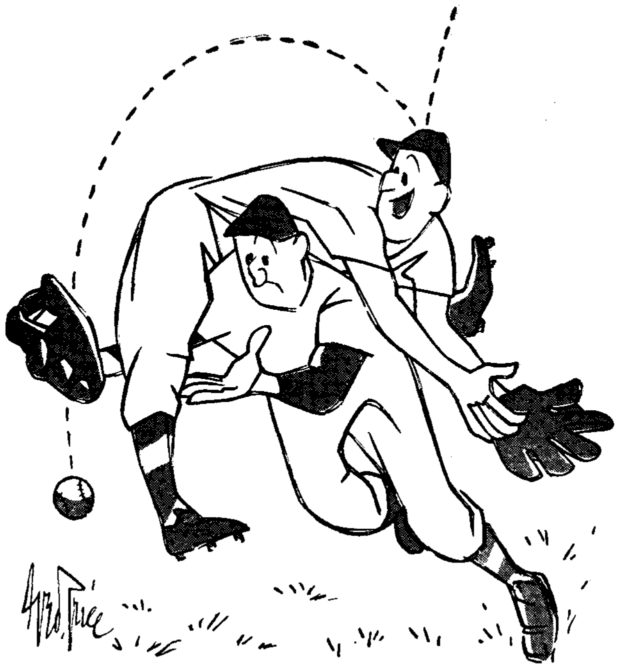

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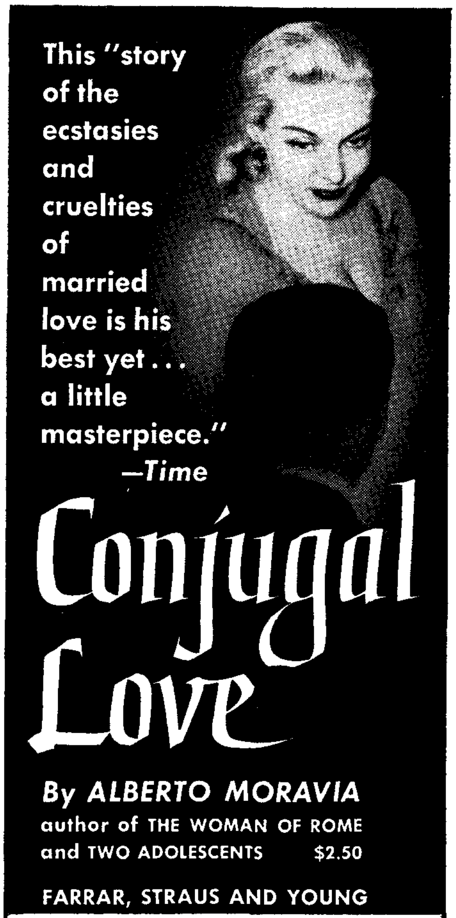

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of a valuable but crippled race horse. The deputy sheriff who is working on the case becomes so sympathetic toward the culprits for their gallant devotion to the horse, which they want to save from being retired, that he finally resigns his job, and the sentiment of a Southern town becomes so sympathetic toward the gambling spirit of the Negro that, although there is a price on his head—the owner of the horse is a detested oil baron—he is liberated as soon as he is caught. There is, as in "Intruder in the Dust," a lawyer who editorializes in a grandiose and tangled manner, relating the incidents of the story to large national issues and historic events. But "Notes on a Horsethief" does not come off so well as the earlier book. The incidents are not quite credible when they become sentimental or melodramatic, and they are voluminously swathed in the author's breathless declamation.

AT SWIM-TWO-BIRDS, by Flann O'Brien (Pantheon). A wild and extravagant book, a tale within a tale within a tale, in which citizens of modern Dublin, figures from ancient Ireland, and legendary demons and heroes take turns parading through Mr. O'Brien's imagination, which is prodigious and grounded in mockery. There are passages in the book that are great fun, and the author's ear for Dublin talk is unerring, but the physical atmosphere of soiled, stale linen is unpleasant.

EACH MAN'S SON, by Hugh MacLennan (Little, Brown). An austere, skillful, and rather boyish forty-two-year-old doctor named Ainslie, whose marriage is barren, longs for a son and finally manages to adopt the boy he likes, after considerable talk and travail. Mr. MacLennan is an honest and painstaking writer who becomes timid and even clumsy when he tries to deal directly with his people. The story is laid on Cape Breton Island, about the year 1913.

RENÉE, by H.-R. Lenormand (Creative Age). The young Parisienne depicted here with clinical precision and more than a trace of admiration is a prostitute whose chosen and thoroughly congenial career is interrupted during the Occupation, in a necessarily spasmodic way, by an idyll with an artist released from a German prison camp. Renée's lover, her clients, and her colleagues all find her conduct enigmatic, since she combines in her makeup an unusual degree of unscrupulousness, a streak of what might be termed romanticism, a political blind spot, and a distaste for matrimony. When it becomes vital for her to wangle her young man into the Maquis, Renée undergoes a sort of spiritual convulsion; since she's been previously set forth, with emphasis, as the epitome of bitchiness, this turn of events seems contrived and completely out of tune with her character. Translated by Frances Frenaye.

THE MONARCH OF THE GLEN, by Compton Mackenzie (Houghton Mifflin). Mr. Mackenzie's latest Highland joke goes on and on and on. It concerns a fiery Scottish laird who undertakes to rid his land of English hikers, and there is some additional foolishness concerning the marriage of a rich American girl named Myrtle.

THE MAGNIFICENT MACDARNEY, by John D. Sheridan (Pellegrini & Cudahy). A slight novel of suburban Dublin, in which the author, by pure ingenuousness or pure nerve, gets away with a set of characters and a situation taken straight from stock without alteration. The MacDarney of the title is a drunken sponger, the rest of the people in the book are his family and their good neighbors. Mr. Sheridan's writing is brisk and undemanding.

STOPOVER, by Carol Brink (Macmillan). Naomi Murdoch, a middle-aged woman of the type often referred to as "gallant," mostly because she's done more than her share of racketing around, drops in on the town of Placid Lake, Minnesota, to attend her younger daughter's high-school-graduation festivities. The reactions of her husband, her children, her former lover, and the townspeople aren't exactly unexpected, since Mrs. Murdoch had thumbed her nose at them decisively one night some ten years before, when she walked out on them, but the author presents them conscientiously, fluently, and, in the case of the children, with a satisfactory amount of insight. She isn't especially successful, however, at conveying the idea that all this is taking place in 1910, even though her characters are constantly hopping into buggies and gathering around the piano to sing ditties appropriate to that period.

THE EXPLORATIONS OF GEORGE BURTON, by John F. Wharton (Simon & Schuster). This book reads as if the author, sitting down to write a novel of ideas in which a group of intelli-

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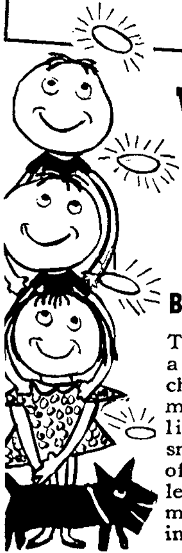

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defending, he says), he seems in this book to be a special pleader. Various writers, he finds, have misrepresented Roosevelt's actions, and he sets out to show the real facts behind, for instance, the decisions to recognize Vichy and to postpone the settlement of political problems until after the war. Naturally, in such a book people are going to get hurt; Mr. Hull and Mr. Byrnes take the mauling in this one, and some additional barbs are cast, as neatly as trout flies, in the direction of Herbert Hoover. In a summation, the author catalogues what he believes is wrong with our current foreign policy, which is plenty.

JOURNEY FOR OUR TIME, by the Marquis de Custine (Pellegrini & Cudahy). A translation of excerpts from the 1846 edition of a four-volume journal, "La Russie en 1839," written by a French aristocrat and journalist who made a three-month tour of Russia for the purpose of finding "arguments against representative government" and who returned home a firm "partisan of constitutions." The portions of the journal presented here have been chosen to point up not only the author's "ever-increasing disenchantment" with the Russia of Nicholas I but also the parallels that may be drawn by any even moderately discerning reader between Nicholas's government and the present Russian regime. Many of these parallels, growing out of the Marquis's encounters with government officials, censors, the secret police, and escorts instructed to show him only the more presentable facets of the country, are striking indeed. Others, having to do with his appraisal of the Russians, whom he regarded as congenital barbarians, require a more gymnastic comparative approach; the Marquis's batting average as a prophet was undoubtedly high, but he also spoke, at times, with the unmistakable accents of a nineteenth-century gentleman who was thoroughly tired of jouncing around an extremely cold country in a series of carts without springs. Translated and edited by Phyllis Penn Kohler, and with an introduction by Lieutenant General Walter Bedell Smith.

HENRY JAMES, by F. W. Dupee (Sloane). A critical biography in which an account of the life of the man and an analysis of his development as an artist are perfectly blended—an achievement that, with all respect to Mr. Dupee's talents, should

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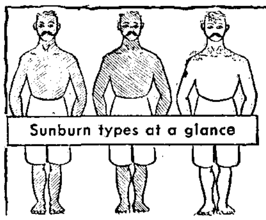
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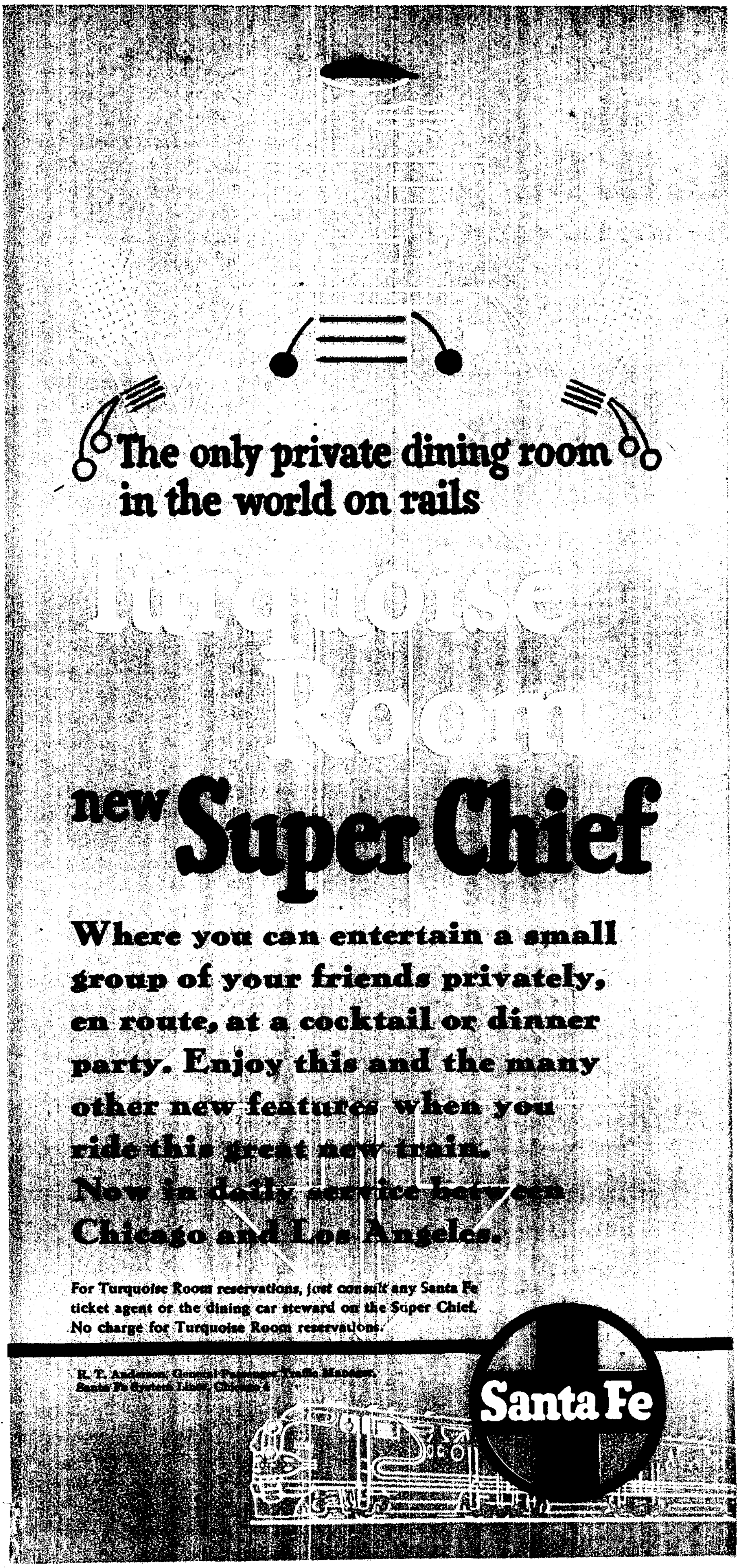
gent characters would discuss all manner of lively things—sex and guilt and psychoanalysis and the fission of the atom—had found that there is more to novel-writing than meets the eye, said to hell with fiction, and set down the conversations straight. The result is a series of dialogues, most of them between a successful but strangely unhappy accountant, George Burton, and an elderly and wise psychiatrist, the subject being what ails Mr. B. This device allows Mr. Wharton to unload a lot of theories about the nature of modern man and his dilemma without declaring himself on any of them. The tone is inspirational.

THREE NOVELS, by Ronald Firbank (New Directions). This volume contains Firbank's three early novels, "Vainglory," "Inclinations," and "Caprice," the last two of which have never before been published over here. Dealing mostly with English life, they are somewhat less exotic and fantastic than his better-known later ones, but they are almost equally brilliant. Ernest Jones, in an intelligent introduction, shares the point of view of those critics who are disposed to take Firbank seriously. The language of Firbank's characters is, he says, "authentic speech. . . . Their conduct may be bizarre, yet too much has been made of their artificiality. They stem in great part from the rich tradition of British eccentricity, which was at its height . . . in the world in which Firbank lived as a young man." Mr. Jones takes the unconventional and probably questionable line that "the radical attitude" in Firbank "is middle-class watered-down Puritanism: material pleasure must be paid for with material chastisement."

GENERAL

SEVEN DECISIONS THAT SHAPED HISTORY, by Sumner Welles (Harper). Six of the decisions under discussion were made by President Roosevelt before and during World War II, and the author, who was Under-Secretary of State at the time, had an important part in most of them. The seventh was the decision of Cordell Hull and Neville Chamberlain, in 1937, to forestall a declaration by Roosevelt that America would have to be reckoned with in case of further aggression by the dictators. Although the former Under-Secretary disclaims any intention of defending Roosevelt's foreign policy (it doesn't need



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not have been unduly difficult in this particular case, for, as many people have remarked, Henry James's life *was* his art, and vice versa. Mr. Dupee is a sympathetic critic, but he keeps his admiration for the Master well in hand. He believes that much of James's worldly failure as a writer, comparatively speaking, was due to his having been ahead of his time, and he disputes the old theory that James's long exile from America confused his point of view and weakened his energies; James, in his mid-fifties, he reminds one, wrote "The Ambassadors" in less than a year. The book gives a memorable picture of the peripatetic home life of the James family when Henry and William and their brothers and sister were young and under the benevolent wing of their rich and wonderfully eccentric father, and it goes somewhat into the mystery of Henry James as an adolescent and as a young man. The critical parts of the study are excellent, and the author has been able to synopsize the plots he discusses without making them sound silly. The book is an addition to the American Men of Letters Series.

SHERWOOD ANDERSON, by James Schevill (University of Denver Press). Although Anderson wrote two books about his life—"A Story Teller's Story" and the posthumously printed "Memoirs"—fiction had such a strong hold on him that he left plenty of problems for the writer of a conscientious biography like this one. "Facts elude me," Anderson once said. He also eluded facts, and no one contributed as much as he did to the largely spurious "Anderson legend." Mr. Schevill has sifted that legend, and, with the help of original source materials and many people who knew Anderson at one time or another, has written a coherent and understanding life story. It is less arresting than the legend—the small-town poor boy who became a successful manufacturer and then, one night, walked out of that life into Chicago's bohemia and became a great writer—but it makes a lot more sense. The critical portions are sound but a little pedestrian.

SHERWOOD ANDERSON, by Irving Howe (Sloane). Another biography of Anderson, this one more on the critical side. Mr. Howe is sterner with his subject than Mr. Schevill is, and he is a methodical, not to say didactic, critic. He stresses Anderson's

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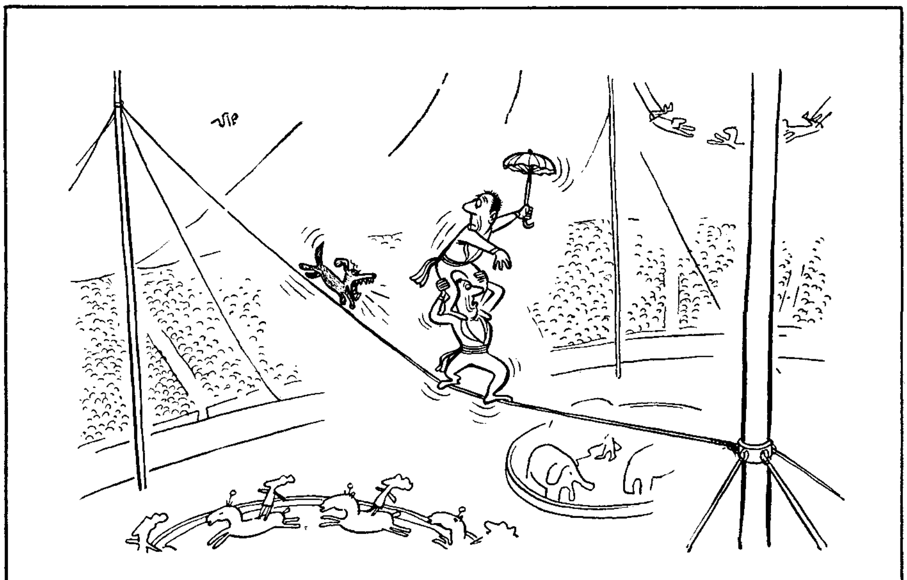

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tragedy, that of the artist who, once having found himself in his work, is unable either to go on with what he has been doing or to grow and develop—a tragedy that affects many twentieth-century American writers, and one that critics have tried to explain in various ways. When Mr. Howe is through with him, Anderson is left with "Winesburg, Ohio" and a few short stories to rest his reputation on, a judgment that may be selling the man a little short. This book is another addition to the rapidly expanding American Men of Letters Series.

Westward Crossing, by Humphrey Barton (Norton). The record, mostly written at sea, of the forty-seven-day voyage of the Vertue XXXV, a twenty-five-foot sloop in which the author and a friend sailed from Weymouth, England, to City Island, New York, in the spring of 1950. Smaller craft, assisted by the favorable prevailing winds, have sailed the Atlantic in the opposite direction—in the last century, two men rowed a dory from America to England—but the Vertue XXXV is the smallest boat ever to make it from east to west. The author gives a good account of the adventure as far as nautical matters are concerned, but he writes without much imagination, even when telling of the hurricane that crippled his little boat permanently and all but sank her. However, it is probable that had he been a man of lively imagination, he would never have set off in the first place.

Seagoing Gaucho, by Ernesto Uriburu (Dodd, Mead). A pleasant chronicle of another deepwater voyage in a small boat, but there the resemblance to Mr. Barton's book ends. The author of this one is an Argentine career diplomat who sailed his fifty-foot Gaucho, a double-ended ketch, from Buenos Aires to Africa, through the Mediterranean to Port Said, back to Gibraltar, and thence home, by way of New York City. With him went three companions, all of them as extroverted and cheerfully hedonistic as their captain; the object of the cruise was to have fun, which meant dancing and wine and a little sightseeing. Mr. Uriburu describes his and his crew's experiences in their ports of call in a style both buoyant and elliptical—which is probably just as well. Good photographs.

Thanks to Noah, by George and Helen Waite Papashvily (Harper). Mr. Papashvily's infatuation, fortu-

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nately shared by his wife, with all sorts of animals dates back, he reports in this memoir, to his childhood in Russian Georgia, when he owned a bear, and to the example set him by a St. Francis-like uncle who at one point had an eel eating cheese out of his hand. Since settling on a Pennsylvania farm, the authors have concentrated chiefly on raising German shepherds, whose lovable ways are outlined here in detail and in the self-consciously picturesque style familiar to readers of "Anything Can Happen," the Papashvilys' previous book. Other, less conventional animals, like foxes, pet pigs, and elephants, wander in and out of the narrative, too, giving it the requisite bizarre flavor.

Decorative Art of Victoria's Era, by Frances Lichten (Scribner). A well-written, well-arranged, and fastidiously selected book, which treats systematically, with many pictures, the architecture, the furniture, and the ornaments of the period between 1820 and 1901 in both England and the United States. Lambrequins, samplers, engravings, walnut sideboards and rosewood whatnots, wax fruit and flower paintings, love seats and centerpieces, rustic furniture, mantelpiece figurines and pedestalled Rogers groups, the water-lily motif (derived from the world's largest water lily, discovered in British Guiana and named Victoria Regia) and the staghunting motif (based on life at Balmoral Castle), the comfortable tabby cat and the faithful Newfoundland dog, the Oriental and Egyptian influences, the Eastlake revolution in taste, the Crystal Palaces of the fifties, with their cast-iron arabesques, and the cozy corners of the nineties, hung with scimitars and tiger skins—these and many other matters are illustrated, described, and explained. Miss Lichten's remarkable grasp of the social, political, and industrial, as well as the aesthetic, implications of all these objects and trends, and the fullness and clarity of her exposition, make the book entertaining and a valuable work of reference.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

The Origin of Evil, by Ellery Queen (Little, Brown). The learned Mr. Queen, in Hollywood to write a book, is attracted to a murder by its very strangeness; a man has been frightened to death by finding the corpse of a dead beagle addressed to him on his doorstep. His business partner is

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YOU'RE GOING TO get a funny feeling soon. You'll put your toothbrush into your mouth and it'll go in deeper than before, your hair brush will seem closer to your scalp. But don't worry. It's all a part of the war effort. Shortage of nylon bristles is here again and cutbacks are causing a streamlining of toilet brushes. Bristles will be shorter and fewer . . . Shades of Childhood: Lily Dache is out with a snow-white stocking for women. She calls it Ice Cream . . . NBC television should be in the black any minute now. The network has installed popcorn machines in its New York studios, so TV show patrons can munch and watch at the same time . . . Introduced on the west coast is the Jane Russell cocktail—a martini with two jumbo olives . . . Cigaret lighters are turning up in curious places. One comes mounted on a wrist band, you wear it like a watch. Another is a setting for a finger ring. A third comes mounted very neatly in a belt buckle. The last model necessitates removal of the lighter from the buckle. I didn't want you to think you had to bend down and light it from the waist.

★

DO PEOPLE COME up to you frequently and say, "You'd better slow down or you'll go into a nervous breakdown." Some mornings when you get up and get that first squint at your mug in the bathroom mirror you have several reasons to believe they could be right. The psychiatrists are out with a good comeback for your well-wishers. First of all, the experts point out, a nervous breakdown indicates your personality has been subjected to too great a strain. Mother Nature has to give you a warning, so, kind soul that she is, you get a respite. But here's the good news part of a breakdown: If you ever get one, it's an indication that you have within you the material for recovery. That make you any happier? . . . We owe a little debt to a man named Frederick Walton. He's the guy who thought up the word "linoleum" for the floor covering he developed. And linoleum supplanted another type of floor stuff. It was called "kamptulicon." An improvement, huh?

★

THIS SPRING THREE of the brightest teenagers in the Upper Midwest are going to sit in on United Nations sessions and observe our government in action at Washington. They will be the winners in the Minneapolis Star's 1951 World Affairs competition. For the past year, along with 90,000 boys and girls in 1,400 Upper Midwest schools, they have studied current news events with the help of a teaching and testing program developed by the Star. The enthusiastic participation in the program by 1,600 school administrators and teachers in Minnesota, North and South Dakota and in Wisconsin, is further indication why the best-read, most respected newspapers of the region are the **Minneapolis Star and Tribune** (combined daily circulation: more than 480,000) and the **Minneapolis Sunday Tribune** (circulation: more than 610,000).

★

IF YOU'RE GOING 'ROUND in the nude in front of your children in an attempt to keep them from being inhibited, you're doing more harm than good, say the psychoanalysts. The practice may actually result in emotional injury to the child. It would be different if the youngsters saw other people without clothing, but when it's only their parents they see without attire, the experience may be very disturbing . . . If and when things really get bad, we'll have to take such precautions as shutting off our electric razors. A razor could pinpoint a location for long-range bombing and guided missiles . . . At long last a guy has come up with a gadget for self-administered haircuts. It's a comb-like device with teeth long enough and sufficiently curved to fit over the entire back of the head. The hair projects outwardly between the teeth. A second comb frame guides the cutting blade to cut close on the neck, not so close toward the top of the head.

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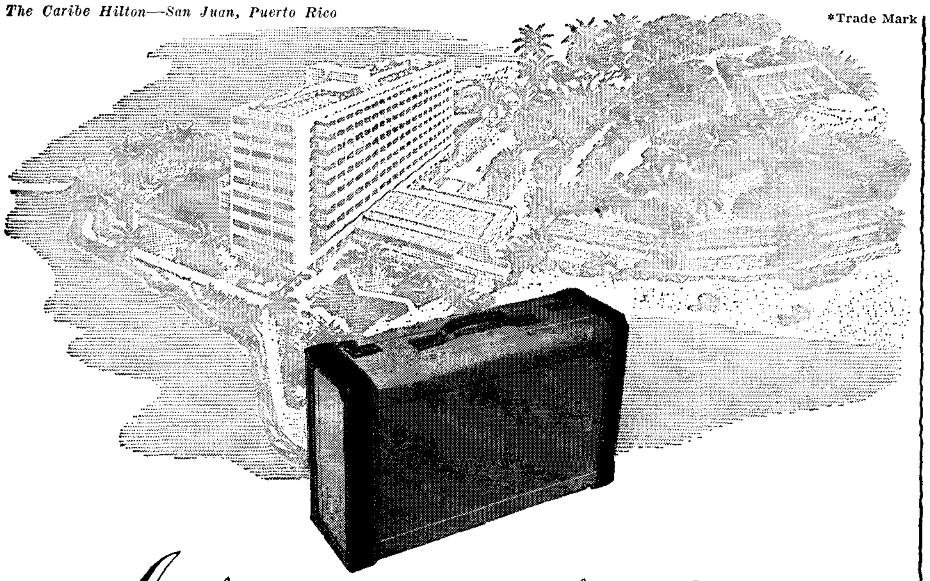

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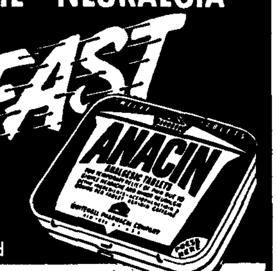

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sent a dead eel in the same mail, and then, neatly spaced, some frogs, an alligator wallet, and a book about birds. Mr. Queen figures out that the sender is a humorist who is gradually working his way up through the evolutionary cycle with the killing of another man as the climax. Rather farfetched and overwritten.

THEY CAME TO BAGHDAD, by Agatha Christie (Dodd, Mead). Miss Christie, who has been dealing in violence of one kind or another since 1920, has seldom produced a more satisfactory specimen of it than this novel about intrigue and sudden death in the Near East. A charming young London stenographer, bright enough, though an indifferent speller, goes to Baghdad and soon finds herself involved in a gigantic and enormously complicated conspiracy (practically nobody she meets is what he seems) to destroy the peace of the world. The action is rapid and profuse; the characters are astonishingly real, considering the preposterous nature of their activities; and the author's style remains far more lucid and persuasive than that employed by the vast majority of her colleagues. Altogether, one of the year's most agreeable contributions to the spy-and-counterspy division.

FRAMED IN BLOOD, by Brett Halliday (Dodd, Mead). Michael Shayne, that ingenious and alcoholic detective, outdoes himself in this one by successfully framing himself in an attempt to solve the murder of a blackmailer and exonerate an old friend. In addition to his routine feud with the Miami police, he has a pretty rough time with some gangsters and a couple of beautiful girls. Plenty of violence and a certain amount of invention.

•

Rev. Vivian T. Pomeroy, D.D., minister of the First Parish Church, officiated Saturday at the church at the marriage of Miss Evelyn Louise Fales, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Fales of 10 Plymouth Road, Braintree Highlands, to Roland Chester Cook of Beverly. A research followed in the parish house.—*Milton (Mass.) Record.*

Little late for that, isn't it?

•

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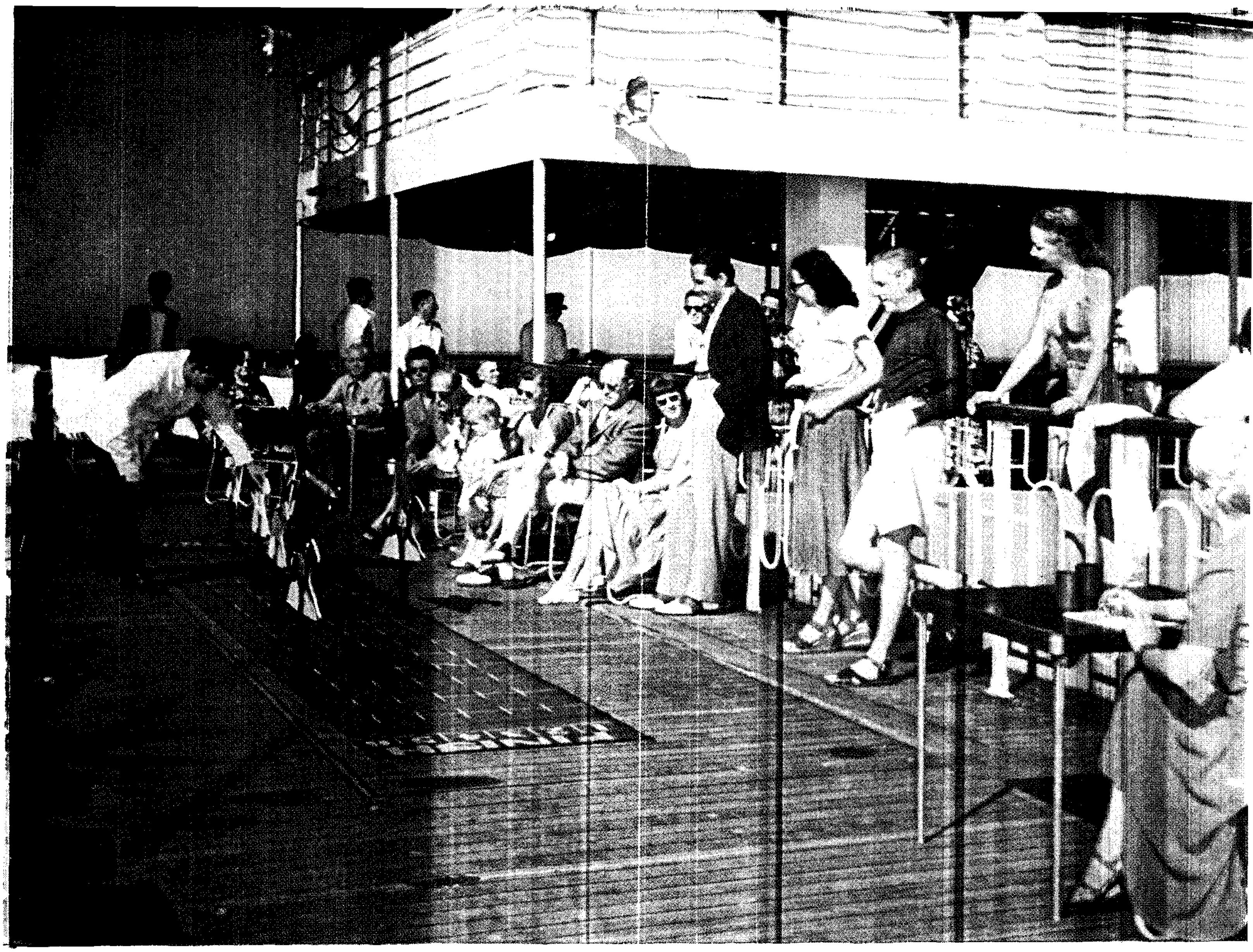

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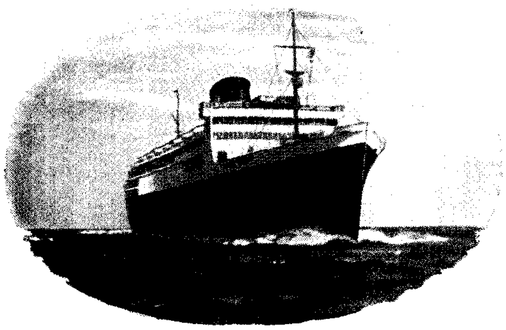

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